JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 45

2000 AD PROGS 1555 - 1576
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Written by
John Wagner
Alan Grant
Robbie Morrison
Pat Mills
Gordon Rennie

Art by
Ian Gibson
Henry Flint
Colin MacNeil
Boo Cook
John Hicklenton
Simon Fraser
Cliff Robinson

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JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JOHN WAGNER ★ ALAN GRANT ★ ROBBIE MORRISON ★ PAT MILLS ★ GORDON RENNIE
Writers

SIMON COLEBY ★ CARL CRITCHLOW ★ COLIN MacNEIL ★ DAVID ROACH
MIKE COLLINS ★ CLIFF ROBINSON ★ IAN GIBSON ★ JOHN HICKLENTON
HENRY FLINT ★ TAN ENG HUAT ★ BOO COOK ★ SIMON FRASER
PAUL MARSHALL ★ SMUDGE
Artists

PETER DOHERTY ★ CHRIS BLYTHE ★ DYLAN TEAGUE ★ LEN O'GRADY
GARY CALDWELL
Colours

ANNIE PARKHOUSE ★ SIMON BOWLAND
Letters

BRYAN TALBOT
Cover Artist

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Archivists: Charlene Taylor & Tom Duckham
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ISO BLOCK 18
GOOD MORNING, NATE.
IT'S A BRIGHT, SUNNY DAY OUTSIDE. LIGHT BREEZE FROM THE EAST, MAXIMUM TEMP 23, MINIMUM OVERNIGHT 16.
JUDGE DREDD
MANDROID
INSTRUMENT OF WAR
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART SIMON COLEBY & CARL CRITCHLOW
COLOURS PETER DOHERTY
LETTERS ANNIE PARKHOUSE
CUBE NEWS: HEAD WARDEN MIRIAM J. STEVENSON LEAVES TODAY TO TAKE THE REINS AT ISO-BLOCK 119. OUR NEW ACUTE PERPETRATORS FACILITY, NEW HEAD WARDEN VIDOR LIDL ASSUMES COMMAND AT THIS ESTABLISHMENT.
LUNCH TODAY IS FORCEMUNCE PATTIES WITH ADDED NUTRIENTS AND STATUTORY PACIFIERS. FLAVOUR IS GOOSEBERRY.
DINNER MENU IS STILL BEING PREPARED, BUT GET YOUR TASTEBUDS PRIMED, BUDDY. I HEAR IT'S SOMETHING VERRY SPECIAL.
STILL NOT TALKING? HEY, C'MON, BUDDY, HOW'RE WE GOING TO ADDRESS YOUR OFFENDING BEHAVIOUR IF WE DON'T COMMUNICATE? HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN NOW, TWO YEARS?
HELL, DON'T KNOW WHY YOU BOTHER WAKING UP. WHAT'S THE POINT? YOU WANT TO WITHDRAW FROM THE WORLD, FINE, LET'S FIX AN APPOINTMENT AT THE EUTHANASIUM.
IT'S A THOUGHT, NATE. UNDER THE LIFERS PROGRAMME, ON YOUR DEATH YOU GET A LUMP SUM OF 3400 CREDITS TO DONATE TO THE PERSON OR CHARITY OF YOUR CHOICE —
IT'S ONLY FAIR. YOU'RE GOING TO SAVE US A LOT OF MONEY.
FACE IT, YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO GET OUT. THE NEEDLE, NOW, THAT'S QUICK AND PAINLESS. WHAM — ALL YOUR TROUBLES OVER, AND I KNOW YOU GOT TROUBLES, BUDDY.

WATCH YOUR BACK, LIEUTENANT.!
SAVE YOURSELF, SLAUGHTERHOUSE.!
I'D BE FAILING IN MY DUTY, MA'AM.!
BESIDES, WE AIN'T BEAT TILL WE'RE BEAT.!
TOMMY WAS CAUGHT BY CAMERAS LEAVING THE BLOCK AT 17.21.
SAY, YOUR PAL LEFTY'S DOING REAL GOOD OVER AT 4-3. JUST ANOTHER THIRTEEN YEARS TO GO. HE WAS ASKNG TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
WELL, WE HAD TO TELL HIM NO. THESE ARE ISO-CUBES, RIGHT? ISO MEANS ISO. WE START ALLOWING FREE ASSOCIATION EVERYBODY'LL WANT TO DO IT.
ANYWAY, HE SAYS TO TELL YOU NO HARD FEELINGS. SEE YOU IN THE BOONIES.
WHAT'S HE MEAN THERE, NATE — SEE YOU IN THE BOONIES? THAT SOME KIND OF CODE?

GOD, TO FEEL HUMAN AGAIN - !
WHAT'S THE MATTER, CORPORAL, SHY?
JUST PRESERVIN' YOUR MODESTY, LIEUTENANT.
LOST ALL THAT AT ROOKIE CAMP. I'M SICK OF SMELLING YOU. GET IN HERE, THAT'S AN ORDER.
THAT'S BETTER.
FREAKIN' BOONSUCKERS — BASTARDS WERE GOING TO SKIN US, LIKE JOHNSON. IT MAKES ME SHUDDER.
I OWE YOU MY LIFE, CORPORAL.
LOOK AT ME, KITTY! I'M NOT A MAN ANYMORE!

WE'RE GRANTING YOU A FULL DISCHARGE, SLAUGHTERHOUSE. I UNDERSTAND YOU PLAN TO RETURN TO MEGA-CITY ONE.
AS CAPTAIN ROSSON IS YOUR WIFE, WE CANNOT PREVENT HER GOING WITH YOU. I DEEPLY REGRET THAT. HATE TO LOSE A GOOD OFFICER.
IT'S MY WIFE. SHE'S GONE MISSING.
SHE... SHE'S NOT COMING BACK, IS SHE, DAD?
SURE SHE IS, SON.
SHE COULD HAVE HAD AN ACCIDENT, LOST HER MEMORY. SHE'S WANDERING ABOUT OUT THERE, LOST, LOOKING FOR US.
I'M GOING TO FIND HER, TOMMY. I WON'T LEAVE HER OUT THERE. WE'LL GET HER BACK.
TOMMY WAS CAUGHT BY CAMERAS LEAVING THE BLOCK AT 17.21.

THEY PUT A **SLAVE** MODULE IN HER BRAIN — USE 'EM IN THE **SEX** TRADE. THE GIRLS ARE LITTLE MORE THAN ROBOTS.

I HAVE TO BE HONEST. THERE'S NOT A LOT OF YOUR **WIFE** LEFT IN THERE.

IF ANYONE CAN MAKE IT, SHE CAN.

LOOK, NATE, I WAS HOPING TO LEAVE THIS TILL A BETTER TIME, BUT THERE DOESN'T SEEM ANY BETTER TIME WITH YOU, SO HERE GOES —

WE GOT A FINAL DECISION ON YOUR **WIFE**. THEY'RE **RELEASING** HER BODY FOR **TRANSPLANT** SURGERY.

NOOOOOOO!

HEY, THAT GOT A REACTION! WELCOME BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING!

YOU'RE LYING! THEY NEED MY PERMISSION!

'FRAID NOT. HEY, C'MON, BUDDY, BE REASONABLE. YOU HAD TWO YEARS. THEY CAN'T WAIT FOREVER.

HEY, EASE UP THERE! THOSE PROSTHESES AREN'T BUILT FOR HEAVY STRESS!

NO!

NO! NO! NO! NO!

KERAMWCH

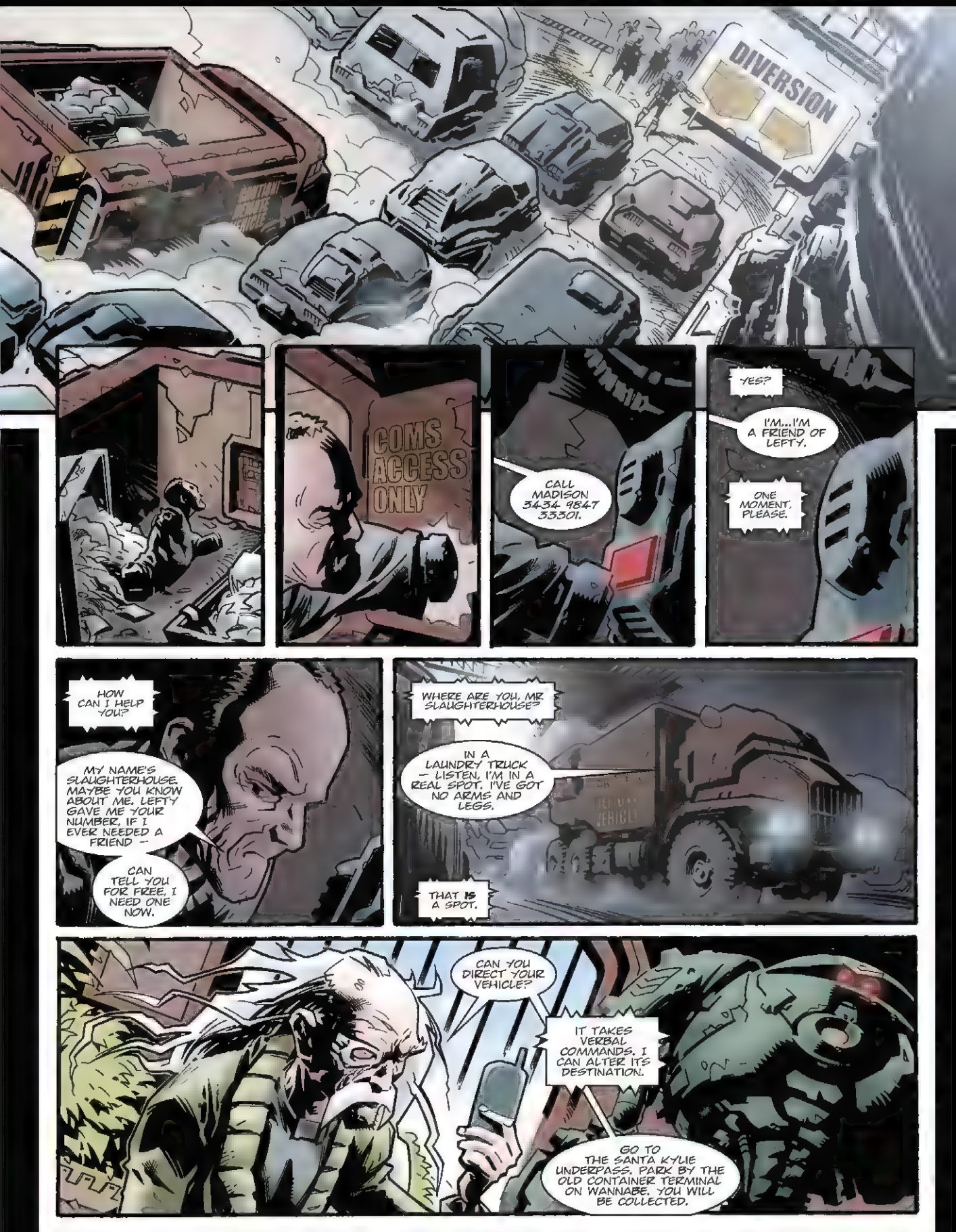
SHRAAGGG

HELL, THERE GOES A LEG!

YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THOSE PROSTHESES COST, SLAUGHTERHOUSE? THAT'S CRIMINAL DAMAGE. YOU JUST EARNED YOURSELF PLUS TWO.
YOU PEOPLE DON'T GET IT, DO YOU? YOU JUST DON'T GET IT!
DON'T THINK HE'S GOING TO BE RUNNING OFF ANYWHERE.
CLUNGGG
BASTARDS!

UH-NN!
FOUNK
DAMN-!
KTHHA
NO SOILED BANDAGES
GOTTA BE...'NOTHER WAY...
THE NEW LIMBS WILL BE HERE WITHIN THE HOUR. I CAN TRUST YOU TO HANDLE THE FITTING, DWAYNE?
SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM, SIR.
WITTLE
SOILED BANDAGES
HUNNH!

LAUNDRY BAY 3
GOOD NEWS, SLAUGHTERHOUSE —
GRUD!
ST ANGES GILLESPIE
CONTROL, MONITOR ALL EXITS, ST ANGES GILLESPIE!
THE GUY CAN'T WALK, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD!

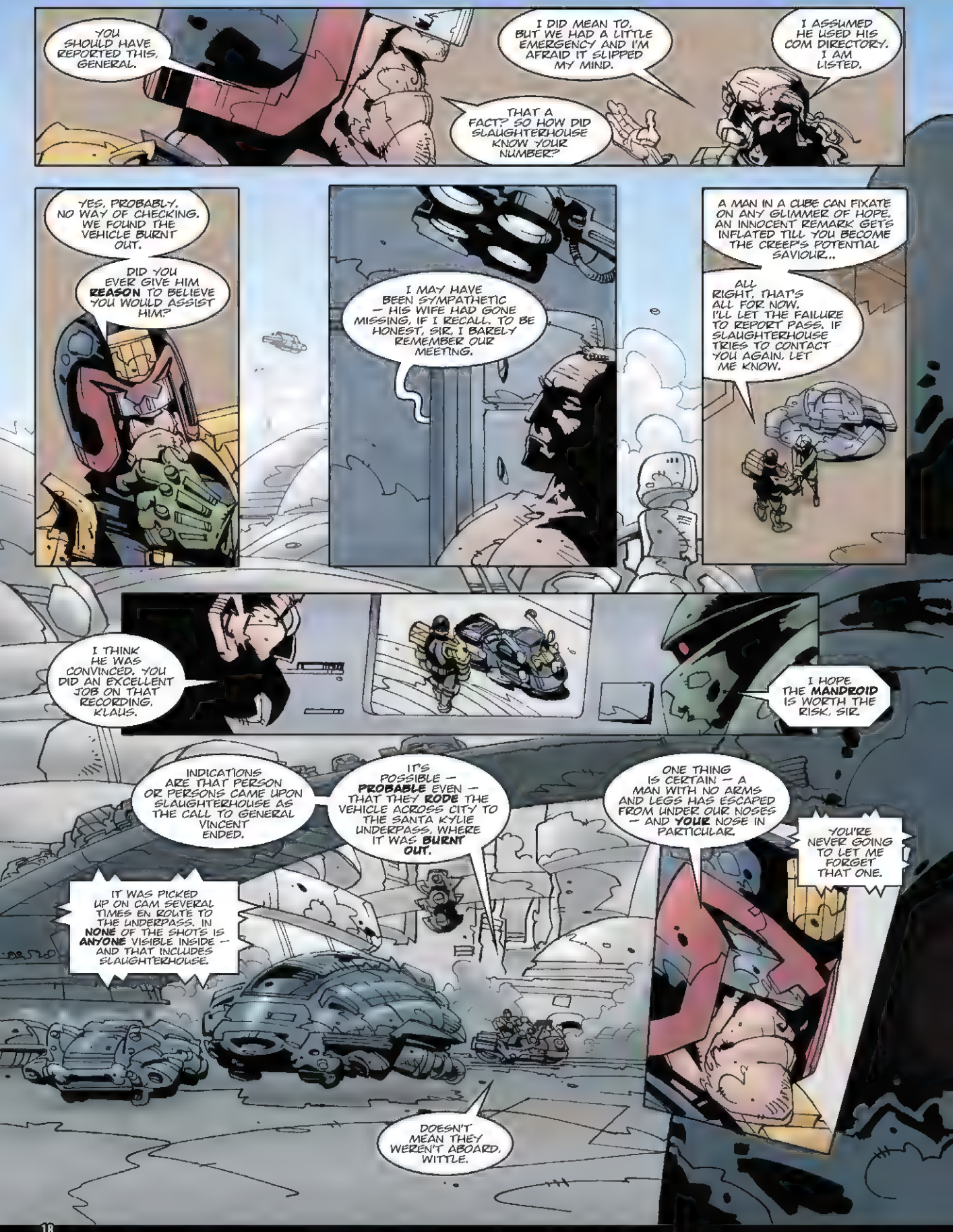

DIVERSION
COMS ACCESS ONLY
CALL MADISON 3434 9847 33301.
YES?
I'M...I'M A FRIEND OF LEFTY.
ONE MOMENT, PLEASE.
HOW CAN I HELP YOU?
MY NAME'S SLAUGHTERHOUSE. MAYBE YOU KNOW ABOUT ME. LEFTY GAVE ME YOUR NUMBER, IF I EVER NEEDED A FRIEND —
CAN TELL YOU FOR FREE, I NEED ONE NOW.
WHERE ARE YOU, MR SLAUGHTERHOUSE?
IN A LAUNDRY TRUCK — LISTEN, I'M IN A REAL SPOT. I'VE GOT NO ARMS AND LEGS.
THAT IS A SPOT.
CAN YOU DIRECT YOUR VEHICLE?
IT TAKES VERBAL COMMANDS. I CAN ALTER ITS DESTINATION.
GO TO THE SANTA KYLIE UNDERPASS. PARK BY THE OLD CONTAINER TERMINAL ON WANNABE. YOU WILL BE COLLECTED.

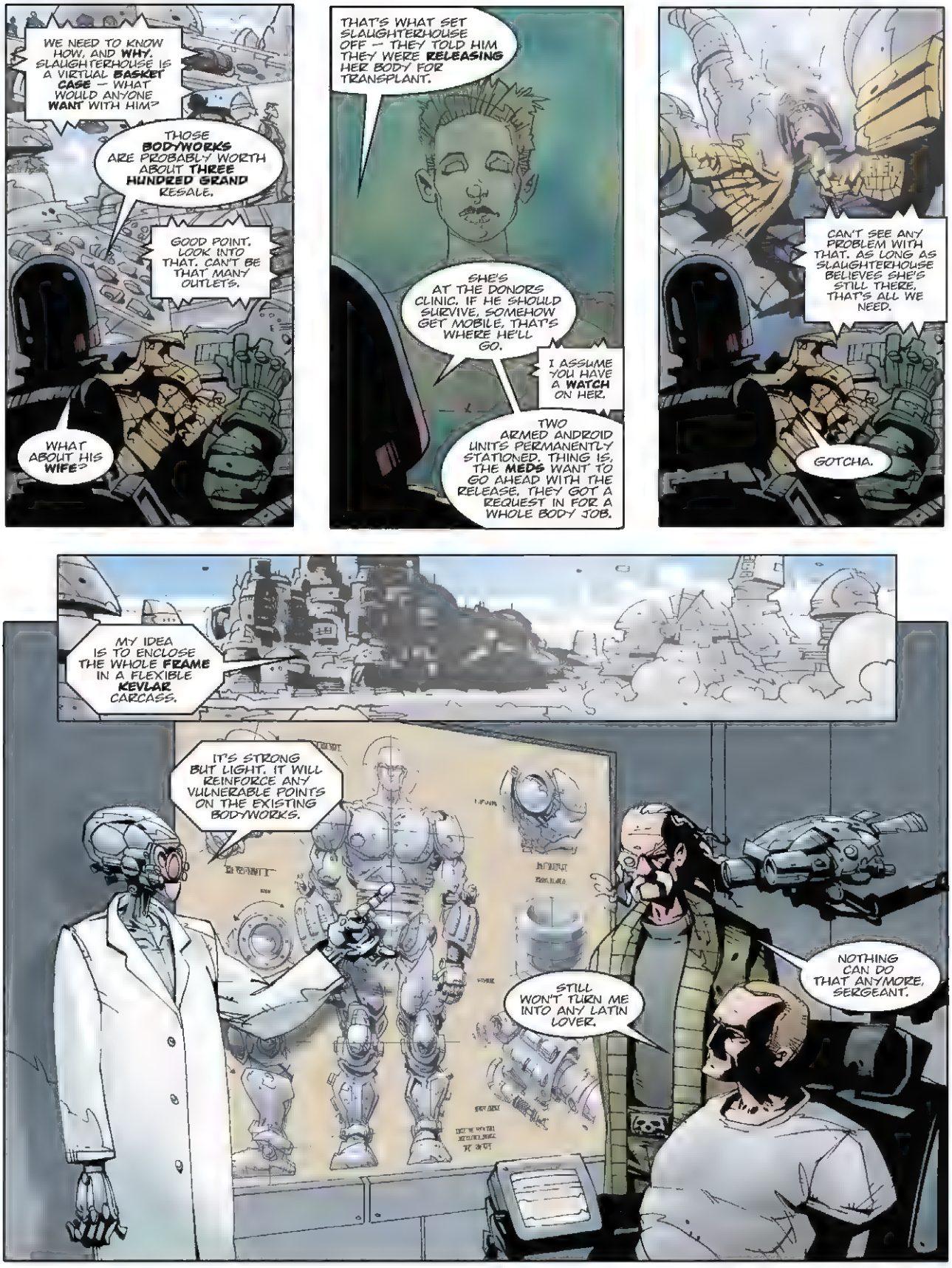
THEY'LL TRACE THAT CALL. FIRST THING THEY'LL DO.
I WILL ATTEND TO IT.
IS THIS WISE, SIR — THE MANDROID?
IT'S A RISK, I ADMIT...BUT HE MAY SUIT ME VERY WELL. TO TURN UP NOW —
DO YOU BELIEVE IN FATE, KLAUS? DESTINY?
NO, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU DO...
WE'VE GOT MARKS HERE WHERE HE HOOKED ON. MUST'VE TAKEN SOME STRENGTH TO DRAG HIMSELF UP.
A LAUNDRY DRONE WAS PICKING UP ABOUT THE SAME TIME. IT FAILED TO ARRIVE AT ITS DESTINATION AND IS NOT RESPONDING TO SIGNALS. I'VE GOT AN ALL-UNITS OUT.
YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE WATCHING THE PRISONER, WITTLE.
HE HAD NO ARMS AND LEGS. HOW WAS I TO GUESS HE'D MAKE A BREAK?
NATE SLAUGHTERHOUSE IS NO ORDINARY MAN. IT'S YOUR JOB TO ANTICIPATE...

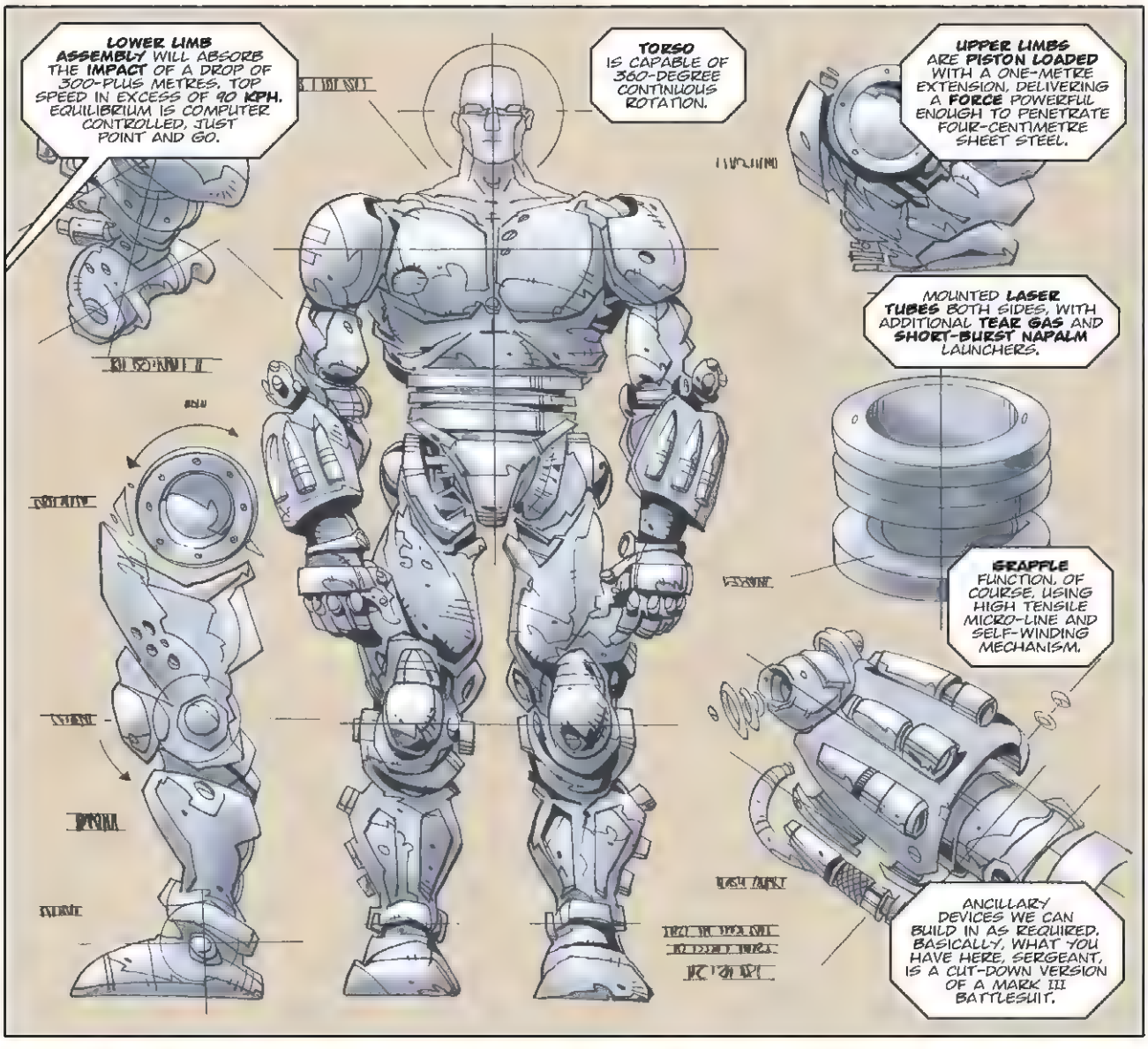
SERGEANT SLAUGHTERHOUSE! HOW EXCELLENT TO MEET YOU! MY NAME IS **VINCENT** —
GENERAL VINCENT, 3RD CORPS. I RECOGNISE YOU, SIR.
SERVED UNDER YOU ONCE, AT AM QUM — ON LOAN FROM THE 9TH DURING THE OFFENSIVE AGAINST THE QUYTS.
AH YES, THE 9TH! DAMNED GOOD OUTFIT! NOT SURPRISING, WITH MEN OF YOUR CALIBRE!
AND THIS IS WHAT YOU'VE COME TO, EH? DAMNED **CORPS**, NEVER COULD LOOK AFTER THEIR OWN! GIVE YOUR **LIFE** FOR THEM — YOUR **BODY** AND **SOUL** — AND **LOOK** AT YOU!
NOT THE CORPS' FAULT, SIR. ALL MY **OWN** DOING. MY OWN DAMNED FAULT.

YOUR LOYALTY DOES YOU CREDIT, SLAUGHTER-HOUSE! PITY THE CORPS DIDN'T FEEL A DUTY TO RECIPROCATE!
I KNOW AN EXCELLENT CYBER-SURGEON — BEST DAMN MANDROID MAN IN THE BUSINESS! WE'LL HAVE YOU BACK ON YOUR FEET IN NO TIME!
'LEAST I CAN DO FOR AN OLD COMRADE, EH?
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU SHOULD WANT TO HELP ME, BUT I APPRECIATE IT, SIR. THE SOONER THE BETTER.
I DON'T WANT TO SOUND UNGRATEFUL, BUT IT'S MY WIFE — KITTY, THEY'VE CLEARED HER FOR USE AS SPARE PARTS — SPARE PARTS!
THEY'LL TOUCH HER OVER MY DEAD BODY!
THE WIFE, EH? THAT IS A COMPLICATION.
DEFINITELY THE MISSING TRUCK. A LOT OF BURNT-OUT LAUNDRY, BUT NO SLAUGHTERHOUSE. WITH HIS DISABILITIES HE CAN'T HAVE GOT FAR.
COULD BE HE HAD SOME HELP.
RECORDS SHOW A COM CALL WAS MADE FROM THE TRUCK AT 09.22, DURATION 49 SECONDS. NUMBER WAS MADISON 3434 9847 33301.
THAT NUMBER IS REGISTERED TO A TRIG VINCENT — GENERAL TRIG VINCENT, EX OF THE SPACE CORPS. HE HAS APARTMENTS IN WEST PEAKE.
OKAY, WITTLE, I'LL CHECK THIS ONE OUT PERSONALLY...
DREDD

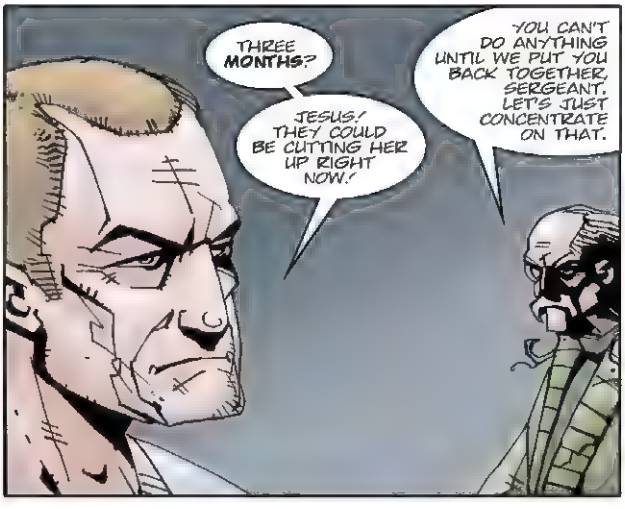
TRIG VINCENT, SIR. GENERAL, SPACE CORPS, RETIRED.
I'M CHECKING ON A CALL MADE TO YOUR NUMBER THIS MORNING, GENERAL.
I IMAGINE YOU'RE REFERRING TO SERGEANT SLAUGHTERHOUSE. I TOOK THE CALL MYSELF.
TELL ME ABOUT IT.
I CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT. I RECORD EVERYTHING — FORCE OF HABIT.
YES?
LET ME SPEAK TO GENERAL VINCENT.
SPEAKING.
THIS IS IT.
MY NAME'S SLAUGHTERHOUSE, GENERAL. 9TH CORPS. WE MET AT THE VETS' CLUB.
I REMEMBER YOU, SERGEANT. THEY PUT YOU AWAY, I HEARD. SAD, SAD TO SEE A MAN GO THAT WAY.
I NEED HELP, GENERAL, I... I GOT OUT. THEY'RE LOOKING FOR ME! I CAN'T MOVE, THEY TOOK MY LEGS —
I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN HELP YOU, SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
SOMEBODY'S GOT TO! LISTEN, GENERAL —
NO, YOU LISTEN. HERE'S SOME ADVICE. GIVE YOURSELF UP. YOU COMMITTED SERIOUS CRIMES, IT'S ONLY PROPER THAT YOU PAY FOR THEM.
GODDAMMIT, GENERAL —
WHAT DO YOU WANT? GET LOST!
AT THAT POINT I TERMINATED THE CALL.
SOUNDS LIKE HE WAS INTERRUPTED. "WHAT DO YOU WANT?" THEN "GET LOST". INTERESTING.


YOU SHOULD HAVE REPORTED THIS, GENERAL.
I DID MEAN TO, BUT WE HAD A LITTLE EMERGENCY AND I'M AFRAID IT SLIPPED MY MIND.
I ASSUMED HE USED HIS COM DIRECTORY. I AM LISTED.
THAT A FACT? SO HOW DID SLAUGHTERHOUSE KNOW YOUR NUMBER?
YES, PROBABLY. NO WAY OF CHECKING. WE FOUND THE VEHICLE BURNT OUT.
DID YOU EVER GIVE HIM **REASON** TO BELIEVE YOU WOULD ASSIST HIM?
I MAY HAVE BEEN SYMPATHETIC — HIS WIFE HAD GONE MISSING, IF I RECALL. TO BE HONEST, SIR, I BARELY REMEMBER OUR MEETING.
A MAN IN A CUBE CAN FIXATE ON ANY GLIMMER OF HOPE. AN INNOCENT REMARK GETS INFLATED TILL YOU BECOME THE CREEP'S POTENTIAL SAVIOUR..
ALL RIGHT, THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. I'LL LET THE FAILURE TO REPORT PASS. IF SLAUGHTERHOUSE TRIES TO CONTACT YOU AGAIN, LET ME KNOW.
I THINK HE WAS CONVINCED. YOU DID AN EXCELLENT JOB ON THAT RECORDING, KLAUS.
I HOPE THE **MANDROID** IS WORTH THE RISK, SIR.
INDICATIONS ARE THAT PERSON OR PERSONS CAME UPON SLAUGHTERHOUSE AS THE CALL TO GENERAL VINCENT ENDED.
IT'S POSSIBLE — **PROBABLE** EVEN — THAT THEY **RODE** THE VEHICLE ACROSS CITY TO THE SANTA KYLIE UNDERPASS, WHERE IT WAS **BURNT OUT.**
ONE THING IS CERTAIN — A MAN WITH NO ARMS AND LEGS HAS ESCAPED FROM UNDER OUR NOSES — AND **YOUR** NOSE IN PARTICULAR.
YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO LET ME FORGET THAT ONE.
IT WAS PICKED UP ON CAM SEVERAL TIMES EN ROUTE TO THE UNDERPASS. IN **NONE** OF THE SHOTS IS **ANYONE** VISIBLE INSIDE — AND THAT INCLUDES SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
DOESN'T MEAN THEY WEREN'T ABOARD, WITTLE.


WE NEED TO KNOW HOW, AND WHY. SLAUGHTERHOUSE IS A VIRTUAL BASKET CASE — WHAT WOULD ANYONE WANT WITH HIM?
THOSE BODYWORKS ARE PROBABLY WORTH ABOUT THREE HUNDRED GRAND RESALE.
GOOD POINT. LOOK INTO THAT. CAN'T BE THAT MANY OUTLETS.
WHAT ABOUT HIS WIFE?
THAT'S WHAT SET SLAUGHTERHOUSE OFF — THEY TOLD HIM THEY WERE RELEASING HER BODY FOR TRANSPLANT.
SHE'S AT THE DONORS CLINIC. IF HE SHOULD SURVIVE, SOMEHOW GET MOBILE, THAT'S WHERE HE'LL GO.
I ASSUME YOU HAVE A WATCH ON HER.
TWO ARMED ANDROID UNITS PERMANENTLY STATIONED. THING IS, THE MEDS WANT TO GO AHEAD WITH THE RELEASE. THEY GOT A REQUEST IN FOR A WHOLE BODY JOB.
CAN'T SEE ANY PROBLEM WITH THAT. AS LONG AS SLAUGHTERHOUSE BELIEVES SHE'S STILL THERE, THAT'S ALL WE NEED.
GOTCHA.
MY IDEA IS TO ENCLOSE THE WHOLE FRAME IN A FLEXIBLE KEVLAR CARCASS.
IT'S STRONG BUT LIGHT. IT WILL REINFORCE ANY VULNERABLE POINTS ON THE EXISTING BODYWORKS.
STILL WON'T TURN ME INTO ANY LATIN LOVER.
NOTHING CAN DO THAT ANYMORE, SERGEANT.

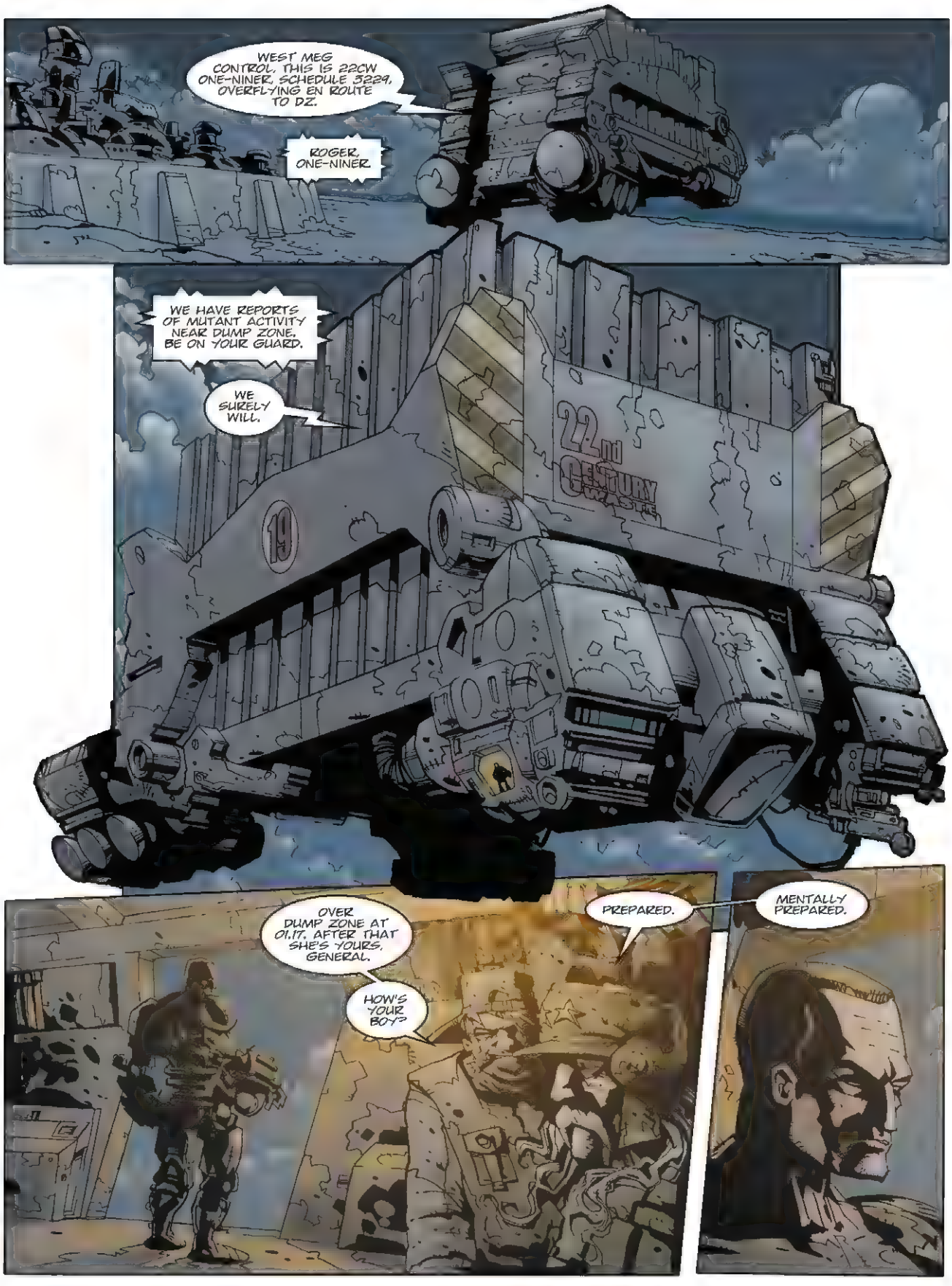

LOWER LIMB ASSEMBLY WILL ABSORB THE IMPACT OF A DROP OF 300-PLUS METRES. TOP SPEED IN EXCESS OF 90 KPH. EQUILIBRIUM IS COMPUTER CONTROLLED. JUST POINT AND GO.
TORSO IS CAPABLE OF 360-DEGREE CONTINUOUS ROTATION.
UPPER LIMBS ARE PISTON LOADED WITH A ONE-METRE EXTENSION, DELIVERING A FORCE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO PENETRATE FOUR-CENTIMETRE SHEET STEEL.
MOUNTED LASER TUBES BOTH SIDES, WITH ADDITIONAL TEAR GAS AND SHORT-BURST NAPALM LAUNCHERS.
GRAPPLE FUNCTION, OF COURSE, USING HIGH TENSILE MICRO-LINE AND SELF-WINDING MECHANISM.
ANCILLARY DEVICES WE CAN BUILD IN AS REQUIRED. BASICALLY, WHAT YOU HAVE HERE, SERGEANT, IS A CUT-DOWN VERSION OF A MARK III BATTLESUIT.

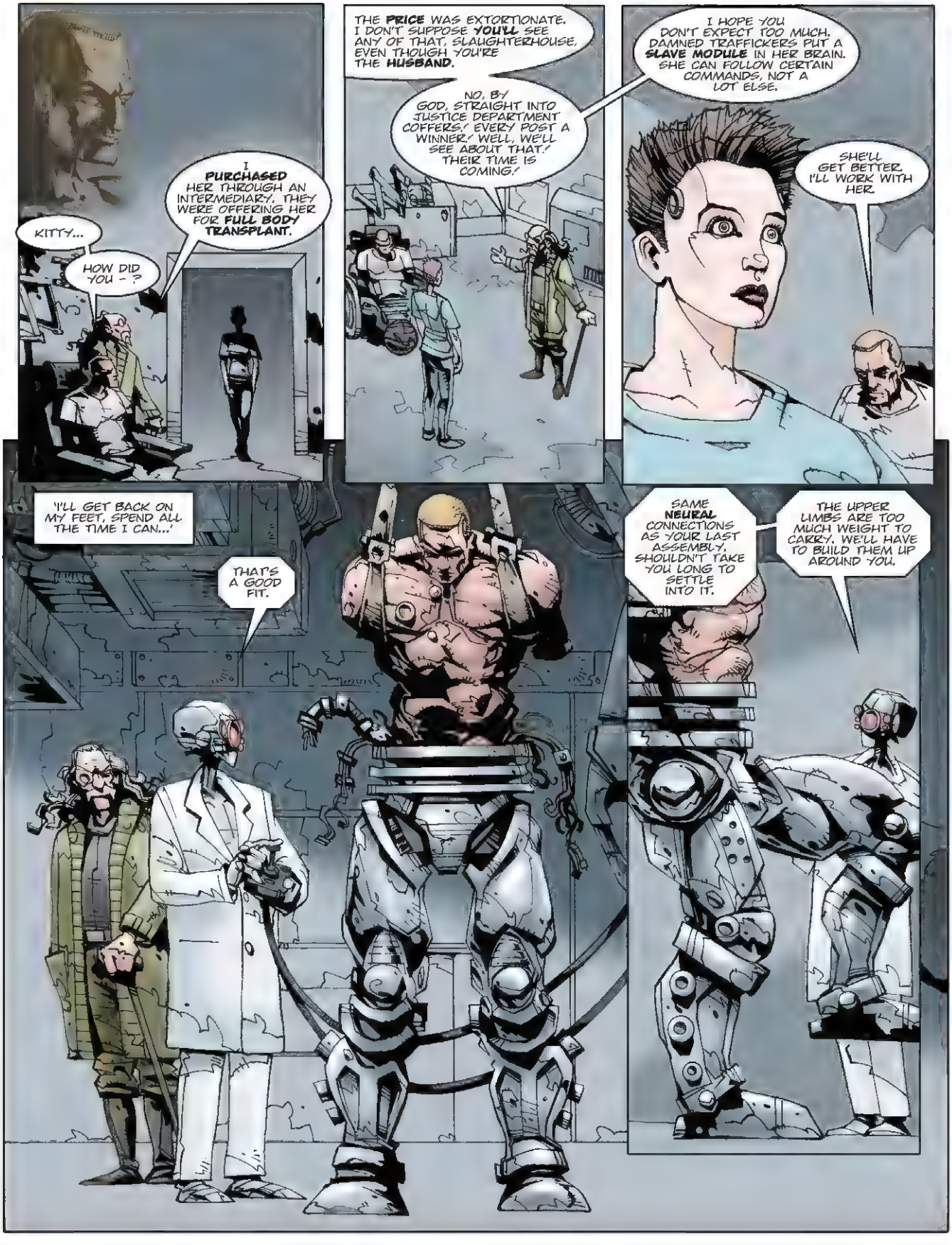
THE CUSTOM JOB'LL COME IN USEFUL, THAT'S FOR SURE, BUT HOW LONG'S ALL THIS GOING TO TAKE?
IF WE GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY, TWO OR THREE MONTHS.

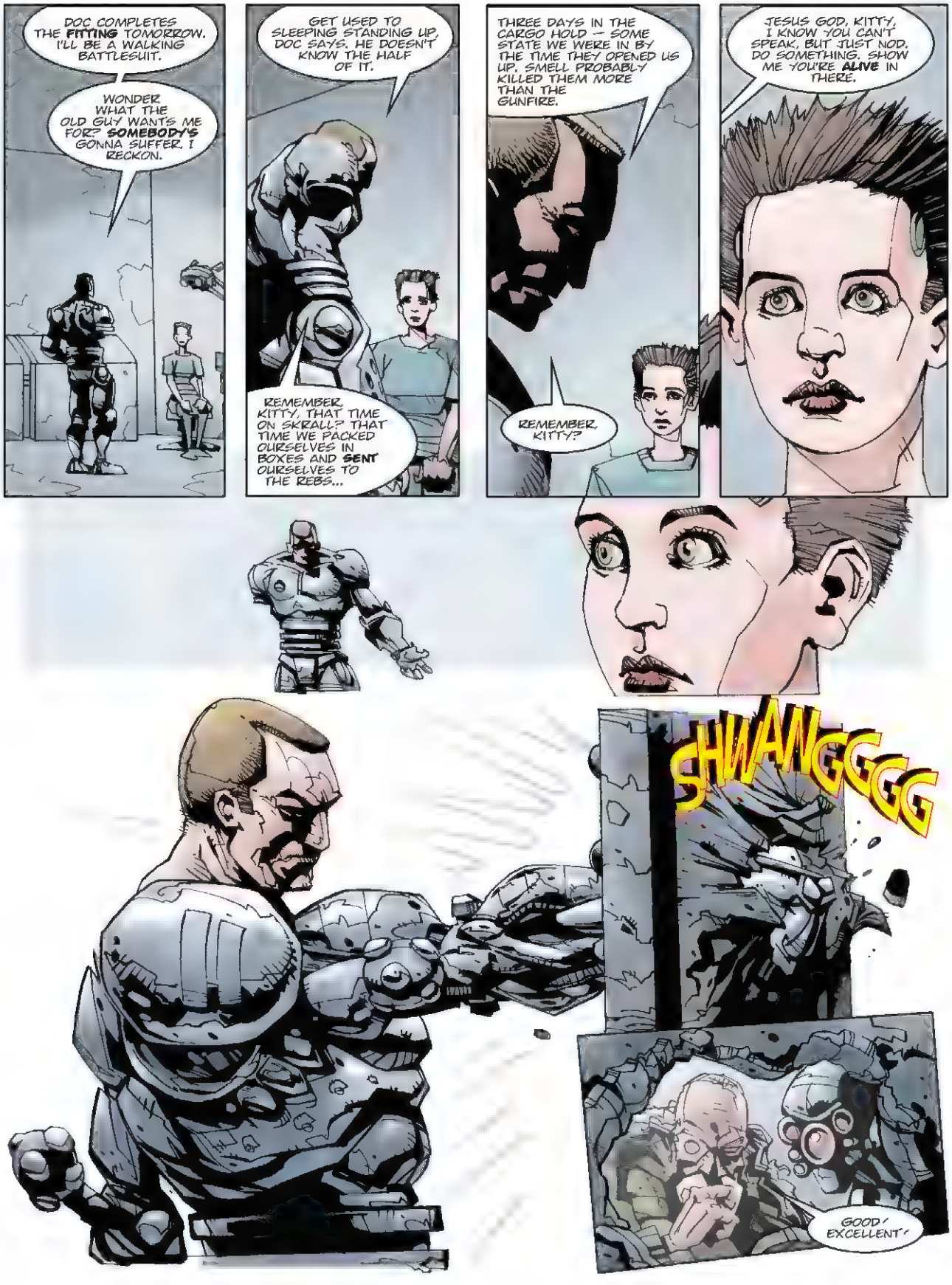

THREE MONTHS?
JESUS! THEY COULD BE CUTTING HER UP RIGHT NOW!
YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL WE PUT YOU BACK TOGETHER, SERGEANT. LET'S JUST CONCENTRATE ON THAT.

THREE MONTHS.' AND I'M LYING HERE, HOOKED UP TO A FREAKING **NURSE** UNIT.'
WHAT AM I **DOING** HERE? WHAT'S THE **POINT**?
WHY SHOULD OLD VINCENT HELP ME ANYWAY? HE'S NEVER **ASKED** FOR ANYTHING. **NOBODY** GOES TO THIS MUCH TROUBLE FOR NOTHING.'
WHAT'S HIS DAMN GAME?
SCRATCH MY NOSE.
GODDAMMIT, THEY'VE GOT NO RIGHT.' I'M HER HUSBAND.' DON'T I GET A SAY?
SHOULD HAVE ENDED IT IN THE CUBES — JUST RIPPED MY TUBES OUT. ALL OVER.
JESUS, WHAT A WAY TO FOUL UP THREE LIVES, KITTY AND TOMMY... THEY SURE DIDN'T DESERVE ME.
GET ME A BEER.
I'M SORRY, NATE, A BEER'S NOT ADVISABLE.
I WANT A BEER.' GET ME A BEER.'
IT MAY CLOG YOUR FILTERS, NATE. YOU DON'T WANT YOUR FILTERS CLOGGED.
DAMMIT.' GET ME A GODDAMN BEER.'
I DON'T THINK **ONE** BEER WILL KILL HIM, NURSE.

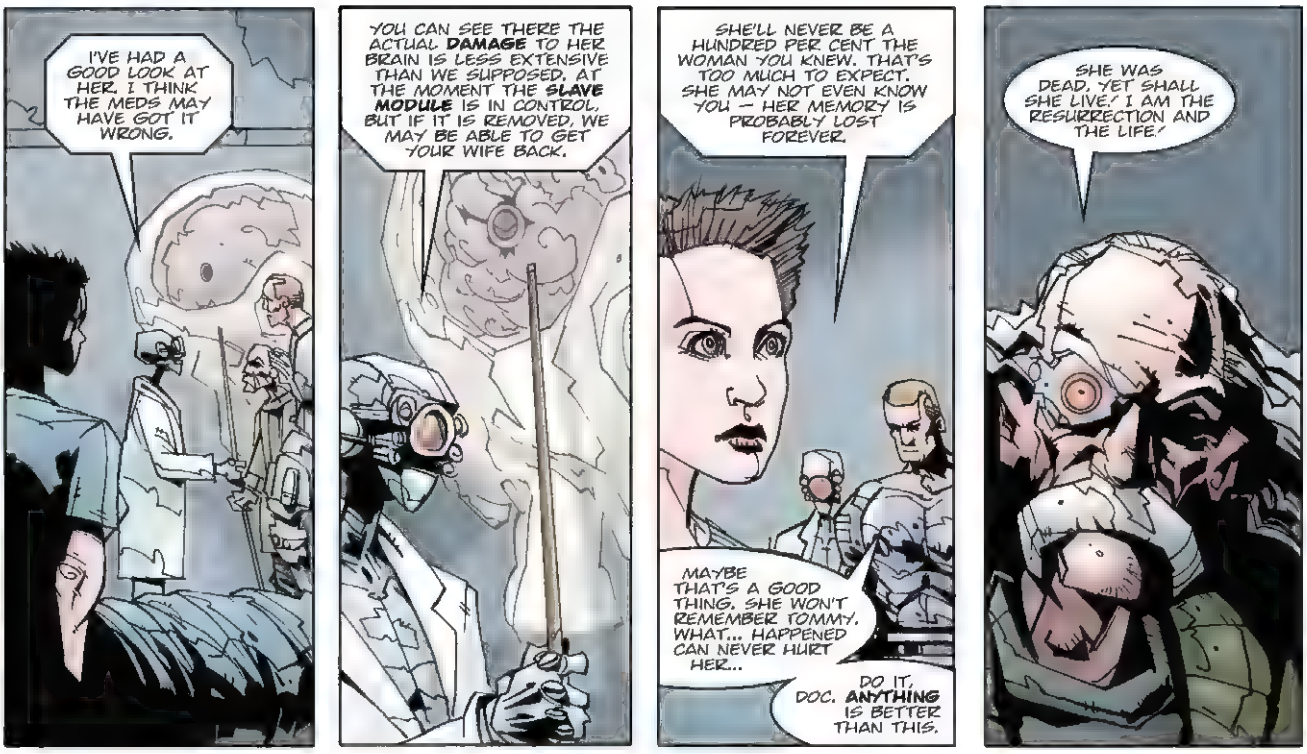
IN FACT, I'LL HAVE ONE WITH YOU. WE HAVE SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE.
I STRENUOUSLY ADVISE AGAINST THIS!
YOUR IMPATIENCE IS UNDERSTANDABLE, SERGEANT. IT'S NEVER GOOD TO FEEL HELPLESS, ESPECIALLY FOR A MAN LIKE YOU. BELIEVE ME, I HAVE BEEN DOING GOOD WORK ON YOUR BEHALF. VERY GOOD WORK.
OF COURSE, THERE WILL BE A QUID PRO QUO.
I WAS WAITING FOR THAT.
WHILE I HAVE A NATURAL EMPATHY FOR ANOTHER SOLDIER, YOU UNDERSTAND I AM NOT TOTALLY WITHOUT A SENSE OF SELF-PRESERVATION. I'VE GONE OUT ON A LIMB FOR YOU.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
SUFFICE TO SAY THAT LIKE YOU I HAVE REASON TO HATE THIS CITY AND WHAT IT HAS BECOME.
WHILE SOME MAY BE PREPARED TO STAND ASIDE — TO WATCH JERUSALEM FALL INTO DECAY — I AM NOT AMONG THEIR NUMBER! I HAVE PLANS, SLAUGHTERHOUSE, AND YOU WILL BE MY STRONG RIGHT HAND!
NEEDLESS TO SAY, YOUR CO-OPERATION WILL BE WELL REWARDED...
KITTY!

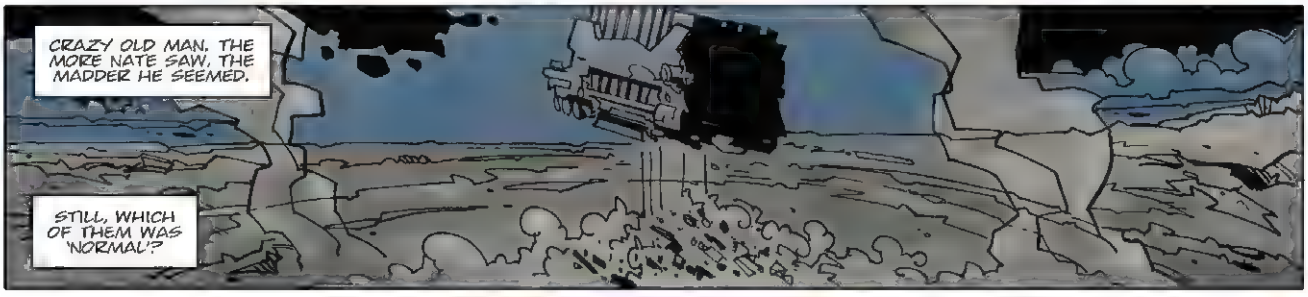

WEST MEG CONTROL, THIS IS 22CW ONE-NINER, SCHEDULE 3229, OVERFLYING EN ROUTE TO DZ.
ROGER, ONE-NINER.
WE HAVE REPORTS OF MUTANT ACTIVITY NEAR DUMP ZONE. BE ON YOUR GUARD.
WE SURELY WILL.
22nd CENTURY WASTE
19
OVER DUMP ZONE AT 01.17. AFTER THAT SHE'S YOURS, GENERAL.
HOW'S YOUR BOY?
PREPARED.
MENTALLY PREPARED.

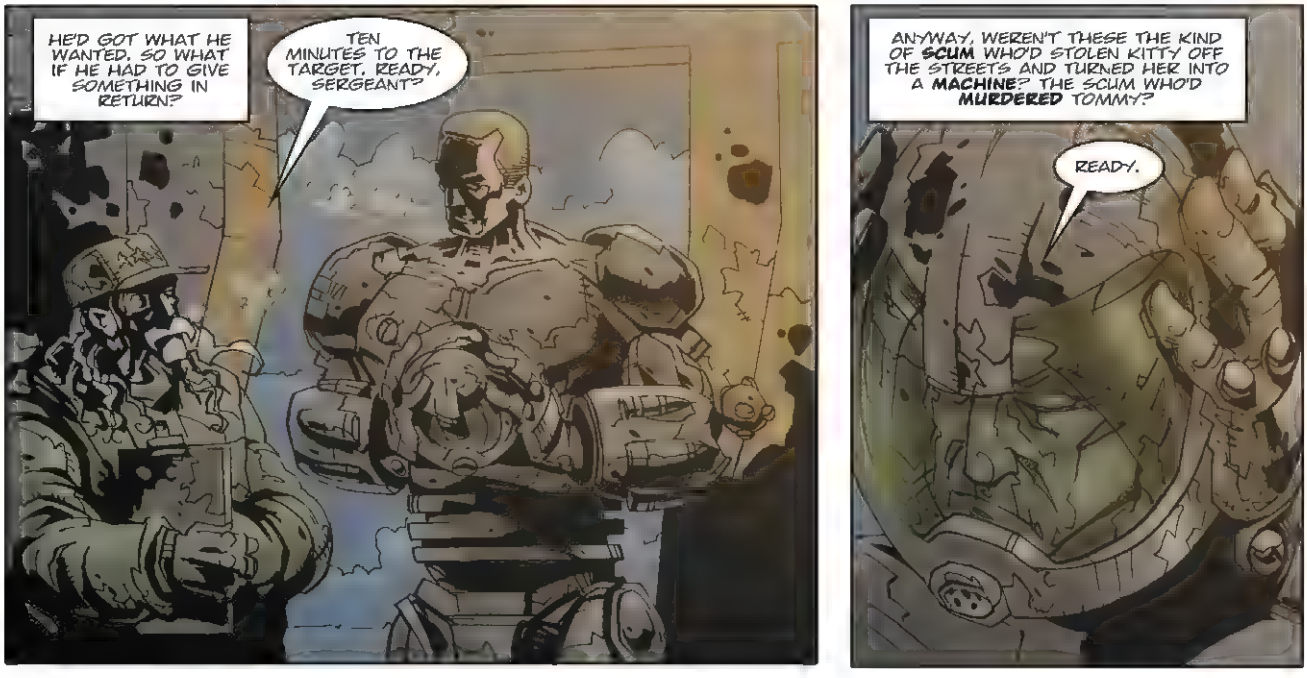

KITTY...
HOW DID YOU - ?
I **PURCHASED** HER THROUGH AN INTERMEDIARY. THEY WERE OFFERING HER FOR **FULL BODY TRANSPLANT.**
THE **PRICE** WAS EXTORTIONATE. I DON'T SUPPOSE **YOU'LL** SEE ANY OF THAT, SLAUGHTERHOUSE, EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE THE **HUSBAND.**
NO, BY GOD, STRAIGHT INTO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT COFFERS.! EVERY POST A WINNER.! WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT.! THEIR TIME IS COMING.!
I HOPE YOU DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH. DAMNED TRAFFICKERS PUT A **SLAVE MODULE** IN HER BRAIN. SHE CAN FOLLOW CERTAIN COMMANDS, NOT A LOT ELSE.
SHE'LL GET BETTER. I'LL WORK WITH HER.
'I'LL GET BACK ON MY FEET, SPEND ALL THE TIME I CAN...'
THAT'S A GOOD FIT.
SAME **NEURAL** CONNECTIONS AS YOUR LAST ASSEMBLY. SHOULDN'T TAKE YOU LONG TO SETTLE INTO IT.
THE UPPER LIMBS ARE TOO MUCH WEIGHT TO CARRY. WE'LL HAVE TO BUILD THEM UP AROUND YOU.

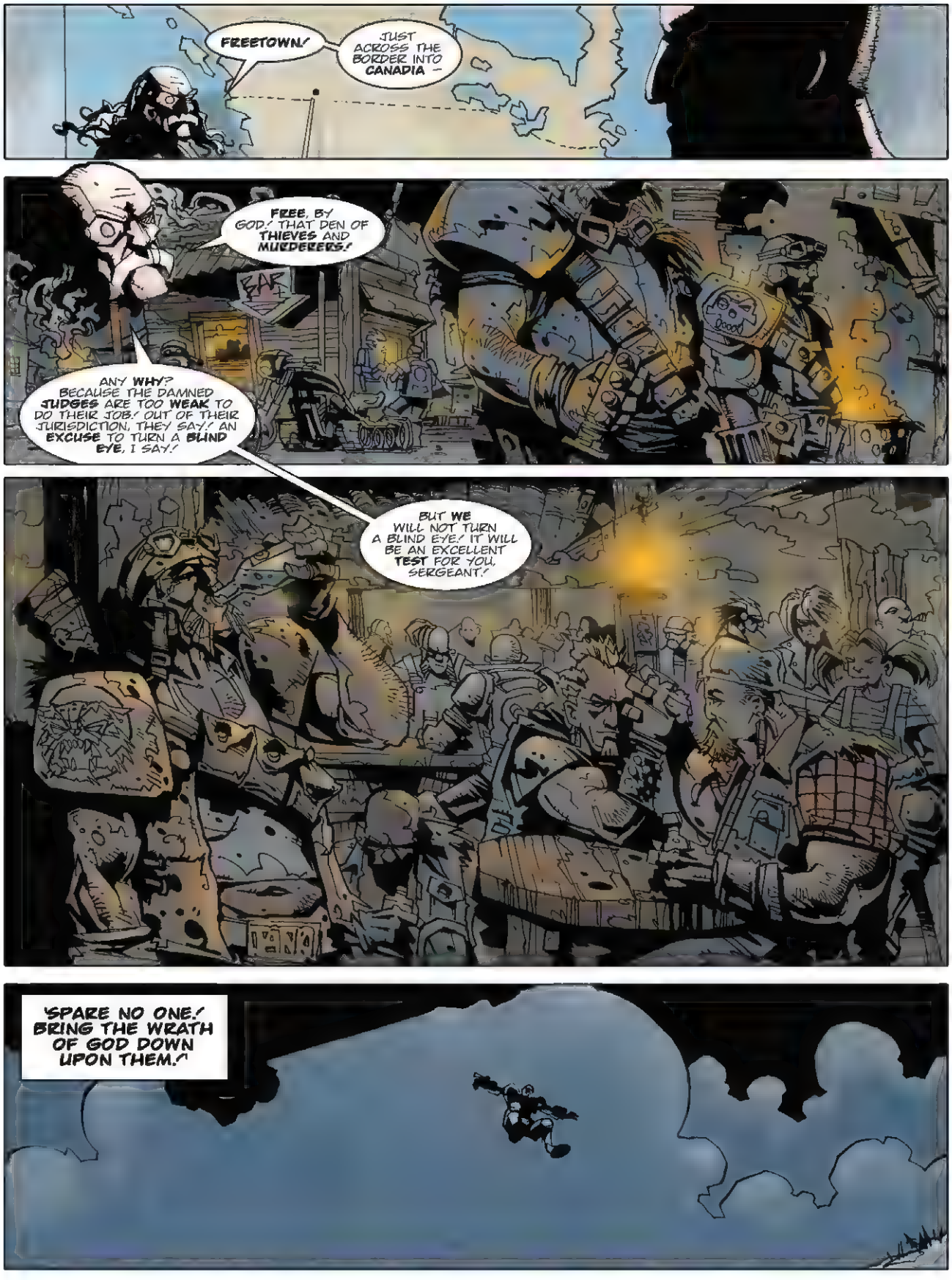

DOC COMPLETES THE FITTING TOMORROW. I'LL BE A WALKING BATTLESUIT.
WONDER WHAT THE OLD GUY WANTS ME FOR? SOMEBODY'S GONNA SUFFER, I RECKON.
GET USED TO SLEEPING STANDING UP, DOC SAYS. HE DOESN'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT.
REMEMBER, KITTY, THAT TIME ON SKRALL? THAT TIME WE PACKED OURSELVES IN BOXES AND SENT OURSELVES TO THE REBS...
THREE DAYS IN THE CARGO HOLD — SOME STATE WE WERE IN BY THE TIME THEY OPENED US UP. SMELL PROBABLY KILLED THEM MORE THAN THE GUNFIRE.
REMEMBER, KITTY?
JESUS GOD, KITTY, I KNOW YOU CAN'T SPEAK, BUT JUST NOD. DO SOMETHING. SHOW ME YOU'RE ALIVE IN THERE.
SHWANGGGG
GOOD! EXCELLENT!

WE CAN ONLY CARRY OUT LIMITED TESTS HERE. I'M GOING TO SET UP A FULL **FIELD** TRIAL. I HAVE JUST THE TARGET IN MIND.
SURE.
WHATEVER YOU SAY.


I'VE HAD A GOOD LOOK AT HER. I THINK THE MEDS MAY HAVE GOT IT WRONG.
YOU CAN SEE THERE THE ACTUAL **DAMAGE** TO HER BRAIN IS LESS EXTENSIVE THAN WE SUPPOSED. AT THE MOMENT THE **SLAVE MODULE** IS IN CONTROL, BUT IF IT IS REMOVED, WE MAY BE ABLE TO GET YOUR WIFE BACK.
SHE'LL NEVER BE A HUNDRED PER CENT THE WOMAN YOU KNEW. THAT'S TOO MUCH TO EXPECT. SHE MAY NOT EVEN KNOW YOU — HER MEMORY IS PROBABLY LOST FOREVER.
MAYBE THAT'S A GOOD THING. SHE WON'T REMEMBER TOMMY. WHAT... HAPPENED CAN NEVER HURT HER..
DO IT, DOC. **ANYTHING** IS BETTER THAN THIS.
SHE WAS DEAD, YET SHALL SHE LIVE.' I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.'

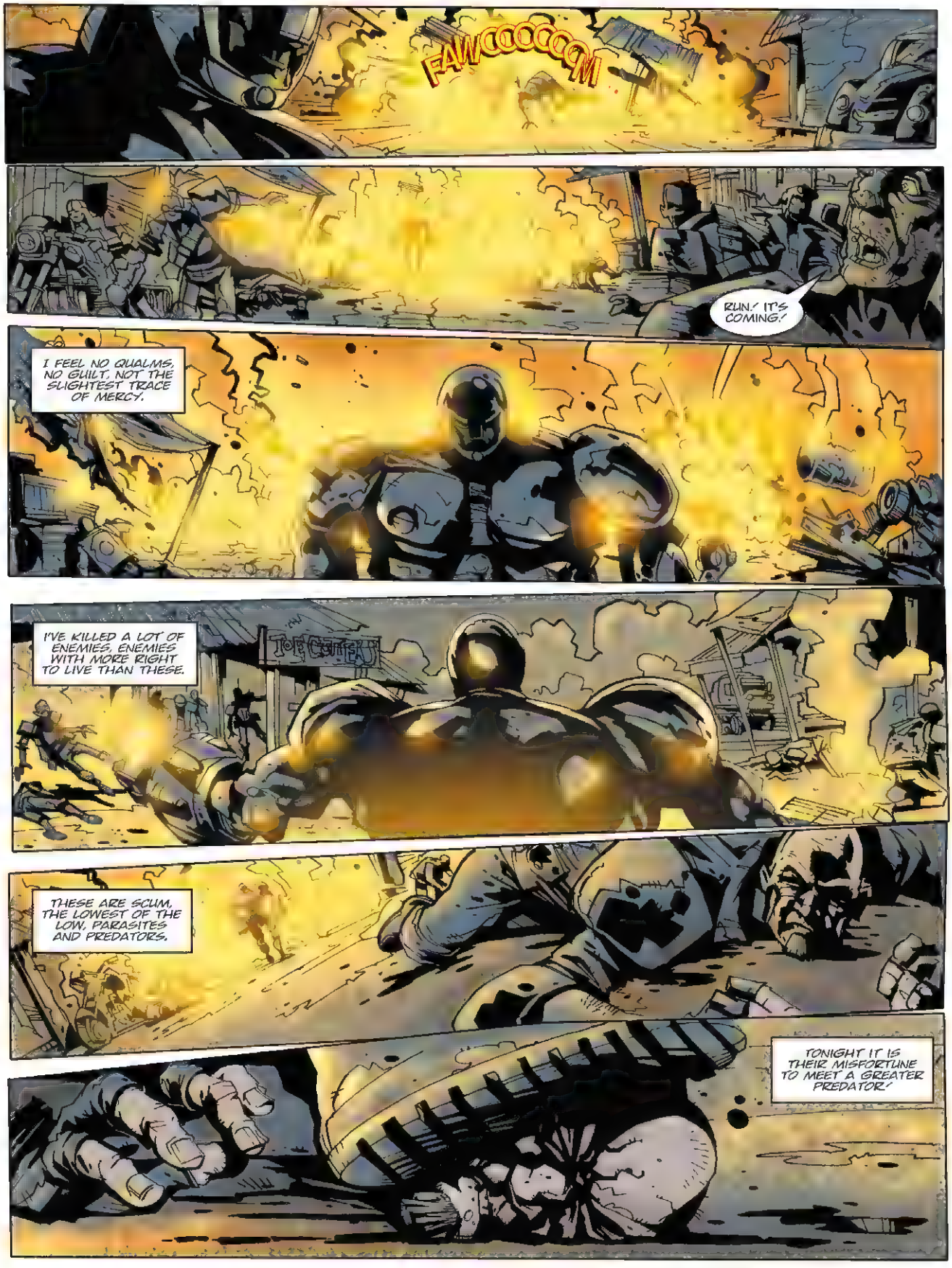

CRAZY OLD MAN. THE MORE NATE SAW, THE MADDER HE SEEMED.
STILL, WHICH OF THEM WAS 'NORMAL'?


HE'D GOT WHAT HE WANTED. SO WHAT IF HE HAD TO GIVE SOMETHING IN RETURN?
TEN MINUTES TO THE TARGET. READY, SERGEANT?
ANYWAY, WEREN'T THESE THE KIND OF **SCUM** WHO'D STOLEN KITTY OFF THE STREETS AND TURNED HER INTO A **MACHINE**? THE SCUM WHO'D **MURDERED** TOMMY?
READY.


FREETOWN!
JUST ACROSS THE BORDER INTO CANADIA —
FREE, BY GOD! THAT DEN OF THIEVES AND MURDERERS!
BAR
ANY WHY? BECAUSE THE DAMNED JUDGES ARE TOO WEAK TO DO THEIR JOB! OUT OF THEIR JURISDICTION, THEY SAY! AN EXCUSE TO TURN A BLIND EYE, I SAY!
BUT WE WILL NOT TURN A BLIND EYE! IT WILL BE AN EXCELLENT TEST FOR YOU, SERGEANT!
'SPARE NO ONE! BRING THE WRATH OF GOD DOWN UPON THEM.'

I COME DOWN UPON THEM LIKE AN AVENGING ANGEL.
THE OLD MAN WOULD LIKE THE ANALOGY. I'M EVEN STARTING TO THINK LIKE HIM —
HOLY - !
I AM SLAUGHTERHOUSE, SERGEANT OF GOD, BRINGER OF DEATH!

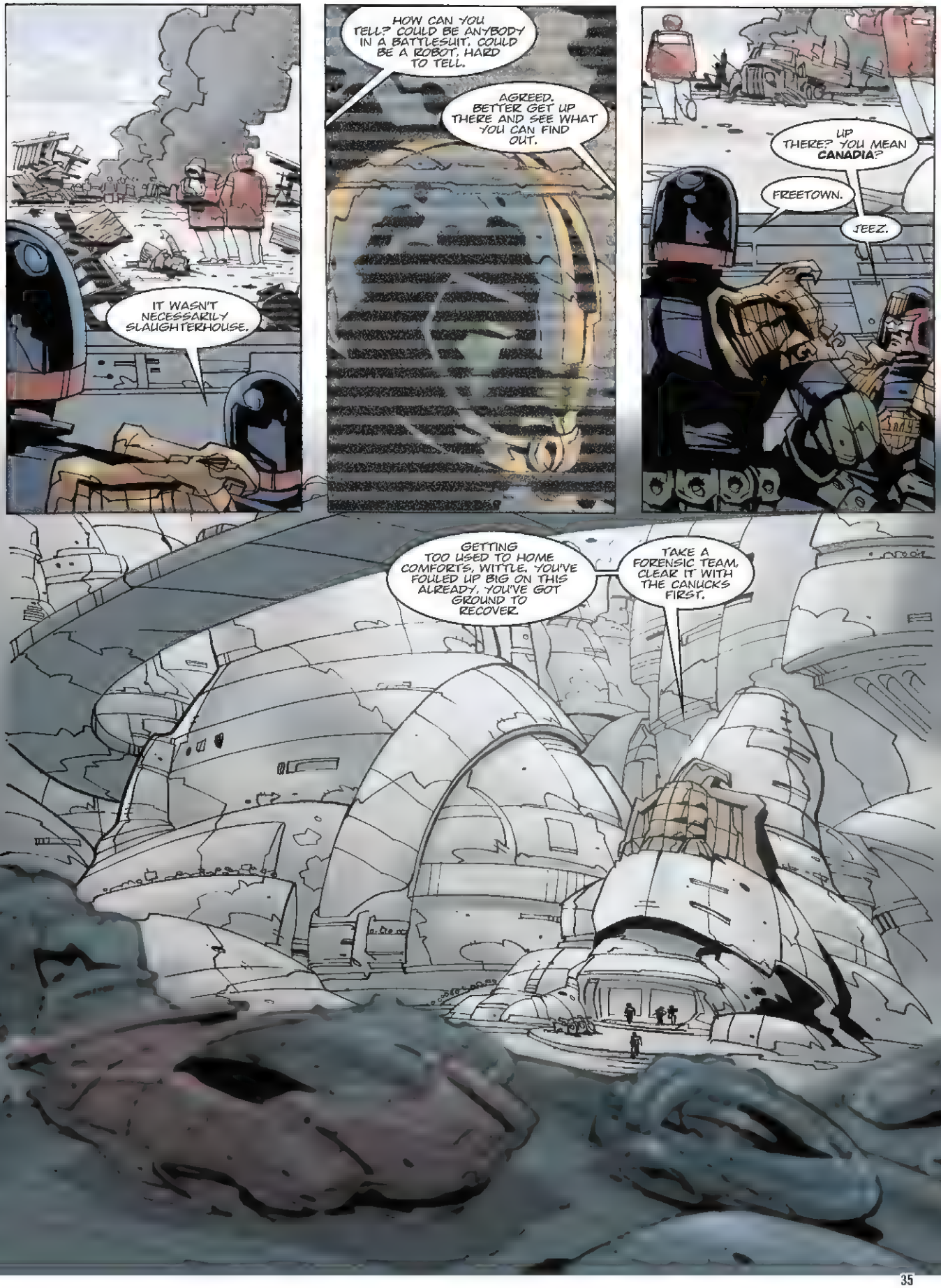
THEY SHALL NOT BE LAMENTED.' NEITHER SHALL THEY BE BURIED.' THEY SHALL BE AS **DUNG** UPON THE FACE OF THE EARTH.'
THEY SHALL BE CONSUMED BY THE SWORD, AND THEIR CARCASSES SHALL BE MEAT FOR THE FOWLS OF HEAVEN, AND FOR THE BEASTS OF THE EARTH.'
WOLF
FREE

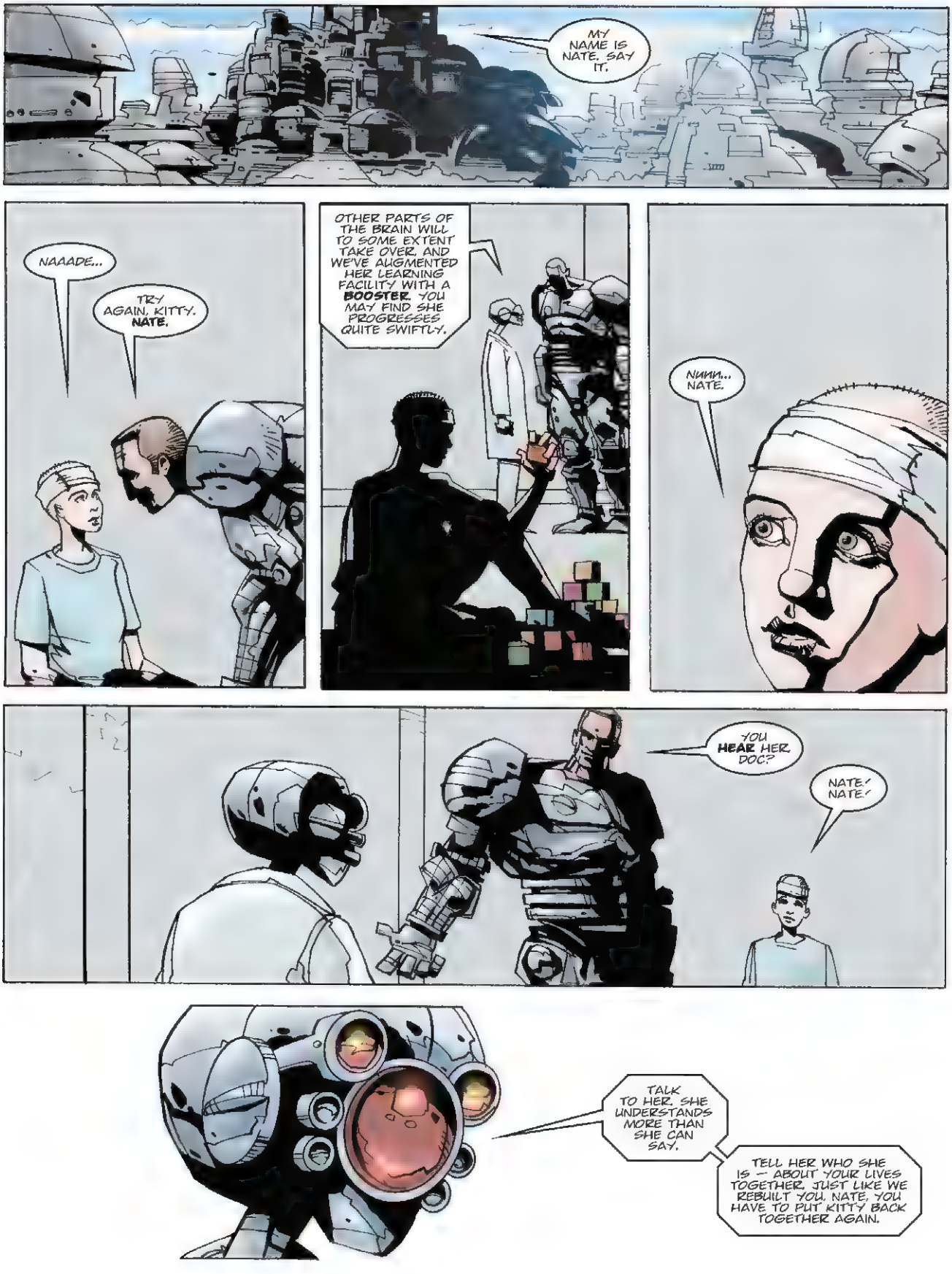

FAWOOOOOOM
RUN! IT'S COMING!
I FEEL NO QUALMS, NO GUILT, NOT THE SLIGHTEST TRACE OF MERCY.
I'VE KILLED A LOT OF ENEMIES, ENEMIES WITH MORE RIGHT TO LIVE THAN THESE.
THESE ARE SCUM, THE LOWEST OF THE LOW, PARASITES AND PREDATORS.
TONIGHT IT IS THEIR MISFORTUNE TO MEET A GREATER PREDATOR!

THE TRAIL HAD GONE COLD.
THREE MONTHS AND NO SIGN OF SLAUGHTERHOUSE. THE EXPECTED ATTACK ON THE CLINIC WHERE HIS WIFE HAD BEEN KEPT HAD NEVER MATERIALISED.
IT WAS ONLY LOGICAL TO ASSUME THE **MANDROID** WAS DEAD, HIS REMAINS DISPOSED OF AND HIS VALUABLE BODYWORKS SOLD ON.
EVEN WHEN NEWS CAME IN ABOUT THE ATTACK IN CANADIA DREDD DID NOT CONNECT.
SOMEBODY TOOK OUT **FREETOWN** LAST NIGHT.
GUESS THE CANUCKS FINALLY GOT THEIR ACT TOGETHER!
HIGH TIME, HE HAD LONG ADVOCATED CLEANING OUT THAT VIPERS' NEST.

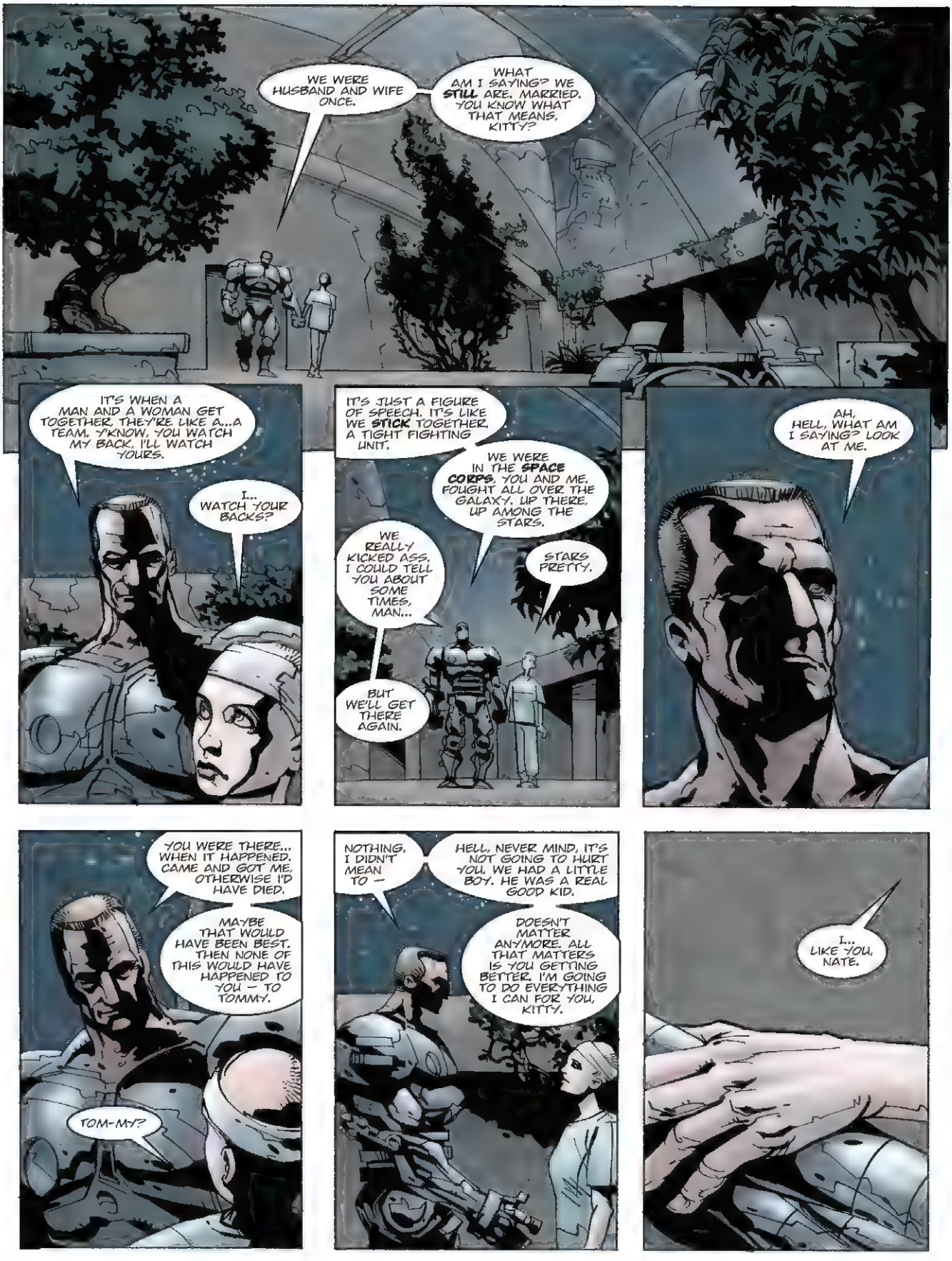
SUCCESS?
LEFT LASER BANK SHOWED SIGNS OF OVERHEATING, OTHERWISE PERFECT. THIRTY MINUTES AND HE'D RAZED FREETOWN TO THE GROUND!
COULDN'T HAVE ASKED FOR MORE, BY GOD!
KITTY?
SHE'S AWAKE. SITTING UP. YOU CAN SEE HER NOW. JUST FOR A SHORT WHILE.
THE SLAVE MODULE HAD BEEN REMOVED TWELVE DAYS EARLIER. IT WAS, THE SURGEON SAID, NOW A MATTER OF TIME...
KITTY —
NO! UHHH-UHHHHH!
SHE CAN SPEAK!
THIS IS NATE, KITTY. YOUR HUSBAND.
DON'T BE AFRAID. HE WON'T HURT YOU.
NUHHHHH!

SHE DOESN'T RECOGNISE YOU. I'M SORRY. IT MUST BE DISTRESSING, BUT THESE ARE EARLY DAYS.
IT'S ALL RIGHT, DOC. I GUESS I'D SCARE THE LIFE OUT OF ANYONE.
SHE'S ALIVE AGAIN, THAT'S THE MAIN THING.
MAN. WHAT A MESS.
HAD TO BE A FREAKIN' ARMY.
OR THE JUDGES. BEATS ME WHY THEY WAITED SO LONG.
WE GOT A SURVIVOR. GOT A PICTURE, TOO.
YOU WANT TO SEE THIS...
YOU LEFT A MESSAGE FOR ME, WHITTLE.
WE'VE HEARD FROM CANADIA. THEY DENY RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE FREETOWN MASSACRE.
THEY FOUND A SURVIVOR WITH A COM-CAM. YOU WANT TO SEE THIS.
I'M BETTING THAT'S OUR MAN.'

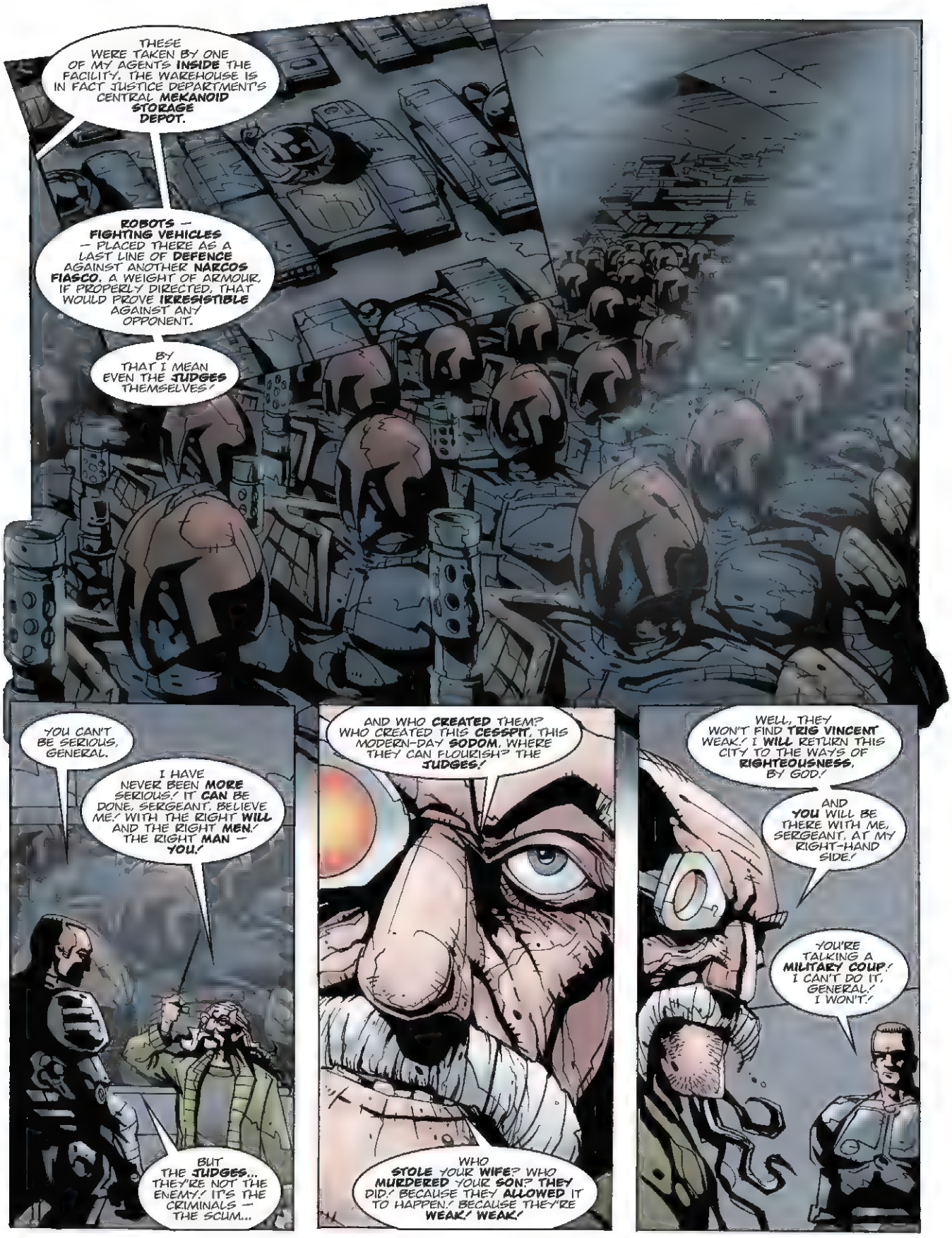

IT WASN'T NECESSARILY SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
HOW CAN YOU TELL? COULD BE ANYBODY IN A BATTLESUIT. COULD BE A ROBOT. HARD TO TELL.
AGREED. BETTER GET UP THERE AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND OUT.
UP THERE? YOU MEAN CANADIA?
FREETOWN.
JEEZ.
GETTING TOO USED TO HOME COMFORTS, WITTLE. YOU'VE FOULED UP BIG ON THIS ALREADY, YOU'VE GOT GROUND TO RECOVER.
TAKE A FORENSIC TEAM, CLEAR IT WITH THE CANUCKS FIRST.


MY NAME IS NATE. SAY IT.
NAAADE...
TRY AGAIN, KITTY. NATE.
OTHER PARTS OF THE BRAIN WILL TO SOME EXTENT TAKE OVER, AND WE'VE AUGMENTED HER LEARNING FACILITY WITH A BOOSTER. YOU MAY FIND SHE PROGRESSES QUITE SWIFTLY.
NUHH... NATE.
YOU HEAR HER, DOC?
NATE? NATE?
TALK TO HER. SHE UNDERSTANDS MORE THAN SHE CAN SAY.
TELL HER WHO SHE IS — ABOUT YOUR LIVES TOGETHER, JUST LIKE WE REBUILT YOU. NATE, YOU HAVE TO PUT KITTY BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.

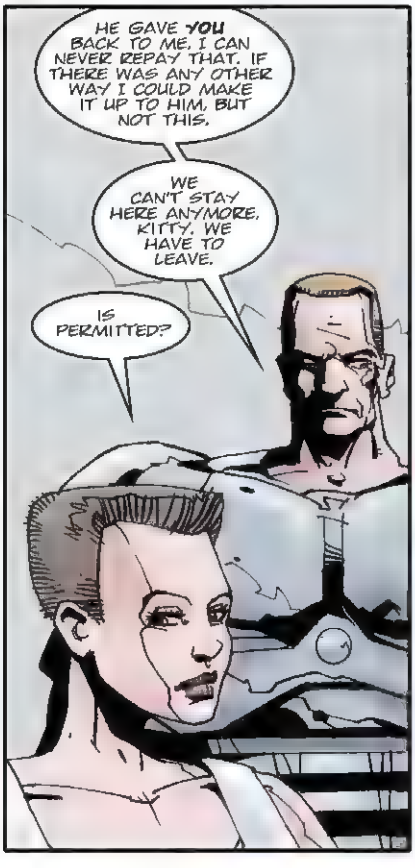
PLACE STINKS. BURNT FLESH, GUTS AND EXCREMENT. NICE. I NEED HARDLY ADD **FORENSICS** HAVE FOUND **SQUAT.**
I SPOKE TO THE FEW SURVIVORS THEY ROUNDED UP. THIS ATTACKER CAME THROUGH LIKE AN EXPRESS ZOOM. DIDN'T SAY A WORD. NO MERCY. NO QUARTER GIVEN. A **WIPE-OUT** JOB.
FRANKLY, I THINK IT WAS THE **CANUCKS** AND THEY'RE NOT ADMITTING IT. WHY THEY DIDN'T CLEAR THIS **CESSPIT** OUT A LONG TIME AGO ELUDES ME.
QUITE A LOT ELUDES YOU, WITTLE. IF IT WAS THE CANUCKS, WHY JUST A SINGLE OPERATIVE? IF THEY DECIDED TO FUMIGATE **FREETOWN**, THEY'D HAVE GONE IN SQUAD STRENGTH AT LEAST.
WHAT ABOUT BIG BUSINESS — Y'KNOW, WEAPONS MANUFACTURER. TESTING OUT A NEW MODEL ON THE QT?
SOME IDEA OF QT. IT'S POSSIBLE, I SUPPOSE. LOOK INTO IT WHEN YOU GET BACK.
POSSIBLE... BUT NOT PROBABLE.
EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS SAID **PERSONAL**. THE NATURE OF THE ATTACK — THE **FEROCITY** OF THE ONSLAUGHT. A **CRIME** OF **HATE**.
RENEGADE GROUP — TWISTED INDIVIDUAL — SOMEONE WITH A **BIG GRUDGE** AGAINST THE **CRIMINAL** FRATERNITY.
YOU!
BUT THAT STILL DIDN'T MEAN IT WAS THE **MANDROID**. THAT WAS TOO BIG A JUMP.
THE PROBABILITY WAS **SLAUGHTERHOUSE** HAD BEEN BROKEN UP, HIS PARTS RECYCLED, WHAT REMAINED OF THE MAN DUMPED IN SOME CHEM-PIT.

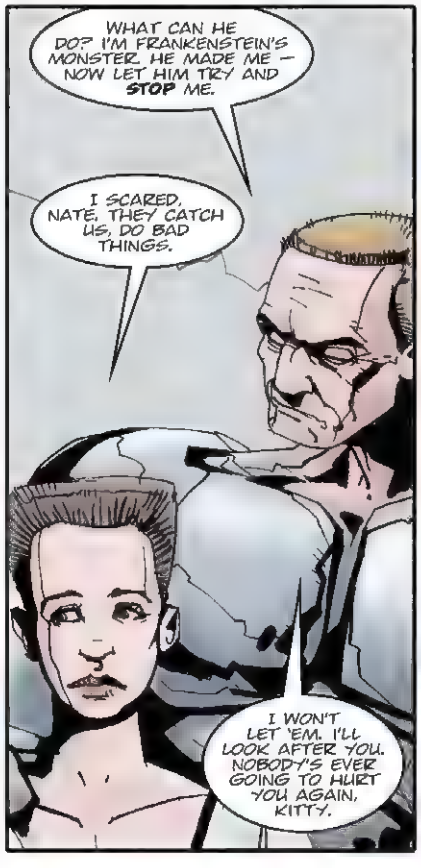

WE WERE HUSBAND AND WIFE ONCE.
WHAT AM I SAYING? WE **STILL** ARE. MARRIED. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, KITTY?
IT'S WHEN A MAN AND A WOMAN GET TOGETHER. THEY'RE LIKE A...A TEAM. Y'KNOW, YOU WATCH MY BACK, I'LL WATCH YOURS.
I... WATCH YOUR BACKS?
IT'S JUST A FIGURE OF SPEECH. IT'S LIKE WE **STICK** TOGETHER. A TIGHT FIGHTING UNIT.
WE WERE IN THE **SPACE CORPS**, YOU AND ME. FOUGHT ALL OVER THE GALAXY. UP THERE, UP AMONG THE STARS.
WE REALLY KICKED ASS. I COULD TELL YOU ABOUT SOME TIMES, MAN...
STARS PRETTY.
BUT WE'LL GET THERE AGAIN.
AH, HELL, WHAT AM I SAYING? LOOK AT ME.
YOU WERE THERE... WHEN IT HAPPENED. CAME AND GOT ME, OTHERWISE I'D HAVE DIED.
MAYBE THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN BEST. THEN NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO YOU — TO TOMMY.
TOM-MY?
NOTHING. I DIDN'T MEAN TO —
HELL, NEVER MIND, IT'S NOT GOING TO HURT YOU. WE HAD A LITTLE BOY. HE WAS A REAL GOOD KID.
DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE. ALL THAT MATTERS IS YOU GETTING BETTER. I'M GOING TO DO EVERYTHING I CAN FOR YOU, KITTY.
I... LIKE YOU, NATE.

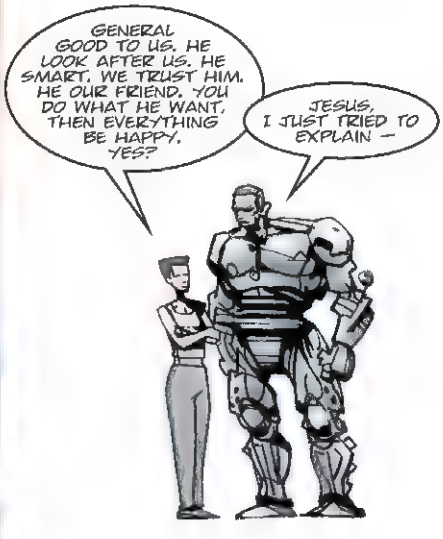
THIS IS WRONG, GENERAL.
I WON'T BE LECTURED ON MORALITY BY A **MED DROID**, STANNER. WE ARE AT **WAR**. IN WAR, SACRIFICES MUST BE MADE.
COULDN'T YOU ACHIEVE JUST AS MUCH WITH A **ROBOT**?
NEVER **TRUSTED** THEM SINCE A TROOP OF THEM TURNED **NATIVE** ON **NAAAGIPOORE**.
BESIDES, NEVER MET A **ROBOT** THAT COULD THINK ON ITS **FEET**. NO OFFENCE MEANT.
NONE TAKEN.
YES, SIR. GIVE ME A GOOD **FIGHTING MAN** ANY DAY OF THE WEEK. THERE MAY NOT BE MUCH **LEFT** OF SLAUGHTERHOUSE, BY GOD, BUT WHAT THERE IS IS FIGHTING MAN TO THE **CORE**!
IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, SERGEANT.
THE **CRANBERRY CORPORATION CENTRAL WAREHOUSE**. THEY HAVE BLANKET SURVEILLANCE, 24-HOUR ARMED SECURITY AND A DIRECT LINE TO THE LOCAL SECTOR HOUSE. BIGGEST ELECTRONICS STOREHOUSE IN THE CITY.
ABSOLUTE DAMNED LIES, OF COURSE! THE CRANBERRY CORPORATION DOES NOT **EXIST**.

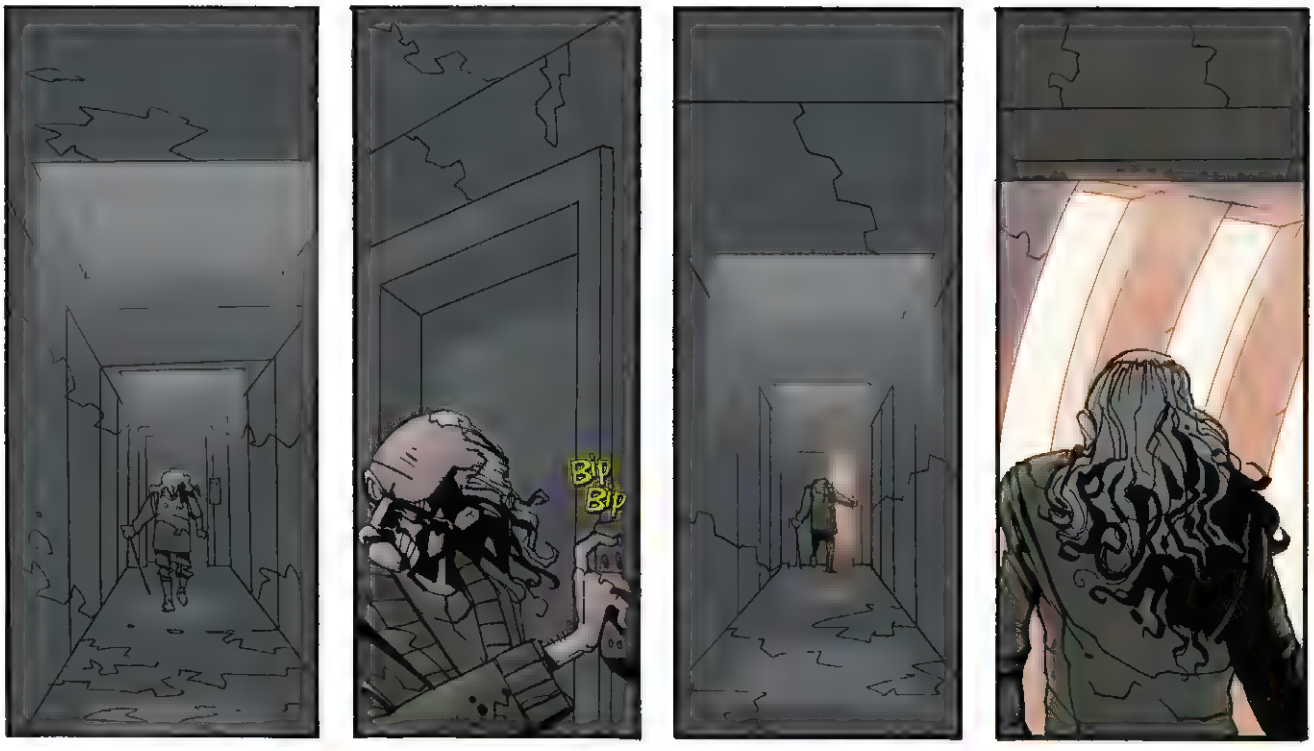

THESE WERE TAKEN BY ONE OF MY AGENTS **INSIDE** THE FACILITY. THE WAREHOUSE IS IN FACT JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S CENTRAL **MEKANOID STORAGE DEPOT.**
ROBOTS — FIGHTING VEHICLES — PLACED THERE AS A LAST LINE OF **DEFENCE** AGAINST ANOTHER **NARCOS FIASCO.** A WEIGHT OF ARMOUR, IF PROPERLY DIRECTED, THAT WOULD PROVE **IRRESISTIBLE** AGAINST ANY OPPONENT.
BY THAT I MEAN EVEN THE **JUDGES** THEMSELVES!
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS, GENERAL.
I HAVE NEVER BEEN **MORE** SERIOUS! IT **CAN** BE DONE, SERGEANT, BELIEVE ME! WITH THE RIGHT **WILL** AND THE RIGHT **MEN**! THE RIGHT **MAN** — **YOU!**
BUT THE **JUDGES**... THEY'RE NOT THE ENEMY! IT'S THE CRIMINALS — THE SCUM...
AND WHO **CREATED** THEM? WHO CREATED THIS **CESSPIT**, THIS MODERN-DAY **SODOM**, WHERE THEY CAN FLOURISH? THE **JUDGES!**
WHO **STOLE** YOUR **WIFE**? WHO **MURDERED** YOUR **SON**? **THEY** DID! BECAUSE THEY **ALLOWED** IT TO HAPPEN! BECAUSE THEY'RE **WEAK! WEAK!**
WELL, THEY WON'T FIND **TRIG VINCENT** WEAK! I **WILL** RETURN THIS CITY TO THE WAYS OF **RIGHTEOUSNESS**, BY GOD!
AND **YOU** WILL BE THERE WITH ME, SERGEANT, AT MY RIGHT-HAND SIDE!
YOU'RE TALKING A **MILITARY COUP**! I CAN'T DO IT, GENERAL! I WON'T!

DOCTOR STANNER TAKES THE BANDAGE OFF. I HAVE GOT WIG TILL IT GROWS BACK. YOU LIKE?
HE'S GOING TO **TAKE ON** THE **JUDGES**. THE GENERAL.
NO, LET ME REPHRASE THAT. **I'M** GOING TO TAKE ON THE JUDGES. A MILITARY COUP AND **I'M** THE **SPEARHEAD** – THE DUMB GRUNT AT THE FRONT.
IT'S **INSANE**, KITTY! THE GUY'S IN **LA LA** LAND! I MEAN IT, STARK, STARING MAD.
I TOLD HIM – I APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, BUT COUNT ME OUT. JESUS! APART FROM ANYTHING ELSE, I DON'T **WANT** TO DO IT.
THE **JUDGES** ARE TO BLAME FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU AND TOMMY, THAT'S WHAT HE SAYS, HELL, I DON'T KNOW...
HE'S RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING, THE CITY'S A **CESSPIT** THE JUDGES CAN'T BE EVERYWHERE. BE A WHOLE LOT WORSE WITHOUT THEM. AND WHAT'S OLD **VINCENT** GOING TO DO? WHAT DOES HE PUT IN THEIR PLACE?


HE GAVE **YOU** BACK TO ME. I CAN NEVER REPAY THAT. IF THERE WAS ANY OTHER WAY I COULD MAKE IT UP TO HIM, BUT NOT THIS.
WE CAN'T STAY HERE ANYMORE, KITTY. WE HAVE TO LEAVE.
IS PERMITTED?


WHAT CAN HE DO? I'M FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER. HE MADE ME – NOW LET HIM TRY AND **STOP** ME.
I SCARED, NATE. THEY CATCH US, DO BAD THINGS.
I WON'T LET 'EM. I'LL LOOK AFTER YOU. NOBODY'S EVER GOING TO HURT YOU AGAIN, KITTY.


GENERAL GOOD TO US. HE LOOK AFTER US. HE SMART. WE TRUST HIM. HE OUR FRIEND. YOU DO WHAT HE WANT, THEN EVERYTHING BE HAPPY. YES?
JESUS, I JUST TRIED TO EXPLAIN –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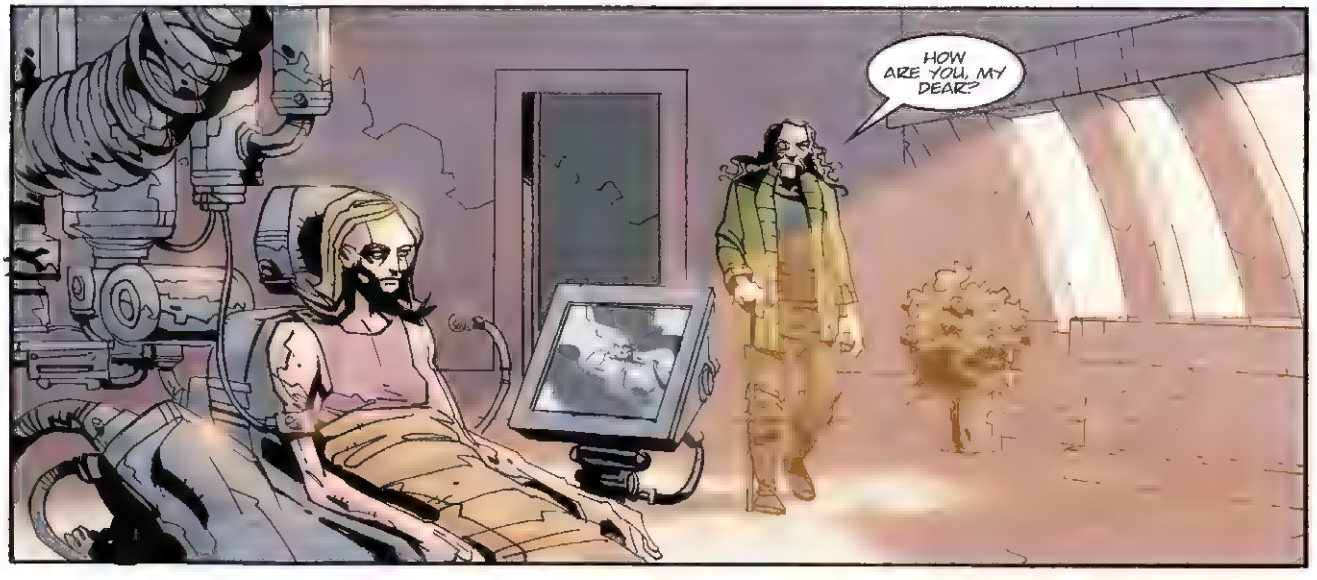
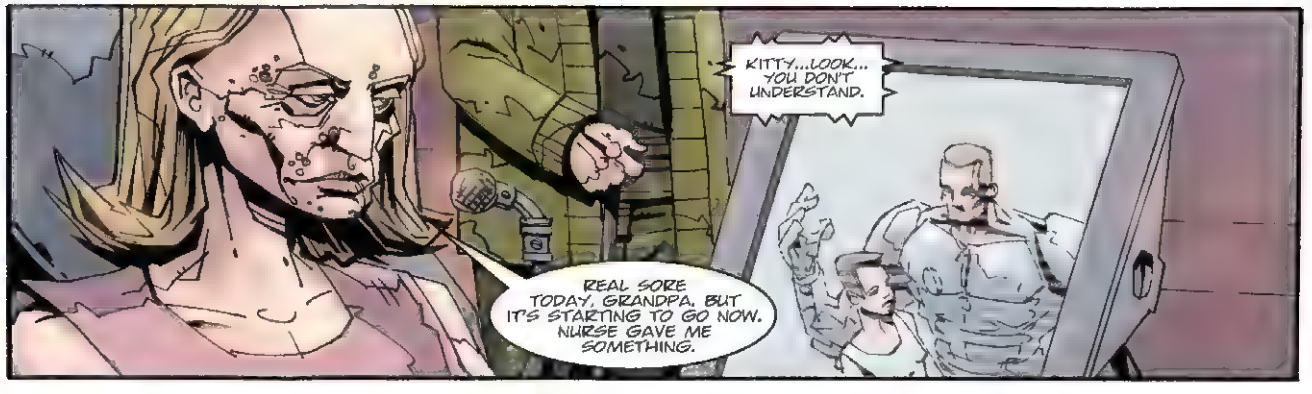
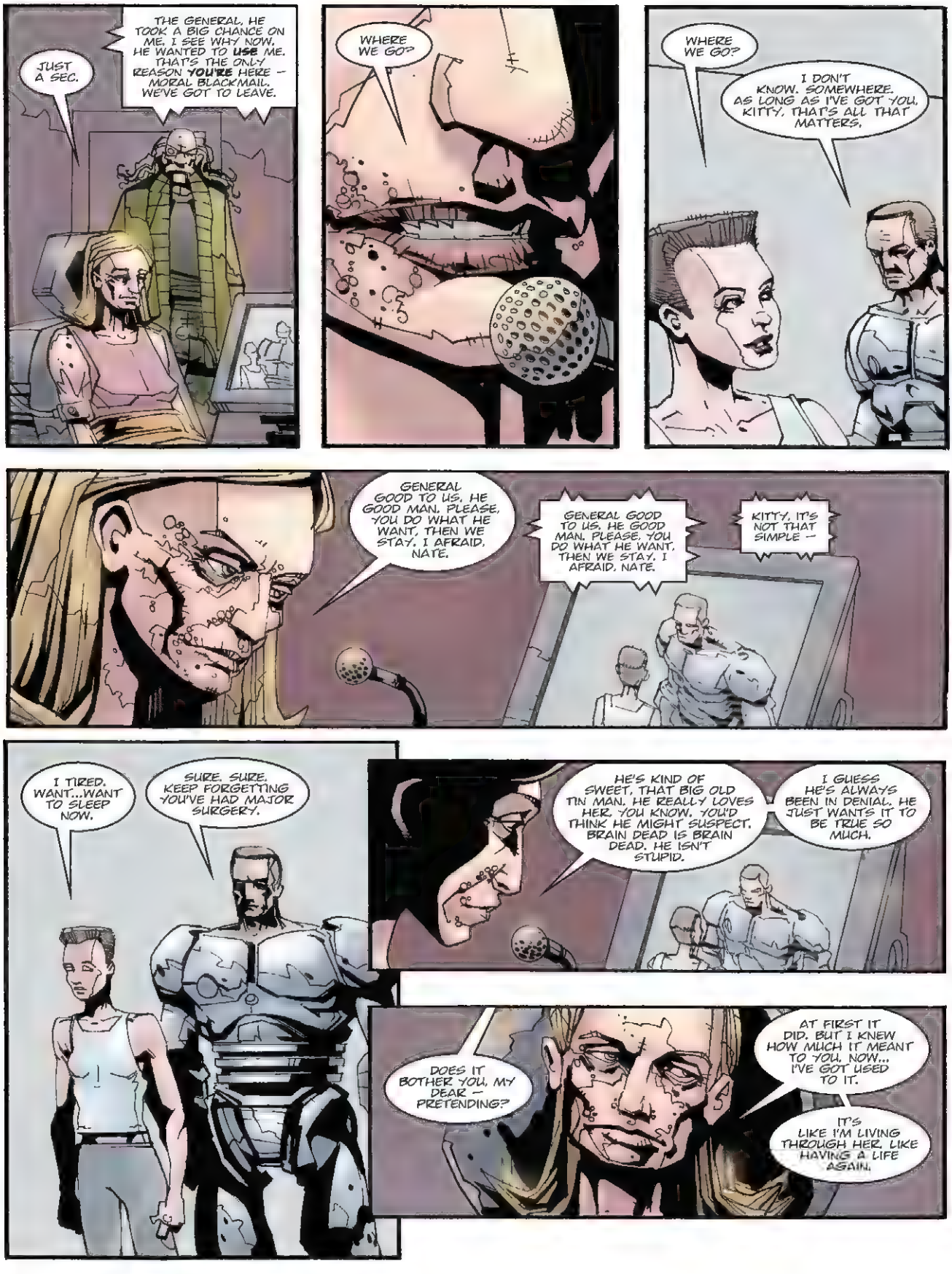

HOW ARE YOU, MY DEAR?


KITTY...LOOK... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.
REAL SORE TODAY, GRANDPA. BUT IT'S STARTING TO GO NOW. NURSE GAVE ME SOMETHING.


JUST A SEC.
THE GENERAL, HE TOOK A BIG CHANCE ON ME. I SEE WHY NOW. HE WANTED TO **USE** ME. THAT'S THE ONLY REASON **YOU'RE** HERE — MORAL BLACKMAIL. WE'VE GOT TO LEAVE.
WHERE WE GO?
WHERE WE GO?
I DON'T KNOW. SOMEWHERE. AS LONG AS I'VE GOT YOU, KITTY, THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.
GENERAL GOOD TO US. HE GOOD MAN. PLEASE, YOU DO WHAT HE WANT, THEN WE STAY. I AFRAID, NATE.
GENERAL GOOD TO US. HE GOOD MAN. PLEASE, YOU DO WHAT HE WANT, THEN WE STAY. I AFRAID, NATE.
KITTY, IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE —
I TIRED. WANT...WANT TO SLEEP NOW.
SURE. SURE. KEEP FORGETTING YOU'VE HAD MAJOR SURGERY.
HE'S KIND OF SWEET, THAT BIG OLD TIN MAN. HE REALLY LOVES HER. YOU KNOW, YOU'D THINK HE MIGHT SUSPECT. BRAIN DEAD IS BRAIN DEAD. HE ISN'T STUPID.
I GUESS HE'S ALWAYS BEEN IN DENIAL. HE JUST WANTS IT TO BE TRUE SO MUCH.
DOES IT BOTHER YOU, MY DEAR — PRETENDING?
AT FIRST IT DID. BUT I KNEW HOW MUCH IT MEANT TO YOU, NOW... I'VE GOT USED TO IT.
IT'S LIKE I'M LIVING THROUGH HER. LIKE HAVING A LIFE AGAIN.

YOU WILL HAVE A LIFE AGAIN.
I ASKED STANNER TO DO A TISSUE COMPARISON. YOU AND KITTY. IT TURNS OUT, ARE AN UNUSUALLY GOOD MATCH.
WITH THE PROPER DRUGS STANNER SAYS REJECTION WILL NOT BE A PROBLEM.
YOU MEAN...?
YOUR OWN BODY IS DYING. IT WOULD BE FOOLISH TO PASS UP THE OPPORTUNITY.
BUT NATE — HE NEEDS HER. HE DEPENDS ON HER.
SERGEANT SLAUGHTERHOUSE WILL NOT SURVIVE THE MISSION. UNFORTUNATE, BUT IN WAR THERE MUST BE SACRIFICES.
OH, HE'LL HAVE HIS MOMENT OF GLORY, BY GOD! A GOOD WAY TO GO! AND THAT LEAVES HIS WIFE. AND YOU...
THE LORD HELPS HIS OWN, MY DEAR. THE LORD HELPS HIS OWN.

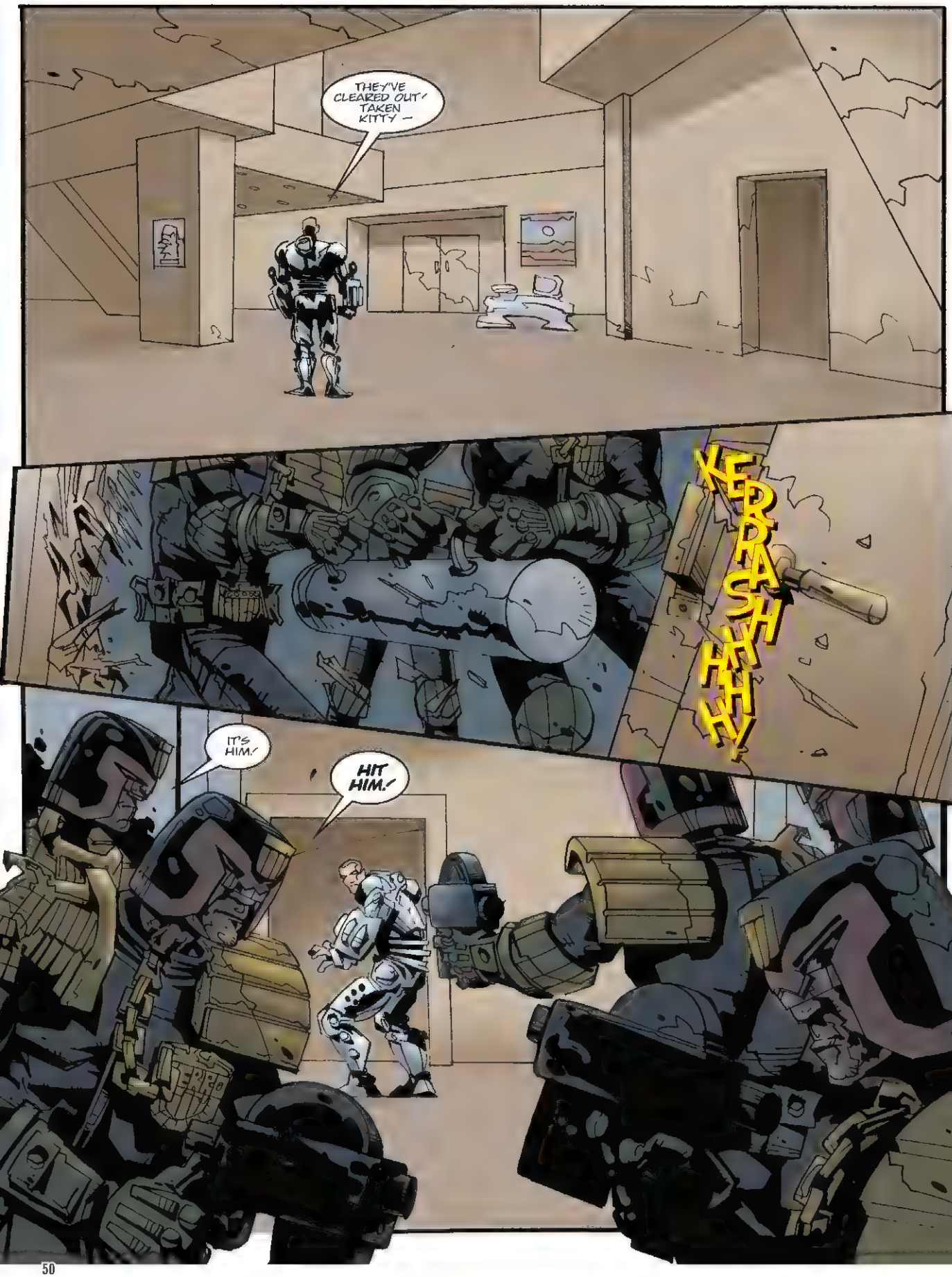
HE FELT, WHEN THE OMISSION OCCURRED TO HIM, A STAB OF INTENSE IRRITATION.
HE'D BEEN OVERLOADED, A THOUSAND CASES ON THE GO. IT WAS A DETAIL WITTLE SHOULD HAVE ATTENDED TO.
BUT THERE WAS STILL NO EXCUSE. BASIC PROCEDURE.
PROBABLY NO HARM DONE. IT WAS UNLIKELY **LEFTY KOVAX** COULD GIVE THEM ANYTHING. HE'D BEEN IN-CUBE ALL THE TIME.
BUT IT STILL RANKLED.
YOU HEARD YOUR FRIEND **SLAUGHTERHOUSE** GOT LOOSE?
NO POOP? **NATE**? HELL, NO. WE DON'T GET A LOTTA NEWS IN HERE.' WAY TO **GO**, GUY!
FIGURED YOU MIGHT KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM?
IF I KNEW — **WHICH** I DON'T — YOU THINK I'M GOING TO TELL **YOU**? YOU GOT MORE CHANCE OF FINDING **GOLD DUST** UP MY **ASS**!
HE DIDN'T BOTHER CHECKING FOR THE GOLD DUST.
AGAIN.

VZZZZZZZZZZTTTTTT
UHNNNNNN
RRRUHHH
URRRNNNNNNN
TALK TO ME, LEFTY. TELL ME ABOUT SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
— SO... SO I GAVE HIM A NUMBER, BE-BEFORE HE WENT ON THAT WIPEOUT... OLD ARMY GUY, HELPS OUT SUH-SPACE CORPS VETS...
WHAT'S HIS NAME, LEFTY?
VUH- VINCENT... GENERAL **TRIG VINCENT.**
THIS WAS YOUR JOB, WITTLE. DON'T HAVE ME PICKING UP THE PIECES ALL THE TIME.
WHAT DID WE LEARN?
UH... THE GENERAL — VINCENT. HE HAD A REP FOR HELPING VETS, SO IT WASN'T JUST **CHANCE** SLAUGHTERHOUSE CALLED HIS NUMBER.
WHY DIDN'T VINCENT MENTION THAT? DON'T SUPPOSE THAT'S MUCH TO GO ON.
THE CALL — **THINK** ABOUT IT, VINCENT WAS OPENLY **HOSTILE** TO SLAUGHTERHOUSE. DOES THAT **SOUND** LIKE A MAN WHO LIKED **HELPING** VETERANS?
YOU THINK... WHAT? VINCENT TAMPERED WITH THE MESSAGE?
JUST SAYING MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE DUG A LITTLE DEEPER. LET'S CORRECT THAT MISTAKE.
PUT TOGETHER A **SHAKEDOWN** TEAM. VINCENT'S PLACE, ONE HOUR.

FOR YOU, SIR. THE PRIVATE COM.
VINCENT.
THEY'RE COMING. DREDD AND A FULL SHAKEDOWN SQUAD. FORTY-FIVE MINUTES. GET OUT OF THERE.
THE GAME'S UP! FULL EVACUATION. TEN MINUTES!
YES, SIR.
WHERE IS SERGEANT SLAUGHTERHOUSE?
HE IS IN THE TREATMENT ROOM. DOCTOR STANNER ORDERED EXTERNAL DIALYSIS.

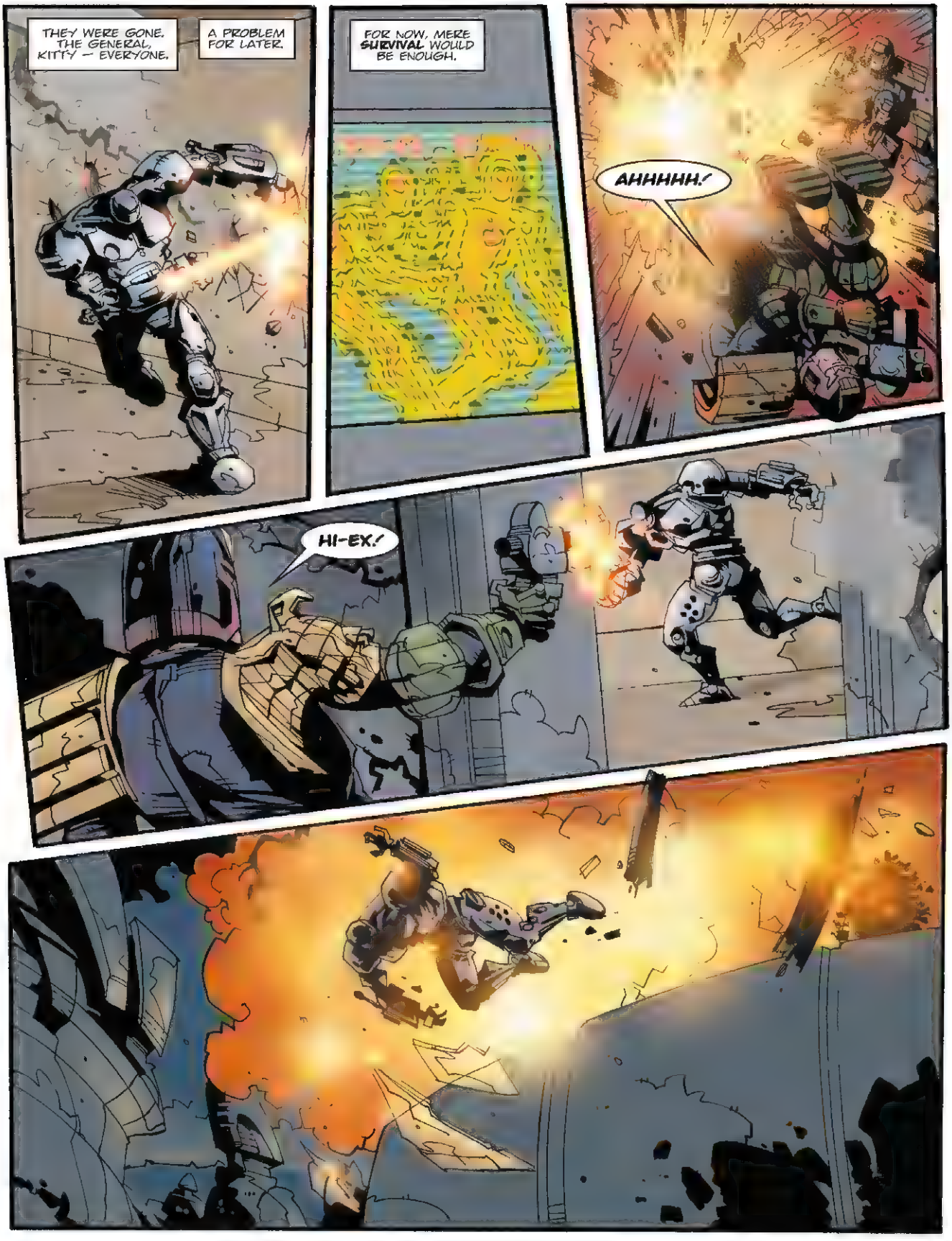
NURSE! MACHINE'S FINISHED.
NURSE! YO, NURSE! YOU CAN UNHOOK ME!
ISN'T THIS GENERAL VINCENT A DECORATED **WAR HERO**? GUY LIKE THAT'S GOT A LOT OF CLOUT.
SO HE GETS HIS FEATHERS RUFFLED.
THE DAY WE START WORRYING ABOUT A CITIZEN'S **RANK**, ALLARD, WE CAN HANG UP OUR HELMETS. BIG OR SMALL, THEY'RE ALL POTENTIAL **PERPS**.
WE BELIEVE THE **MANDROID** MAY BE IN THERE. FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY, ACT AS IF HE IS. TAKE **ALL PRECAUTIONS**.
THERE'S THE AERIAL SUPPORT.

ALL UNITS GO!
KITTY - ?
WHERE THE HELL - ?
WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
TERRACE IS SECURE! REPEAT — TERRACE IS SECURE!

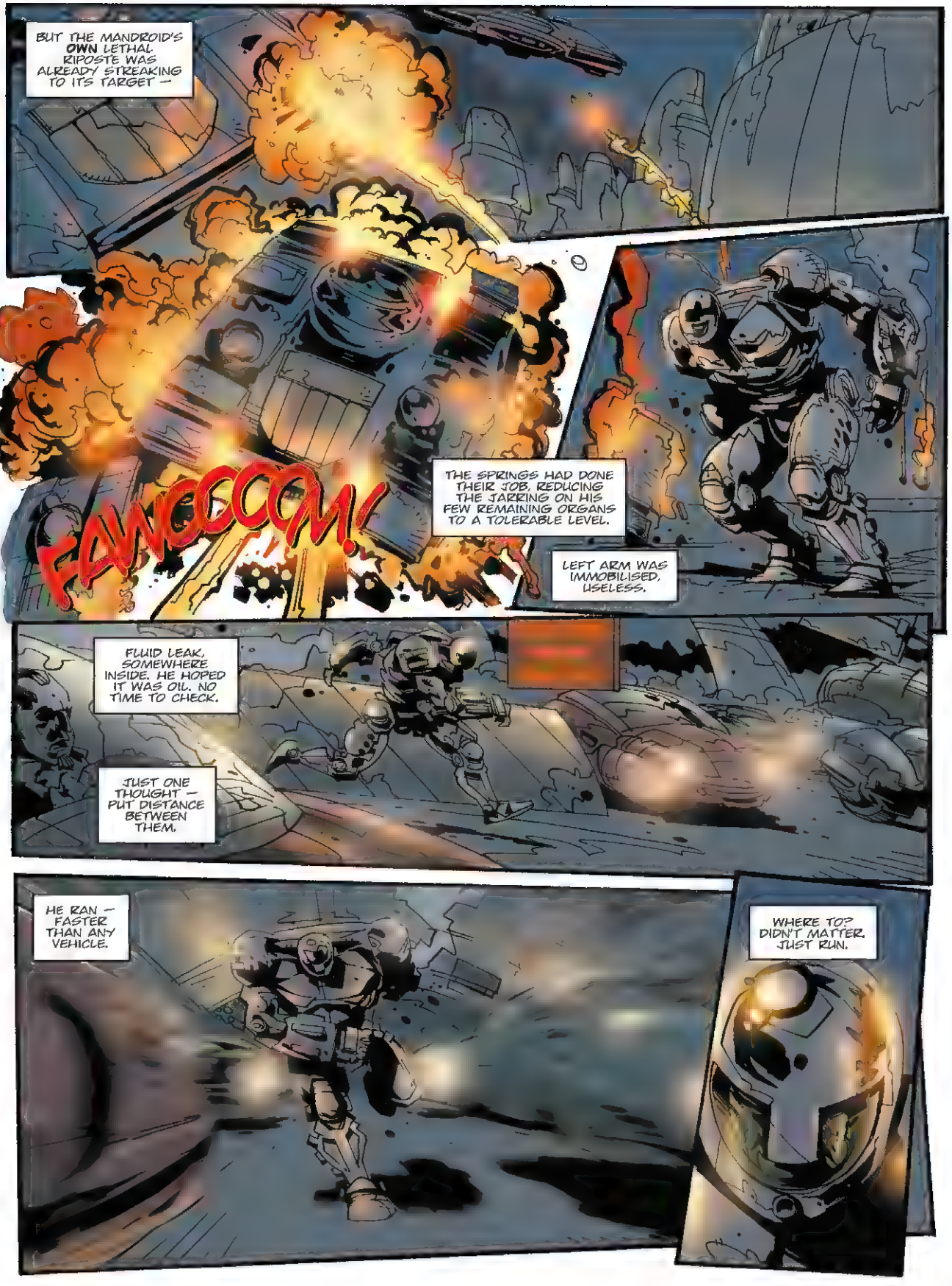

THEY'VE CLEARED OUT. TAKEN KITTY —
KERRASHHHH!
IT'S HIM.
HIT HIM.!

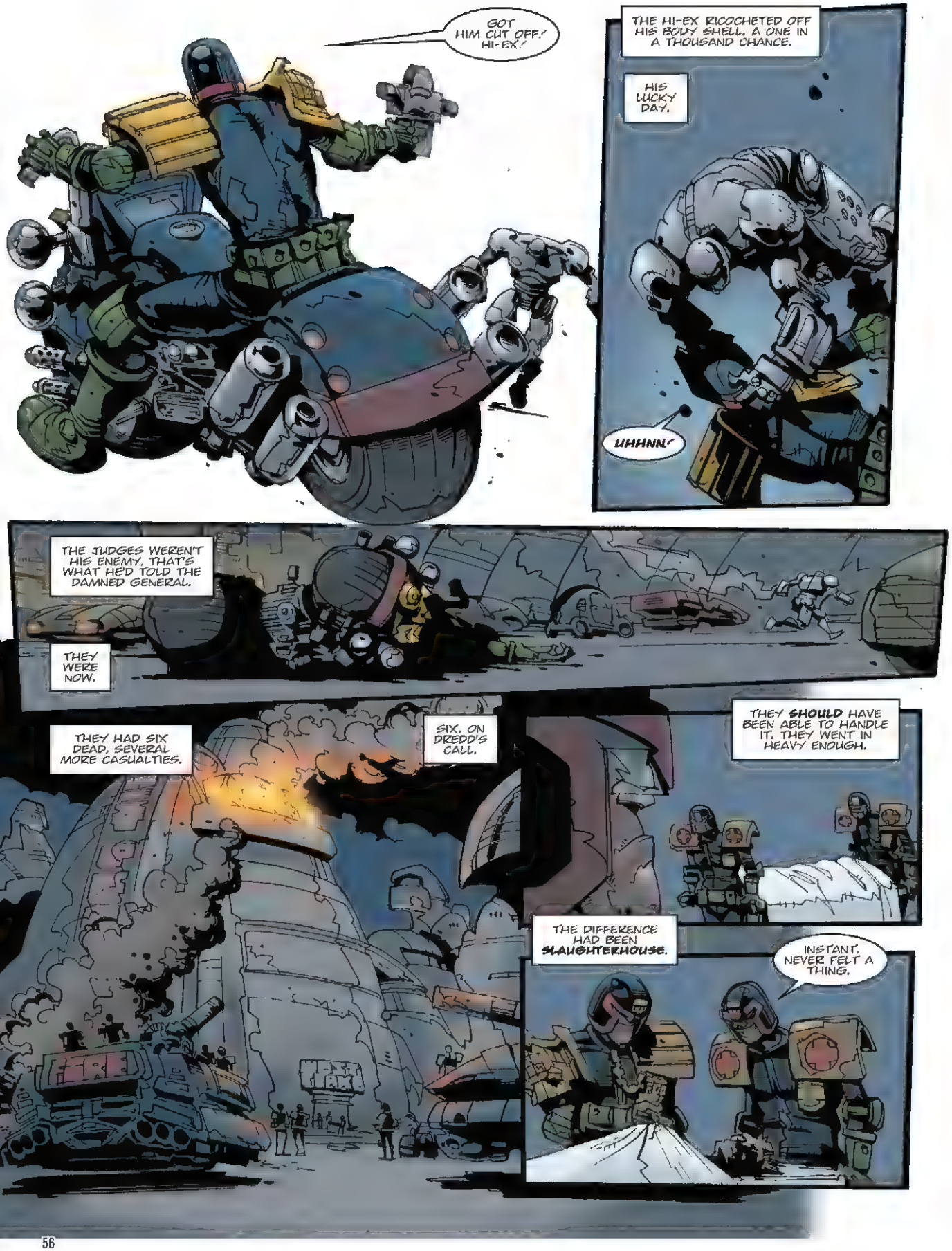
BZANGGG
SHANGGG
ZZZINGGG
WE'RE NOT GETTING THROUGH THAT ARMOUR! GO FOR THE HEAD!
NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO CONSIDER THE REASONS WHY. FOR NATE SLAUGHTERHOUSE THE SITUATION IS STARK — KILL OR BE KILLED.
AND THE SOLDIER INSIDE HIM CLICKS INTO AUTOMATIC —
K-Snik
SKASHHHH
SKASHHHH
AHHHHH!

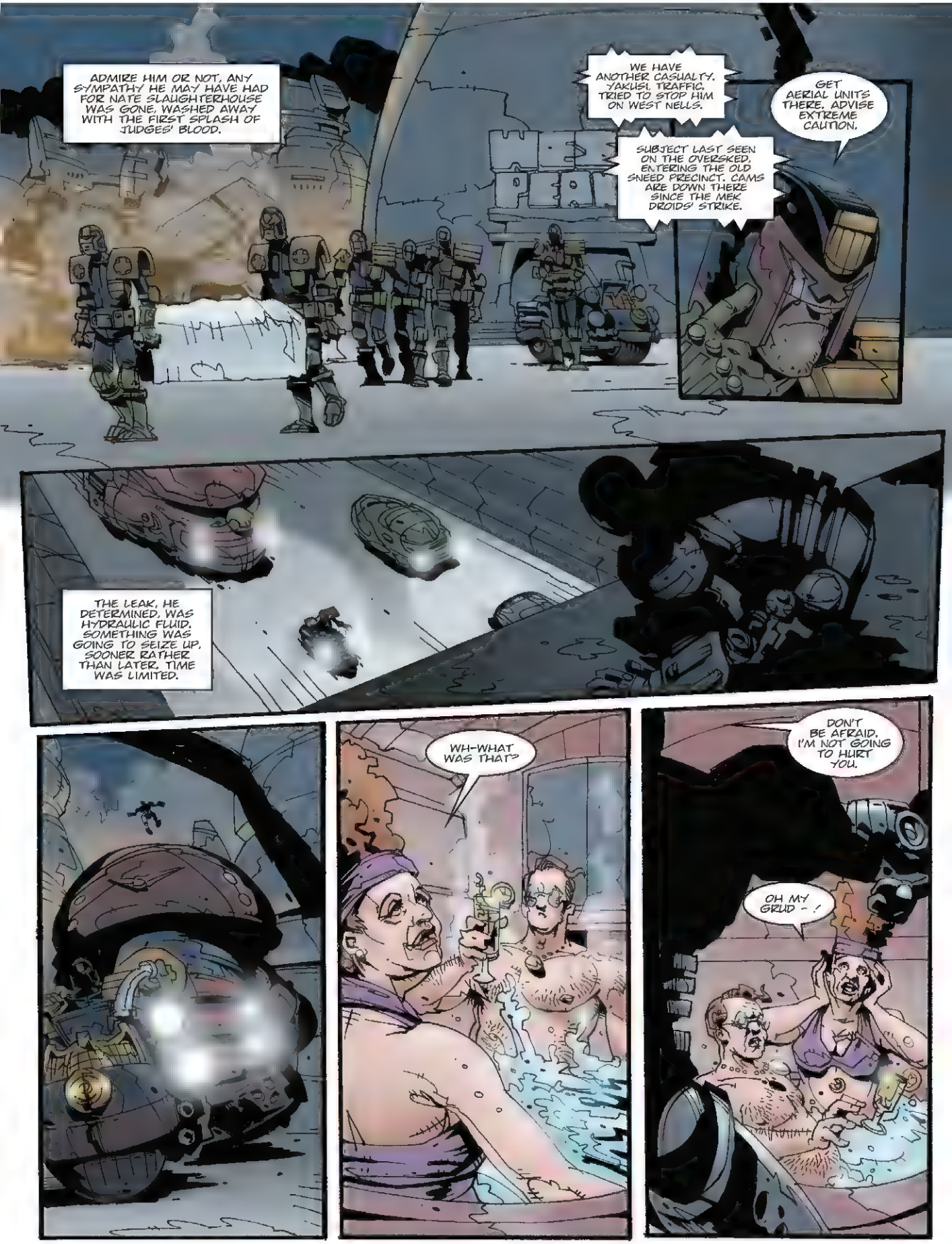
HEADS DOWN! HI-EX.!
VARCOOOM
BACK OFF!
WATCH IT.! NAPALM.!
AERIAL UNITS REPORT!
WE HAVE CASUALTIES! MED ASSIST REQUIRED!
CREEPS TOO DAMNED DANGEROUS TO ALLOW TO GET AWAY! THIS HAS TO END HERE!


THEY WERE GONE. THE GENERAL, KITTY — EVERYONE.
A PROBLEM FOR LATER.
FOR NOW, MERE SURVIVAL WOULD BE ENOUGH.
AHHHHH!
HI-EX!

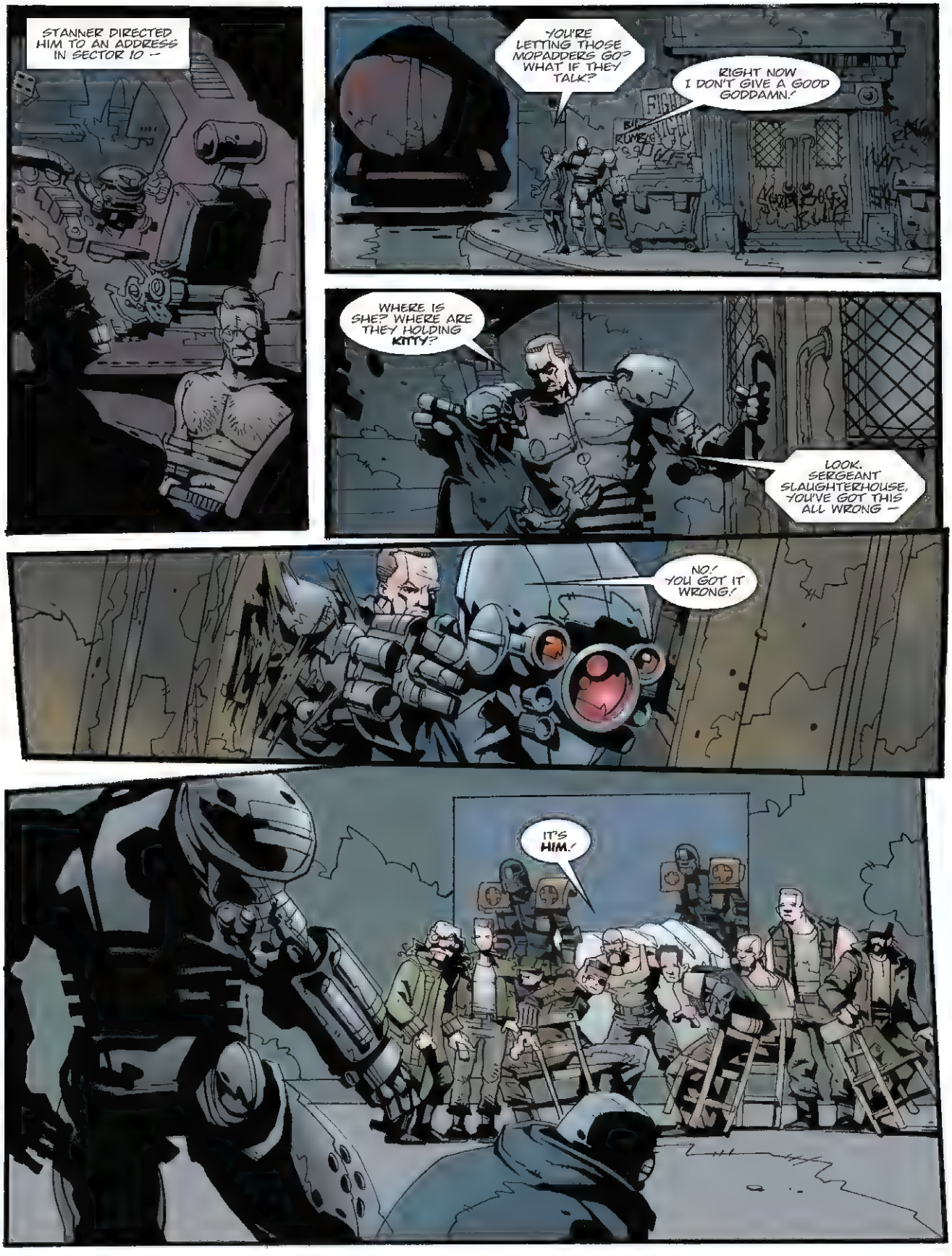
CREEP'S STILL INTACT! AERIAL UNITS, HE'S YOURS!
TAKE HIM OUT!
SHAAAAAAAF
LASERS LOCKED ON!
WE HAVE INCOMING!
A LASER BOLT STRUCK HOME —
SHARANGGGGG


BUT THE MANDROID'S OWN LETHAL RIPOSTE WAS ALREADY STREAKING TO ITS TARGET —
KAWOOOOM!
THE SPRINGS HAD DONE THEIR JOB, REDUCING THE JARRING ON HIS FEW REMAINING ORGANS TO A TOLERABLE LEVEL.
LEFT ARM WAS IMMOBILISED. USELESS.
FLUID LEAK. SOMEWHERE INSIDE. HE HOPED IT WAS OIL. NO TIME TO CHECK.
JUST ONE THOUGHT — PUT DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM.
HE RAN — FASTER THAN ANY VEHICLE.
WHERE TO? DIDN'T MATTER. JUST RUN.


GOT HIM CUT OFF! HI-EX!
THE HI-EX RICOCHETED OFF HIS BODY SHELL. A ONE IN A THOUSAND CHANCE.
HIS LUCKY DAY.
UHHNN!
THE JUDGES WEREN'T HIS ENEMY, THAT'S WHAT HE'D TOLD THE DAMNED GENERAL.
THEY WERE NOW.
THEY HAD SIX DEAD, SEVERAL MORE CASUALTIES.
SIX. ON DREDD'S CALL.
THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HANDLE IT. THEY WENT IN HEAVY ENOUGH.
THE DIFFERENCE HAD BEEN SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
INSTANT. NEVER FELT A THING.


ADMIRE HIM OR NOT, ANY SYMPATHY HE MAY HAVE HAD FOR NATE SLAUGHTERHOUSE WAS GONE, WASHED AWAY WITH THE FIRST SPLASH OF JUDGES' BLOOD.
WE HAVE ANOTHER CASUALTY. YAKUSI. TRAFFIC. TRIED TO STOP HIM ON WEST NELLS.
GET AERIAL UNITS THERE. ADVISE EXTREME CAUTION.
SUBJECT LAST SEEN ON THE OVERSKED, ENTERING THE OLD SNEED PRECINCT. CAMS ARE DOWN THERE SINCE THE MEK DROIDS' STRIKE.
THE LEAK, HE DETERMINED, WAS HYDRAULIC FLUID. SOMETHING WAS GOING TO SEIZE UP, SOONER RATHER THAN LATER. TIME WAS LIMITED.
WH-WHAT WAS THAT?
DON'T BE AFRAID. I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU.
OH MY GRUD - !

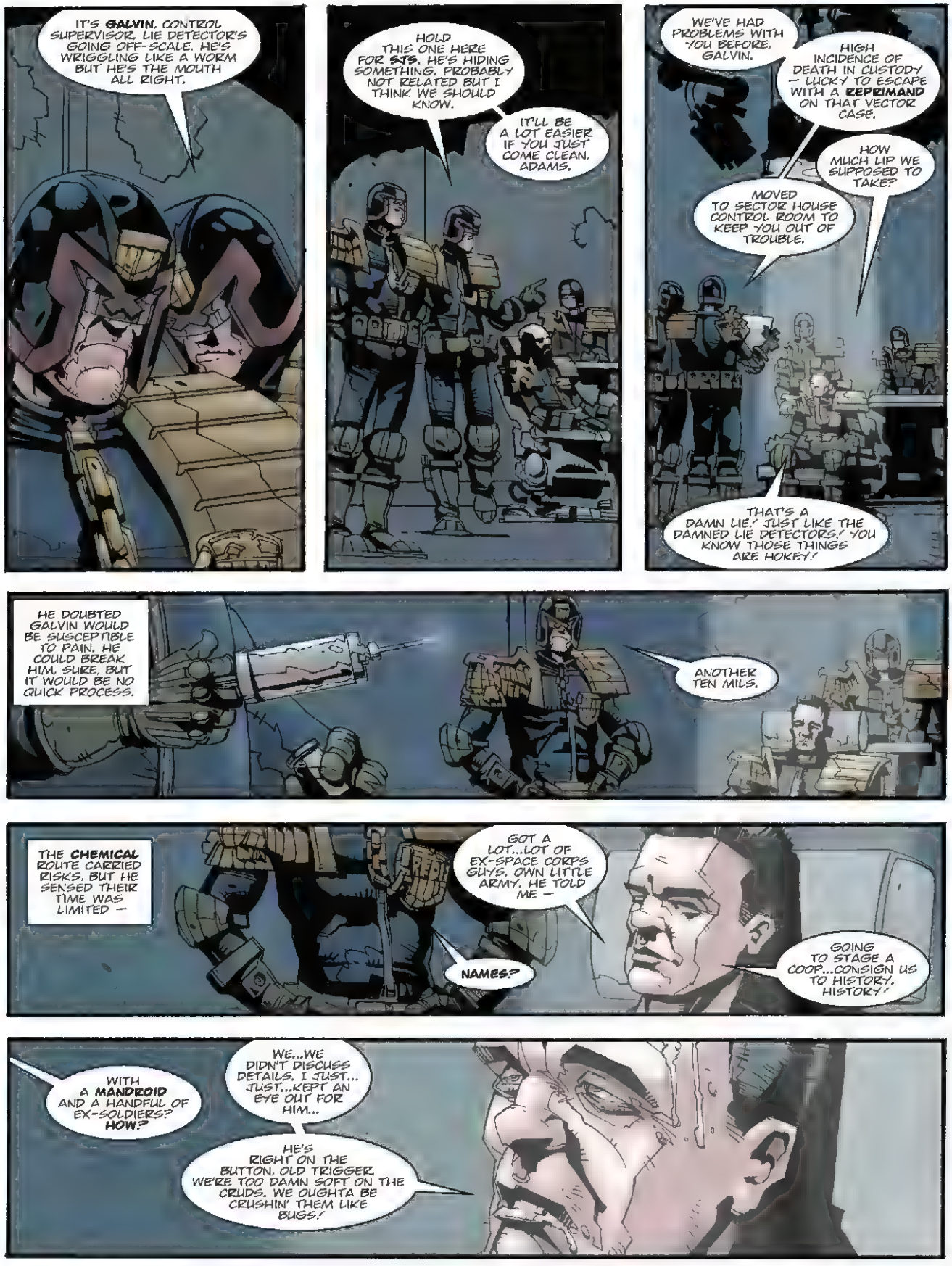
FAIRLY WELL CENTRE
GOOD NIGHT, DOCTOR STANNER.
I HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE, THERE IS NO NEED FOR PLEASANTRIES. SAVE THAT FOR THE HUMANS.
SHRUNGG!
WHERE'S KITTY?


STANNER DIRECTED HIM TO AN ADDRESS IN SECTOR 10 —
YOU'RE LETTING THOSE MOPADDERS GO? WHAT IF THEY TALK?
RIGHT NOW I DON'T GIVE A GOOD GODDAMN.
WHERE IS SHE? WHERE ARE THEY HOLDING KITTY?
LOOK, SERGEANT SLAUGHTERHOUSE, YOU'VE GOT THIS ALL WRONG —
NO. YOU GOT IT WRONG.
IT'S HIM.

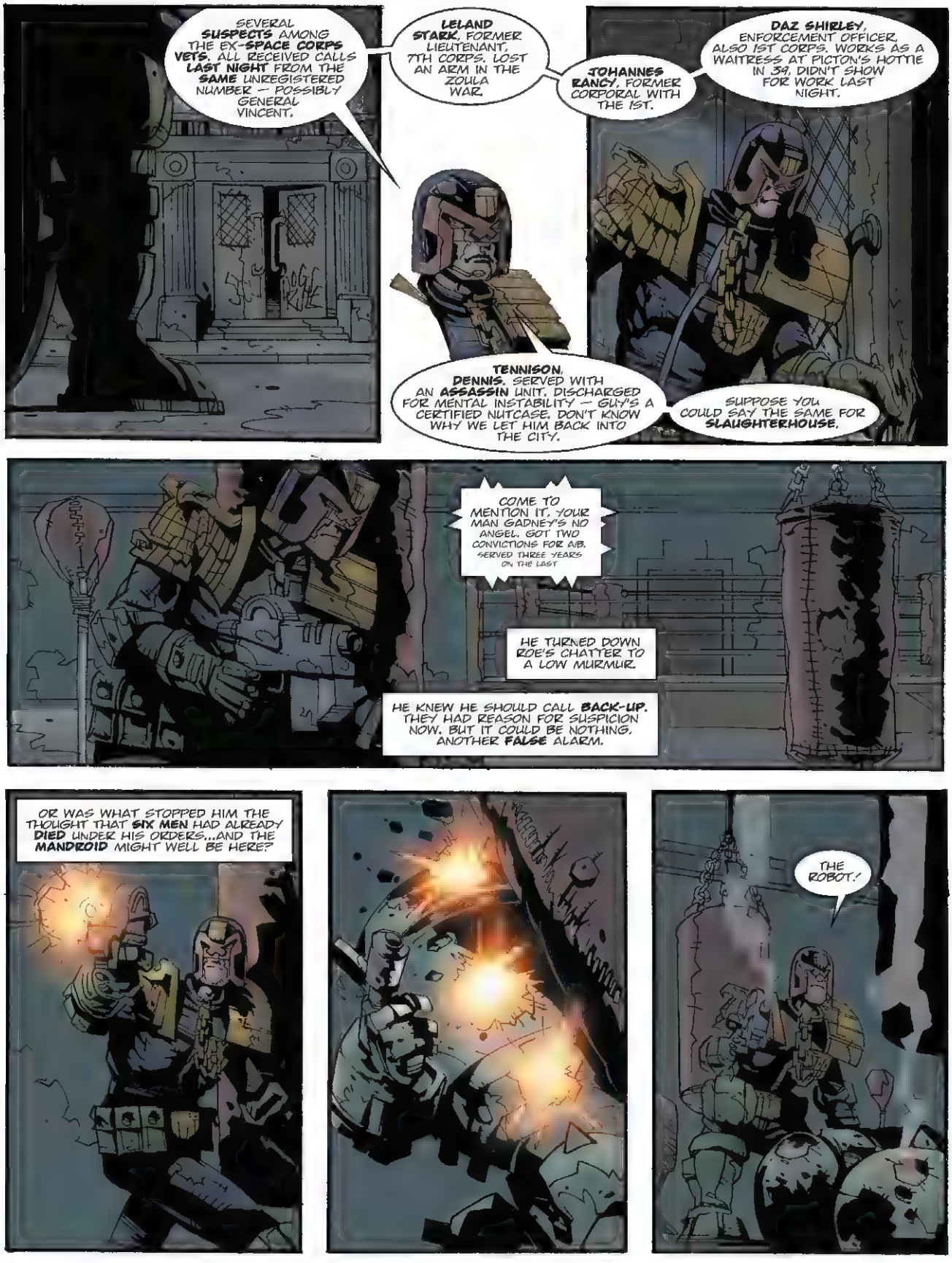
NICE GOIN', GUY!
PUT IT THERE, SOLDIER — HEY, HOW DO YOU SHAKE WITH A MANDROID?
CAREFULLY, LIEUTENANT.
MAN, WE BEEN WATCHIN' ONNA VID. SIX JAYS DEAD, ANOTHER FEW IN CRITICAL. YOU FREAKIN' CREAMED 'EM, MAN!
THE PRODIGAL RETURNS! THEY HAVE FELT HIS WRATH AND THEY FALL BEFORE HIM!
WELCOME BACK, SERGEANT SLAUGHTERHOUSE!
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
KITTY —
YOU COME ROUND, THE CAMP'S DESERTED AND THE ENEMY'S GOT YOU IN A TIGHT SPOT, EH? 'COURSE YOU'D BE ASKING YOURSELF!
KITTY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'M SO PROUD OF YOU, NATE.
— BATTLED WITH THE BLAZE, THE GRIM DEATH TOLL MOUNTED. THIS MORNING JUDGES ARE STILL HUNTING MANDROID NATE SLAUGHTERHOUSE. CITIZENS ARE WARNED NOT TO APPROACH.
YOU WERE NO GOOD TO ME, SOLDIER! UNFOCUSED! HAD TO SNAP YOU OUT OF IT! SINK OR SWIM, AND BY GOD YOU SWAM!
NOW YOU KNOW WHO YOUR ENEMY IS — OUR ENEMY! NOW YOU SEE WHY YOU HAVE TO BE PART OF THIS!
STINKIN' JUDGES GONE SOFT IN THE HEAD!
CITIZENS STEP OUTA LINE, WASTE 'EM, NO SECOND CHANCES. GONNA BE THE LAW WHEN WE'RE IN CHARGE.
YEAH.
THEY KNOW ABOUT US NOW. EVERY MOMENT WE DELAY INCREASES THE DANGER. I'VE MOVED THE OPERATION FORWARD TO TONIGHT.
WHY ME?
BECAUSE ONE MAN LIKE YOU IS WORTH A WHOLE ARMY, AND THAT'S WHAT WE NEED TONIGHT.
DON'T THINK YOUR LOYALTY WILL GO UNREWARDED. WHEN THE CITY IS IN OUR HANDS YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING YOU WANT. WE'LL REBUILD YOU. A NORMAL BODY — YOU CAN BE LIKE A MAN AGAIN, WITH YOUR WIFE. THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, ISN'T IT?
WE CAN LIVE LIKE A NORMAL COUPLE AGAIN.

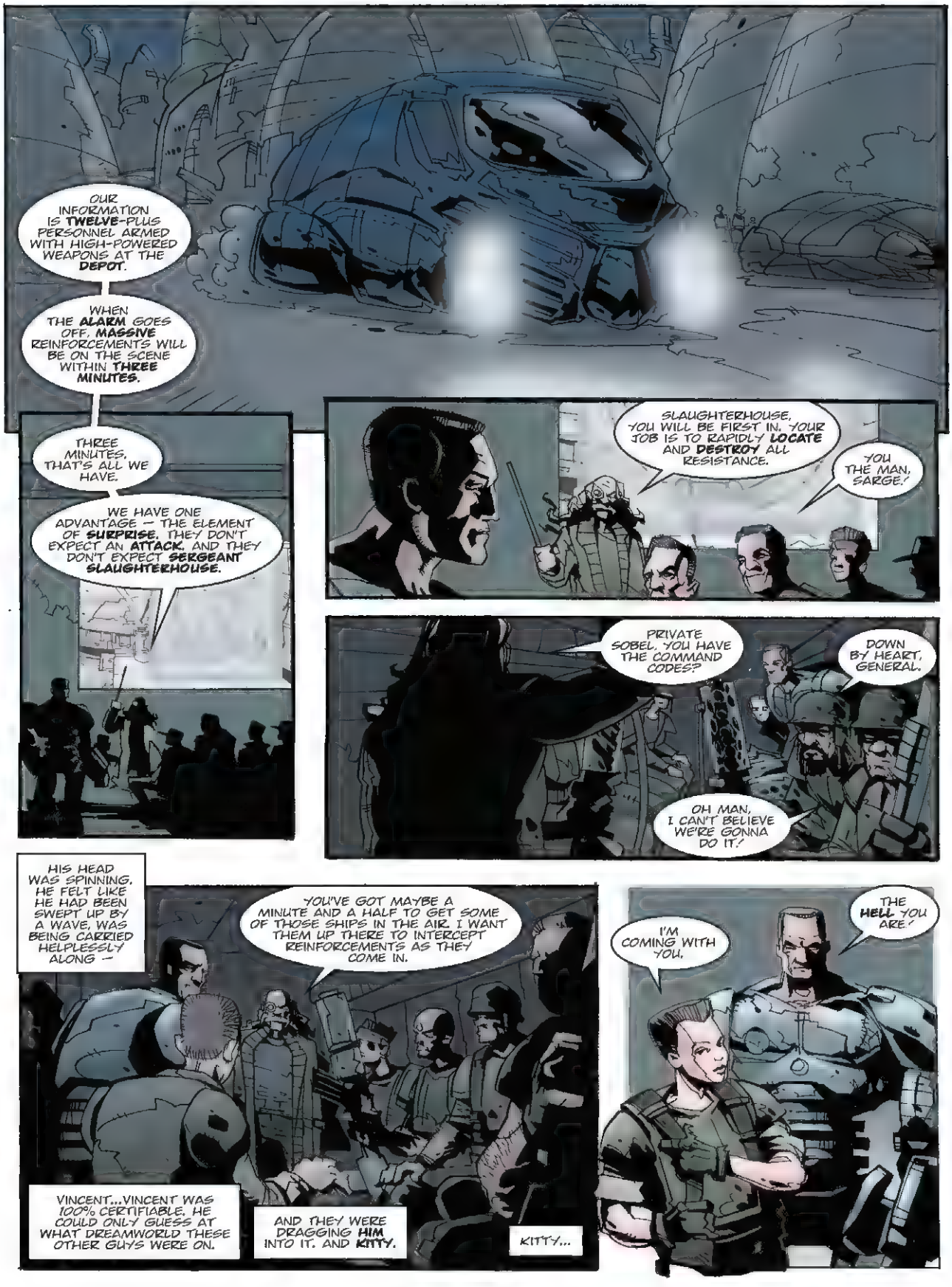
I WANT THAT, NATE.
I WANT TO BE NORMAL.
I WANT TO BE NORMAL.
I WANT TO BE NORMAL.
KITTY —
THESE MEN WILL BE WITH YOU, SLAUGHTERHOUSE! HANDPICKED BY ME, ALL EX-SPACE CORPS! THEY HAVE NO DOUBT WHO THE ENEMY IS, BELIEVE ME!
SOL STARK — LIEUTENANT. I WAS WITH THE 7TH. GOT THIS BABY AT BAB ZOULA.
YOU FREAKIN' CREAMED 'EM, MAN!
GADNEY, 4TH. TURNED DOWN A THIRD EXTENSION TO COME BACK TO THIS BAG OF TURDS. MY BIG MISTAKE.
THIS IS MOUSE. I GOTTA TELL YOU 'COS HE CAN'T REMEMBER HIMSELF MOST TIMES. I'M SHIRLEY. FIRST NAME DAZ. GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US.
FACE FACT'S, SON. THERE'S NO OTHER WAY FOR YOU NOW. YOU'RE A JUDGE KILLER. THEY'LL NEVER LET YOU OUT OF THE CITY ALIVE. YOU OR YOUR WIFE.
SO DON'T LET ME DOWN ON THIS. EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON YOU.
EVERYTHING.

SPECIAL INVESTIGATION. PARK YOUR BIKE, WINSLOW. COME WITH US.
GREGORY, BRUCE.
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT? I HAD MY ROUTINE ASSESSMENT LAST WEEK.
INTERROGATION CUBE 10.
WE'RE NOT TALKING ROUTINE HERE. YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, GREGORY.
SO YOU GOT WORD YOU WERE IN THE AERIAL UNIT. WHAT HAPPENED NEXT, SNYDER?
AND PUT IN A **CALL** TO YOUR FRIEND **GENERAL VINCENT**.
WE HAD TWENTY MINUTES TO MUSTER. I CHECKED OVER MY EQUIPMENT, USED THE FACILITY —
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
THE **DESTRUCTIVE** POWER OF THE MANDROID HAD BEEN IMPRESSIVE. THE NEW IMPROVED VERSION. **REBUILT** BY EX-GENERAL **TRIG VINCENT**.
THE TEKS ESTIMATED **MINIMUM** COST OF 8.7 MILLION.
A MASSIVE OUTLAY — FOR WHAT? WHAT WAS VINCENT UP TO? WHY DID HE NEED A HUMAN **KILLING MACHINE**?
8.7 MILLION, AND THEN HE THROWS THE MANDROID TO THE WOLVES. I DON'T UNDERSTAND. MAYBE **YOU** CAN ENLIGHTEN ME, ADAMS?
WHY ME? I NEVER EVEN **HEARD** OF VINCENT BEFORE LAST NIGHT!
SOMEBODY **WARNED** VINCENT WE WERE COMING. YOU WERE DUTY JUDGE IN THE ARMOURY. WE'VE GOT YOU ON CAMERA LEAVING THE BUILDING. WHY DID YOU LEAVE THE BUILDING, ADAMS?
I...

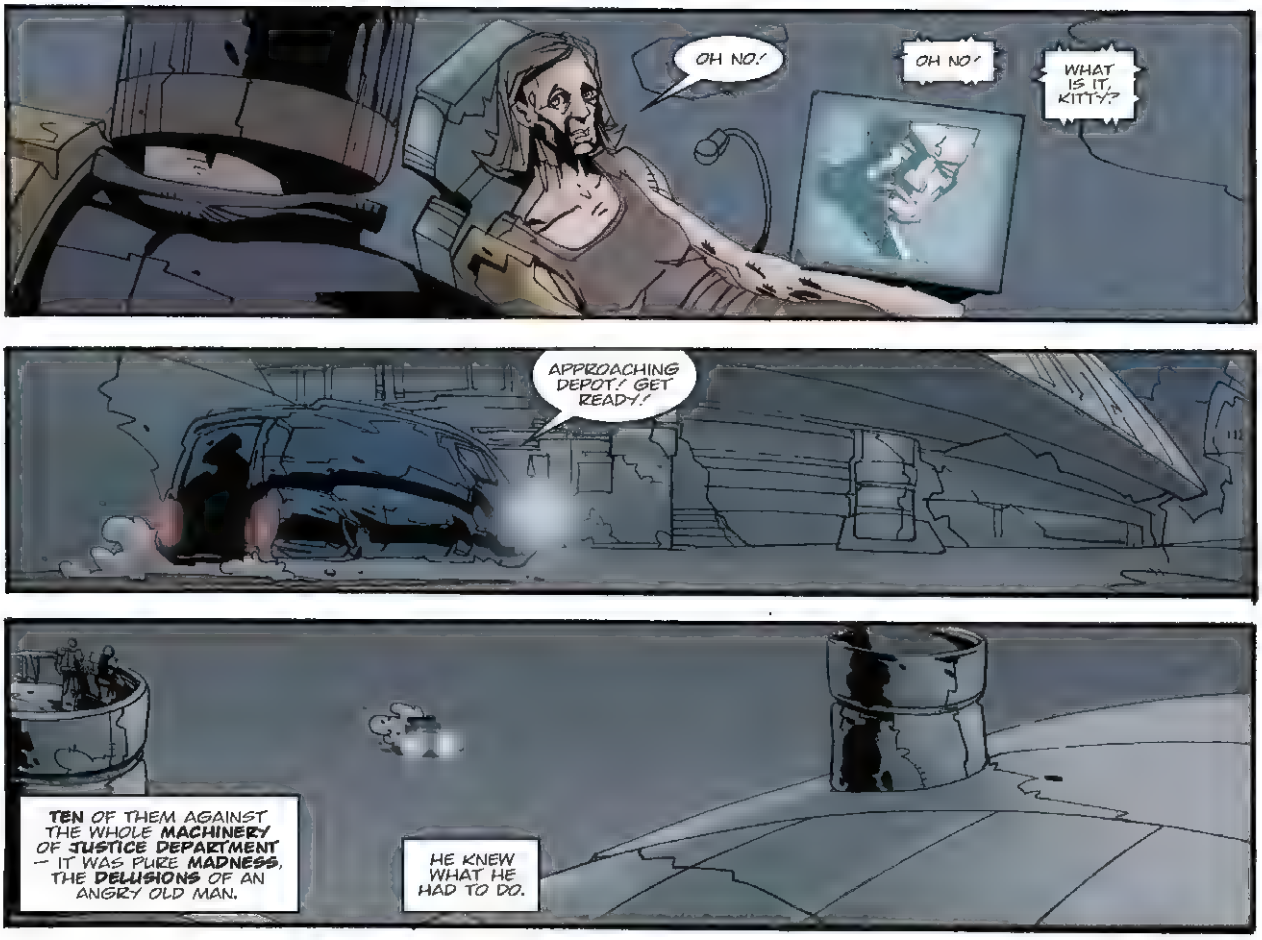

IT'S GALVIN, CONTROL SUPERVISOR. LIE DETECTOR'S GOING OFF-SCALE. HE'S WRIGGLING LIKE A WORM BUT HE'S THE MOUTH ALL RIGHT.
HOLD THIS ONE HERE FOR SJS. HE'S HIDING SOMETHING, PROBABLY NOT RELATED BUT I THINK WE SHOULD KNOW.
IT'LL BE A LOT EASIER IF YOU JUST COME CLEAN, ADAMS.
WE'VE HAD PROBLEMS WITH YOU BEFORE, GALVIN.
HIGH INCIDENCE OF DEATH IN CUSTODY — LUCKY TO ESCAPE WITH A REPRIMAND ON THAT VECTOR CASE.
HOW MUCH LIP WE SUPPOSED TO TAKE?
MOVED TO SECTOR HOUSE CONTROL ROOM TO KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE.
THAT'S A DAMN LIE! JUST LIKE THE DAMNED LIE DETECTORS! YOU KNOW THOSE THINGS ARE HOKEY!
HE DOUBTED GALVIN WOULD BE SUSCEPTIBLE TO PAIN. HE COULD BREAK HIM, SURE, BUT IT WOULD BE NO QUICK PROCESS.
ANOTHER TEN MILS.
THE CHEMICAL ROUTE CARRIED RISKS, BUT HE SENSED THEIR TIME WAS LIMITED —
GOT A LOT...LOT OF EX-SPACE CORPS GUYS. OWN LITTLE ARMY. HE TOLD ME —
NAMES?
GOING TO STAGE A COUP...CONSIGN US TO HISTORY. HISTORY!
WITH A MANDROID AND A HANDFUL OF EX-SOLDIERS? HOW?
WE...WE DIDN'T DISCUSS DETAILS. I JUST... JUST...KEPT AN EYE OUT FOR HIM...
HE'S RIGHT ON THE BUTTON, OLD TRIGGER. WE'RE TOO DAMN SOFT ON THE CRUDS. WE OUGHTA BE CRUSHIN' THEM LIKE BUGS!

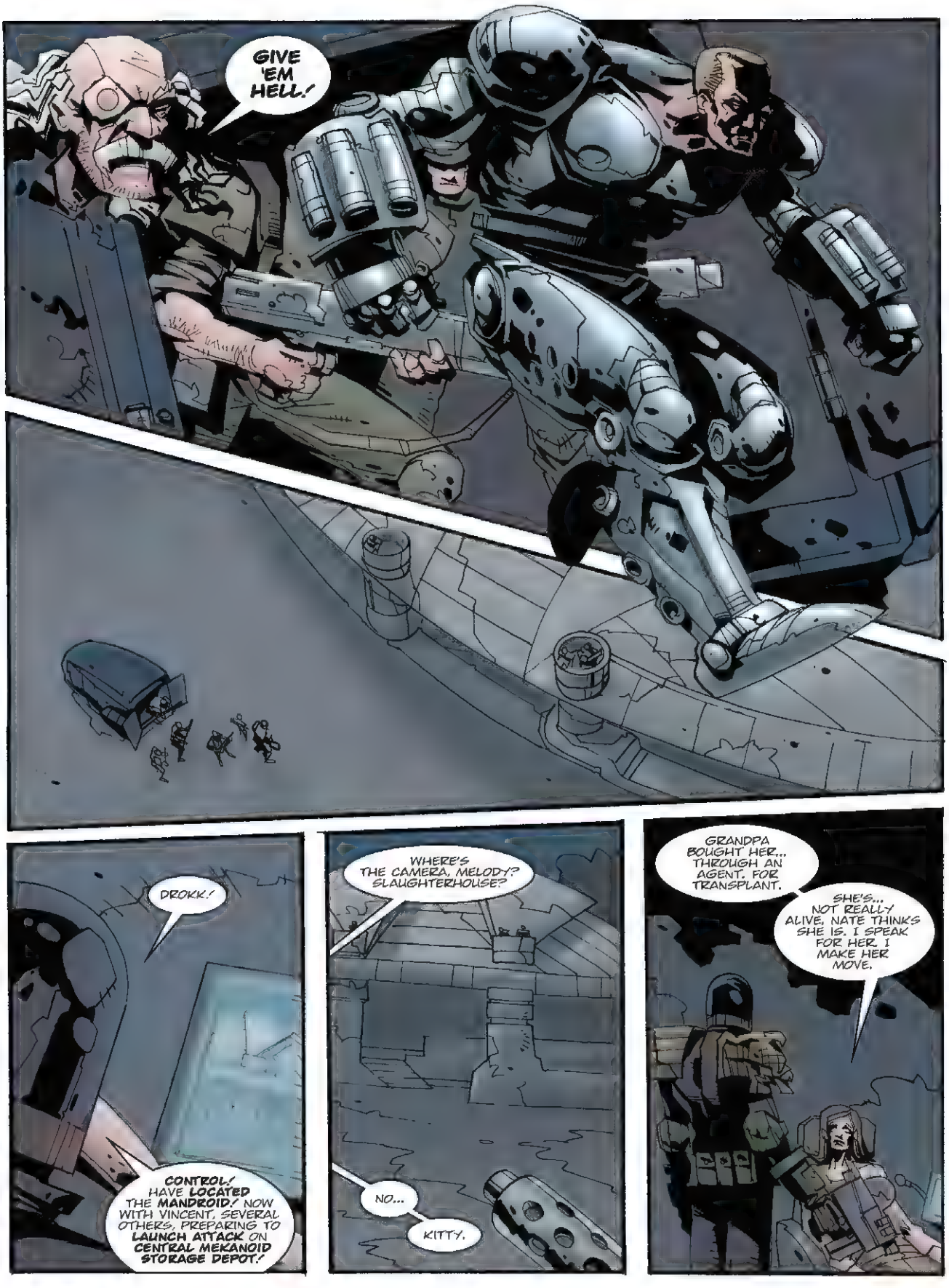
LOCATE AND QUESTION ALL SPACE CORPS VETS CURRENTLY RESIDENT. DRAFT IN AS MANY EXTRA HELMETS AS YOU NEED. THIS IS PRIORITY ONE.
SIR — ADAMS, HE'S SICK. BEEN KEEPING IT QUIET. SEEING SOMEONE OUTSIDE.
ALL RIGHT. SEND HIM TO THE MEDS. INFORM HIS SECTOR CHIEF.
THEY FOUND ONE THING OF INTEREST AMID THE DEBRIS OF VINCENT'S APARTMENT —
LOOKS LIKE PART OF A FLOORPLAN. HAND DRAWN.
YOU TRY FOR A MATCH?
IT'S PRETTY ROUGH. A MILLION LIKE IT OR NONE. DEPENDS HOW PICKY YOU WANT TO BE.
19/5
THE BREAK, AS SO OFTEN, CAME FROM THE PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE UNIT —
A PAYCARD PURCHASE WAS MADE TWO HOURS AGO FROM DAVE'S ALL-NITE PHARMACY ON MACY, SECTOR 11: NITRACINE, 500 TABS — HEXAPHYTOL, 200-MIL BOTTLE — WILSON'S RUB, HALF-LITRE TUB. THESE ARE DRUGS USED TO TREAT VENEREAL PALSY.
WE KNOW MELODY CORNISS, VINCENT'S GRANDDAUGHTER, ESCAPED WITH HIM. CORNISS WAS RAPED ON HER WAY HOME FROM MUSIC SCHOOL IN '25 — ONE OF HER ATTACKERS WAS A CARRIER.
THE CONDITION IS RARE. THAT DAVES HAS NEVER SOLD THAT PARTICULAR COMBINATION BEFORE. PURCHASER WAS A ROBOT. CHECK YOUR BIKE SCREEN.
THAT'S VINCENT'S DROID!
ROE — THE SPACE CORPS VETS. WE GOT ANYONE CLOSE TO DAVE'S PHARMACY ON MACY, SECTOR 11?
UH...THREE BLOCKS AWAY? BILK GADNEY, FORMER SERGEANT, 4TH CORPS. RUNS GADNEY'S MUSCLE CLUB FURTHER DOWN MACY. WE HAVEN'T GOT ROUND TO HIM YET.
I'LL CHECK HIM.!


SEVERAL SUSPECTS AMONG THE EX-SPACE CORPS VETS. ALL RECEIVED CALLS LAST NIGHT FROM THE SAME UNREGISTERED NUMBER — POSSIBLY GENERAL VINCENT.
LELAND STARK, FORMER LIEUTENANT, 7TH CORPS. LOST AN ARM IN THE ZOULA WAR.
JOHANNES RANCY, FORMER CORPORAL WITH THE 1ST.
DAZ SHIRLEY, ENFORCEMENT OFFICER, ALSO 1ST CORPS. WORKS AS A WAITRESS AT PICTON'S HOTTIE IN 39. DIDN'T SHOW FOR WORK LAST NIGHT.
TENNISON, DENNIS. SERVED WITH AN ASSASSIN UNIT. DISCHARGED FOR MENTAL INSTABILITY — GUY'S A CERTIFIED NUTCASE. DON'T KNOW WHY WE LET HIM BACK INTO THE CITY.
SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY THE SAME FOR SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
COME TO MENTION IT, YOUR MAN GADNEY'S NO ANGEL. GOT TWO CONVICTIONS FOR A/B. SERVED THREE YEARS ON THE LAST
HE TURNED DOWN ROE'S CHATTER TO A LOW MURMUR.
HE KNEW HE SHOULD CALL BACK-UP. THEY HAD REASON FOR SUSPICION NOW. BUT IT COULD BE NOTHING, ANOTHER FALSE ALARM.
OR WAS WHAT STOPPED HIM THE THOUGHT THAT SIX MEN HAD ALREADY DIED UNDER HIS ORDERS...AND THE MANDROID MIGHT WELL BE HERE?
THE ROBOT!


OUR INFORMATION IS **TWELVE**-PLUS PERSONNEL ARMED WITH HIGH-POWERED WEAPONS AT THE **DEPOT**.
WHEN THE **ALARM** GOES OFF, **MASSIVE** REINFORCEMENTS WILL BE ON THE SCENE WITHIN **THREE MINUTES**.
THREE MINUTES, THAT'S ALL WE HAVE.
WE HAVE ONE ADVANTAGE — THE ELEMENT OF **SURPRISE**. THEY DON'T EXPECT AN **ATTACK**, AND THEY DON'T EXPECT **SERGEANT SLAUGHTERHOUSE**.
SLAUGHTERHOUSE, YOU WILL BE FIRST IN. YOUR JOB IS TO RAPIDLY **LOCATE** AND **DESTROY** ALL RESISTANCE.
YOU THE MAN, SARGE!
PRIVATE SOBEL, YOU HAVE THE COMMAND CODES?
DOWN BY HEART, GENERAL.
OH MAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE GONNA DO IT!
HIS HEAD WAS SPINNING. HE FELT LIKE HE HAD BEEN SWEPT UP BY A WAVE, WAS BEING CARRIED HELPLESSLY ALONG —
YOU'VE GOT MAYBE A MINUTE AND A HALF TO GET SOME OF THOSE SHIPS IN THE AIR. I WANT THEM UP THERE TO INTERCEPT REINFORCEMENTS AS THEY COME IN.
VINCENT...VINCENT WAS 100% CERTIFIABLE. HE COULD ONLY GUESS AT WHAT DREAMWORLD THESE OTHER GUYS WERE ON.
AND THEY WERE DRAGGING **HIM** INTO IT. AND **KITTY**.
KITTY...
I'M COMING WITH YOU.
THE **HELL** YOU ARE!

IF YOU DIE, NATE, THEN I DON'T WANT TO LIVE EITHER.
AND WHAT IF IT'S YOU THAT DIES? YOU'RE NOT GOING, KITTY!
I WAS A SOLDIER TOO, WASN'T I? I CAN DO IT.
AND I SAID NO!
YOU CAN'T STOP ME! YOU DON'T OWN ME!
SHE'D SOUNDED LIKE THE OLD KITTY. A MIND OF HER OWN —
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. NOT THAT LONG AGO YOU COULDN'T PUT TWO WORDS TOGETHER. NOW YOU TALK LIKE —
I'M GROWING UP, NATE. I'M LEARNING WHO I AM.
TWO MINUTES. ARM YOUR WEAPONS.
WE CAN DO THIS, NATE.
YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING BUT WHAT THEY'VE TOLD YOU. WE DON'T HAVE A CHANCE.
WE DO, NATE. YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE.
JUST THIS ONE THING AND WE'RE FREE. FREE TO LIVE OUR LIVES. WE CAN REMAKE OURSELVES, BOTH OF US.


OH NO!
OH NO!
WHAT IS IT, KITTY?
APPROACHING DEPOT! GET READY!
TEN OF THEM AGAINST THE WHOLE MACHINERY OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT — IT WAS PURE MADNESS, THE DELUSIONS OF AN ANGRY OLD MAN.
HE KNEW WHAT HE HAD TO DO.
TAKE KITTY AND GO, GET AWAY. IT WAS OVER FOR HIM. THEY'D NEVER LET HIM LIVE. BUT AT LEAST HE COULD SAVE HER.
SHE HAD HER LIFE BACK. HE COULD STILL GIVE HER THAT.
BY THE END OF THE DAY THE CITY WILL BE IN OUR HANDS! WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU, SERGEANT! GOD GO WITH YOU!
MELODY, I TAKE IT — VINCENT'S GRANDDAUGHTER.
TURN IT BACK ON. I'M INTERESTED.
I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN...
I'D HATE TO HAVE TO GET UNPLEASANT WITH YOU. TURN IT ON, MELODY.


GIVE 'EM HELL!
DROKK!
CONTROL! HAVE LOCATED THE MANDROID! NOW WITH VINCENT, SEVERAL OTHERS, PREPARING TO LAUNCH ATTACK ON CENTRAL MEKANOID STORAGE DEPOT!
WHERE'S THE CAMERA, MELODY? SLAUGHTERHOUSE?
NO...
KITTY.
GRANDPA BOUGHT HER... THROUGH AN AGENT. FOR TRANSPLANT.
SHE'S... NOT REALLY ALIVE, NATE THINKS SHE IS. I SPEAK FOR HER. I MAKE HER MOVE.

I...I KNOW IT'S WRONG BUT I THOUGHT EVERYTHING WOULD WORK OUT ALL RIGHT. I WOULD HAVE HER AND NATE WOULD LOVE ME LIKE...
I'M SORRY. I'M SO SORRY.
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, SERGEANT? WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU UP TO?
END OF THE LINE, GENERAL. YOU GET YOURSELF KILLED. I'M NOT INTERESTED.
SLAUGHTERHOUSE, GET BACK HERE! THAT'S AN ORDER!
GET BACK HERE OR SO HELP ME —
SO YOU PUT THE WORDS IN HER MOUTH?
YES...
SLAUGHTERHOUSE! THIS IS DREDD!
SLAUGHTERHOUSE! THIS IS DREDD! KITTY IS DEAD! THE WOMAN YOU THINK IS YOUR WIFE IS JUST AN EMPTY SHELL!
THEY TRICKED YOU, SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

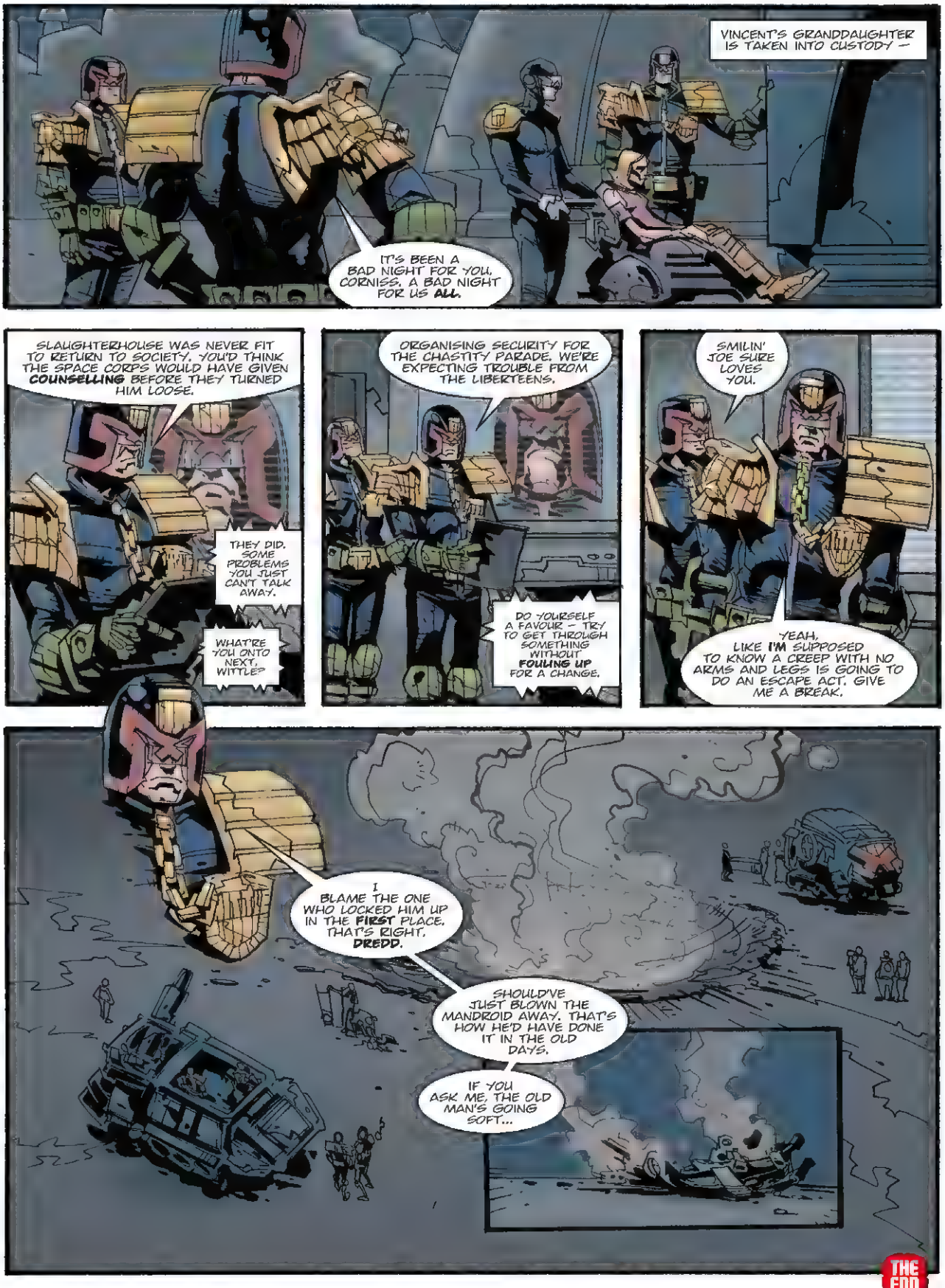
THE ATTACK ON JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S MEKANOID STORAGE DEPOT GRINDS TO A SHUDDERING HALT —
DAMN YOU, SERGEANT! GET MOVING!
WE'RE LOSING THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE, GENERAL! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?
DREDD SPEAKS THROUGH THE SLAVE MODULE IMPLANTED IN KITTY —
YOUR WIFE WAS BRAIN DEAD, SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
— VINCENT'S BEEN CONTROLLING HER LIKE A PUPPET!
KITTY, NO...
THEY NEEDED YOU, SLAUGHTERHOUSE, SO THEY GAVE YOU A TOY AND THEY MADE YOU THINK IT WAS REAL.
OH GOD —
GIVE YOURSELF UP NOW! YOU'LL BE FAIRLY TREATED, YOU HAVE MY WORD ON IT!

...
THIS CITY SHOULD HAVE BEEN **OURS! YOU!** YOU'VE **RUINED** IT ALL!
THERE'S ONLY ONE PUNISHMENT FOR INSUBORDINATION!
BLAM!
BLAM!
GO FOR THE **HEAD**, GENERAL! YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT —
— OR MAYBE YOU'RE JUST TOO **OLD** AND TOO **CRAZY** TO SHOOT STRAIGHT!
THIS IS ALL GOIN' TA HELL, SIR! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!
NEVER!
YOU GO, BOYS — THE GENERAL'S BUSY DYING!
GENERAL!

VRRCCCCCCCOM
IT'S OVER ALL OVER

THIS IS DREDD. HOLD YOUR FIRE.
BLAM
I SAID HOLD YOUR FIRE.
SOUNDS LIKE DREDD -
HOVERSHIPS HAVE GOT YOU LOCKED IN, SLAUGHTERHOUSE. ONE SIGN OF AGGRESSIVE INTENT AND YOU'RE HISTORY.
I WAS A FOOL. WANTED IT SO MUCH...KIDDED MYSELF THERE WAS STILL A CHANCE.
THAT'S WHAT GUILT DOES TO YOU.
MY FAULT. ALL MY FAULT. COULDN'T BE A MAN, TAKE WHAT CAME. TOMMY...KITTY...YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE, DREDD. YOU NEVER LOVED SOMEBODY.
MAYBE I DIDN'T EITHER...NOT ENOUGH...
TELL YOUR PEOPLE TO KEEP BACK. I'M SHIPPING A LOT OF MUNITIONS.
SEE, THE TROUBLE WAS, I NEVER WANTED TO BE A MANDROID.
I MEAN, WHO WOULD?
HE'S GOING TO BLOW HIMSELF UP! GET CLEAR!
GOODBYE, KITTY.

DON'T DO IT, SLAUGHTERHOUSE!
DROKK!


VINCENT'S GRANDDAUGHTER IS TAKEN INTO CUSTODY —
IT'S BEEN A BAD NIGHT FOR YOU, CORNISS. A BAD NIGHT FOR US **ALL.**
SLAUGHTERHOUSE WAS NEVER FIT TO RETURN TO SOCIETY. YOU'D THINK THE SPACE CORPS WOULD HAVE GIVEN **COUNSELLING** BEFORE THEY TURNED HIM LOOSE.
THEY DID. SOME PROBLEMS YOU JUST CAN'T TALK AWAY.
WHAT'RE YOU ONTO NEXT, WITTLE?
ORGANISING SECURITY FOR THE CHASTITY PARADE. WE'RE EXPECTING TROUBLE FROM THE LIBERTEENS.
DO YOURSELF A FAVOUR – TRY TO GET THROUGH SOMETHING WITHOUT **FOULING UP** FOR A CHANGE.
SMILIN' JOE SURE LOVES YOU.
YEAH, LIKE **I'M** SUPPOSED TO KNOW A CREEP WITH NO ARMS AND LEGS IS GOING TO DO AN ESCAPE ACT. GIVE ME A BREAK.
I BLAME THE ONE WHO LOCKED HIM UP IN THE **FIRST** PLACE. THAT'S RIGHT, **DREDD.**
SHOULD'VE JUST BLOWN THE MANDROID AWAY. THAT'S HOW HE'D HAVE DONE IT IN THE OLD DAYS.
IF YOU ASK ME, THE OLD MAN'S GOING SOFT...
THE END

HE GOT THE VISIT TO HIS NIECE OUT OF THE WAY EARLY THIS YEAR.
BIG OPERATION ON TODAY — GANG ROUND UP. DON'T KNOW IF I'LL BE FREE LATER.
JUDGE DREDD
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART COLIN MACNEIL
COLOURS CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS ANNIE PARKHOUSE
I'LL TAKE THAT WITH A PINCH OF SALT. I KNOW WHAT A WRENCH IT IS TEARING YOU AWAY FROM YOUR PRECIOUS STREETS.
AND DON'T WORRY, I DIDN'T GET YOU A PRESENT THIS YEAR.
GIVING IS A PLEASURE, UNCLE JOE. RECEIVING IS AN ART.
MEANING?
OH, NOTHING. WHY SHOULD I TRY TO CHANGE YOU. YOU'RE LOVELY AS YOU ARE.
THIS IS CLIF. HE WORKS WITH ME AT THE DRAMA GROUP.
HELLO, SIR. I-I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU.
CLIF WHO?
PRITCHARD.
ADDRESS.
8-11 SANTE FE.
WHAT'S YOUR ANGLE, PRITCHARD?
WH-WHAT-?
YOUR GAME. ULTERIOR MOTIVE, PRITCHARD. YOU MARRIED? JUVES? DON'T PLAY DUMB WITH ME.
I...I...
UNCLE JOE, PLEASE.

SORRY. FORCE OF HABIT.
I...I ASSURE YOU, THIS IS STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL, SIR.
BETTER GO, VIENNA. DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD COMPANY. JUST STOPPED BY TO WISH YOU, UH...SEASON'S GREETINGS, I SUPPOSE. I KNOW THESE THINGS MATTER TO YOU.
THANK YOU FOR TAKING THE TROUBLE. YOU SEE, YOU DO HAVE A LITTLE OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IN YOU.
SHORT AND SWEET.
THAT'S UNCLE JOE. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
SCARED THE KACK OUT OF ME. LOOK, IF IT'S ALL RIGHT, I DON'T THINK I'LL HANG AROUND FOR RICO.
SNOW. 09:00. RIGHT ON TIME.
'SNOW WILL BE PERMITTED THIS CHRISTMAS, BY ORDER OF MAYOR AMBROSE.' NO MATTER HOW MUCH EXTRA TROUBLE IT CAUSED.
STILL, HE WASN'T GOING TO GRUMBLE ABOUT AMBROSE. GUY WAS DOING A FIRST-RATE JOB, IF ONLY THE ASSASSINS WOULD LEAVE HIM TO IT.
CONTROL, WHAT WE GOT ON A PRITCHARD, CLIF, 8-11 SANTA FE CONAPTS?
RECORD'S CLEAN, APART FROM THE USUAL JUVIE STUFF. AGE 41, DIVORCED TWICE — SECOND TIME FROM ASA PICKSTOCK, THE ACTRESS. SHE WAS ONE OF 'THE THERAPIST'S VICTIMS, IF YOU REMEMBER — NUMBER 7, DEATH BY COLONIC IRRIGATION.
PRITCHARD IS A RISING STAR IN THE ARTS WORLD, ACCORDING TO HIS FILE. PRETTY UPRIGHT CITIZEN, FAR AS ANY OF THEM ARE.
HMMPH.

HE SUPPOSED IT WAS GOOD FOR VIENNA, AFTER WHAT SHE'D BEEN THROUGH, TO START BUILDING NORMAL RELATIONSHIPS AGAIN.
THAT HAD NEVER BEEN AN OPTION FOR HIM. DIDN'T NEED THEM, DIDN'T WANT THEM. HE KEPT HIMSELF APART, ABOVE IT ALL.
WE HAVE A REPORT OF INTRUDERS, STRICTLY MEDICAL ON HOOVER. PROBABLE PHARMACEUTICAL RAID.
ON MY WAY!
THEY CAME THROUGH THE ROOF — BLEW RIGHT THROUGH STEEL BARS, JUVES — A SLAB GANG.
HOW MANY?
I COUNTED FIVE BUT THERE COULD BE MORE. THEY'RE CARRYING HEAVY WEAPONS.
ANY PEOPLE IN THERE?
NO, SIR. IT'S CHRISTMAS, SIR. BUILDING'S EMPTY.
STRICTLY MEDICAL
CONTROL, COULD DO WITH AN AERIAL UNIT HERE.
PRETTY TIED UP JUST NOW. ETA FIFTEEN MINUTES.
TOO LATE. ONCE THE ACTION STARTED THEY'D BE SQUEEZING OUT OF EVERY BOLT HOLE.
I TAUT I TAW A JUDGE, A-PEEPIN' IN AT ME!
IT'S GONE ALL PRETTY CHRISTMAS COLOURS, MAN.
YOU NINKS! I TOLD YOU NOT TA TAKE ANYTHING TILL WE GOT IT BACK!

UNFFFF!
HOW MANY OF YOU?
YOU BROKE MY — UNNH! — GRUDDAM RIB!
THIS IS GOING TO BE AN UNHAPPY CHRISTMAS FOR YOU, SON. YOU'VE BOUGHT YOURSELF SIX YEARS. HOLD OUT ON ME AND I'LL DOUBLE IT, THAT'S A PROMISE. HOW MANY?
T-TEN. IT'S ALL WE COULD FIT IN THE HUVVIES!
IF YOU'RE LYING I'LL BE BACK.
I'LL BE BACK IN ANY CASE, SO DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP.
LET THE FESTIVITIES BEGIN.

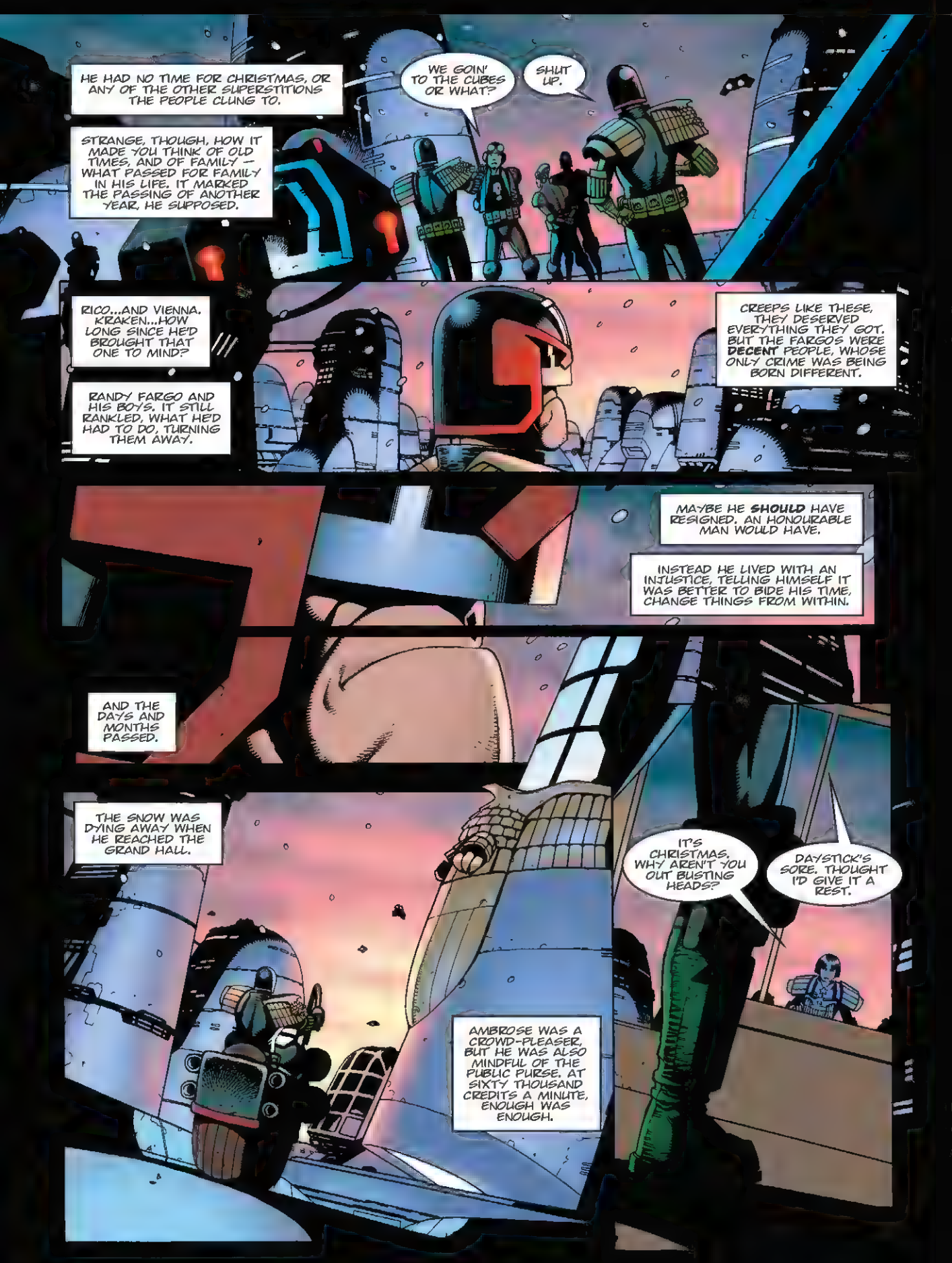
HE WENT AFTER THEM WITH NO THOUGHT OF GOODWILL TO MEN —
HELL, FREAKIN' JAY!
COLD, CLINICAL. THEY WERE LAWBREAKERS. THEY WOULD PAY THEIR DUES.
UNNNHHHH!
EASY, BIG GUY! I'M OUTTA THIS!
WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
H-HOW DID YA SPOT ME, MAN? I'M INVISIBLE.
RIGHT.
SKEERASHHHH
HE HAD AN ADVANTAGE — HE KNEW THIS BUILDING, THOUGH IT HAD CHANGED SINCE THOSE DARK TIMES.

THEN IT HAD BEEN A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT MEDICAL FACILITY. THEY HAD COME HERE THAT NIGHT LONG AGO, HE AND RICO, MERE **BOYS**, FOR THEIR FATEFUL MEETING WITH **FARGO**.
TIME'S UP! WE GOT ENOUGH.
AHHHH!
JEEZ! WHERE DID **HE** COME FROM?
A FLUFFY WHITE CLOUD.
AND FROGS. LOTSA FROGS.
FREAKIN' JUDGE! IT'S **WASTIN'** TIME!
AHHHH!
SKRASHHHH

XMAS
LET'S JUST SCRAM, HUH?
WHEN WE'RE FINISHED! IT'S CHRISTMAS — THAT JAY'S GONNA BE MY PRESENT TO MYSELF!
IF I'M THE PRESENT, YOU'RE THE PAST.
SHEEEE—
UNNH!
BDAM BDAM
HE GOT TOOTS AND CHEECH!
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
TWO MORE JOIN THE CHRISTMAS STATISTICS —

WE'LL HAVE THAT AERIAL SUPPORT IN FIVE MINUTES.
CANCEL. SEND A MEAT WAGON INSTEAD. WE HAVE MULTIPLE CASUALTIES.
YOU STILL HERE?
I CAN'T GET HIM LOOSE!
HIS TOUGH LUCK! HE SHOULDN'TA FOULED UP! I'M HUVVIN' IT!
NO! JOVIS, NO! I'M ATTACHED!
THEN YOU WON'T HAVE NO TROUBLE HANGIN' ON!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS THING?
Whee Wheeee
YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THESE.
I WOULDN'T.
BUT YOU DID.
UNGGG!

PAX, MAN.
FACE DOWN.
I MAKE IT WE'RE ONE SHORT.
WHAT'S GOING ON? RUBE AN' THEM GUYS IS DEAD AN' GEEGEE'S CUFFED ONNA...STAIRS AN'... OH MOLEY.
JOIN US.
HE WAITED FOR THE MEAT WAGON, REMEMBERING...
ALL THOSE YEARS AGO, HE AND RICO STANDING HERE, LOOKING OUT ON THE DEVASTATION OF THE CITY.
WHATEVER HAPPENS, YOU AND ME, WE'LL STICK TOGETHER, RIGHT?
LIKE CLONES.
THEN BOOTH'S TROOPS HAD COME DROPPING FROM THE SKY.


HE HAD NO TIME FOR CHRISTMAS, OR ANY OF THE OTHER SUPERSTITIONS THE PEOPLE CLUNG TO.
STRANGE, THOUGH, HOW IT MADE YOU THINK OF OLD TIMES, AND OF FAMILY — WHAT PASSED FOR FAMILY IN HIS LIFE. IT MARKED THE PASSING OF ANOTHER YEAR, HE SUPPOSED.
WE GOIN' TO THE CUBES OR WHAT?
SHUT UP.
RICO...AND VIENNA. KRAKEN...HOW LONG SINCE HE'D BROUGHT THAT ONE TO MIND?
RANDY FARGO AND HIS BOYS. IT STILL RANKLED, WHAT HE'D HAD TO DO, TURNING THEM AWAY.
CREEPS LIKE THESE, THEY DESERVED EVERYTHING THEY GOT. BUT THE FARGOS WERE **DECENT** PEOPLE, WHOSE ONLY CRIME WAS BEING BORN DIFFERENT.
MAYBE HE **SHOULD** HAVE RESIGNED. AN HONOURABLE MAN WOULD HAVE.
INSTEAD HE LIVED WITH AN INJUSTICE, TELLING HIMSELF IT WAS BETTER TO BIDE HIS TIME, CHANGE THINGS FROM WITHIN.
AND THE DAYS AND MONTHS PASSED.
THE SNOW WAS DYING AWAY WHEN HE REACHED THE GRAND HALL.
IT'S CHRISTMAS. WHY AREN'T YOU OUT BUSTING HEADS?
DAYSTICK'S SORE. THOUGHT I'D GIVE IT A REST.
AMBROSE WAS A CROWD-PLEASER, BUT HE WAS ALSO MINDFUL OF THE PUBLIC PURSE. AT SIXTY THOUSAND CREDITS A MINUTE, ENOUGH WAS ENOUGH.

I WAS JUST THINKING... ABOUT LOPEZ, AND THE THINGS I SAID TO YOU.
I NEVER APOLOGISED. I'M SORRY. I KNOW WHY YOU DID IT. IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN AN EASY DECISION TO MAKE.
I WAS PRETTY GREEN THEN. IT WAS A BIT OF A SHOCK.
I COULD HAVE HANDLED IT WITH MORE GRACE. FOR THE RECORD, I REGRET LOPEZ TOO. GIVEN THE SITUATION AGAIN...
BUT IT'S ALL IN THE PAST NOW.
YOU READ MY REPORT ON THE MUTANT CAMPS?
GHASTLY. IN OUR NAME TOO. DID WE ALL SUSPECT IT WAS GOING ON AND JUST IGNORE IT?
I WANT TO PUT THE MUTANT QUESTION TO ANOTHER VOTE.
WHAT WOULD BE THE POINT? SAME RESULT.
NOT IF YOU DIDN'T ABSTAIN.
YOU ALWAYS HAD A KEEN SENSE OF JUSTICE, HERSHEY. YOU KNOW I'M RIGHT. YOU WASHED YOUR HANDS OF THE MATTER BUT YOU KNOW I'M RIGHT. IF YOU CHANGED YOUR VOTE —
IT WOULD STILL BE FIVE AGAINST.
YOU COULD PERSUADE THEM. RAMOS WON'T TAKE MUCH SWAYING, MCTIGHE IS A YES MAN. NILES — YOU AND I TOGETHER COULD BRING HIM ROUND.
I CAN'T. YOU'RE ASKING TOO MUCH.
IN THAT CASE, I HAVE TO GIVE YOU THIS.
THE DARK JUDGE

YOUR RESIGNATION? YOU'D DO THAT — THROW IT ALL IN?
THE CHOICE IS YOURS.
I'D CALL THAT BLACKMAIL.
SO ARREST ME.
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS, HERSHEY. WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF IT IN US. LET'S SHOW A LITTLE COMPASSION FOR ONCE.
ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT, I'LL DO WHAT I CAN.
AND GRUD HELP US IF THIS ALL GOES WRONG.
THERE'S NO GRUD. WE'RE ON OUR OWN. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE IT WORK.
MERRY CHRISTMAS, CHIEF JUDGE.
THE END

NAKED LADIES CLUB
IT CAME FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION —
— AND IT WAS CHOWIN' DOWN ON THE FLESH OF SOME POOR MEGA-CIT.'
SEEMS SOME IDIOT NOVICE HAD BEEN PRACTISING HIS DEMON-SUMMONING SPELLS, AND THEY WORKED ONLY TOO WELL —
HEADS UP, UGLY.'
JUDGE DREDD
mage moments
SO THE MAGIC CIRCLE HIRED YOURS TRULY TO TRACK IT DOWN AND SEND IT BACK BEFORE IT GOT ITS FIRST TASTE OF BLOOD, AND THE JUDGES BECAME INVOLVED —
EATING CITS IS A DEFINITE NO-NO.'
I'D FAILED ON THE FIRST COUNT —
THWAKK
UH-OH.
SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART DAVE MACH
COLOURS DYLAN TEAGUE
LETTERS ANNIE PARKHOUSE

PHEEEEEEEEEEE!!
— NOW I WAS ABOUT TO SCREW UP ON THE SECOND COUNT, TOO!
GRUD - !
SCREEEEE
WE'VE MET BEFORE,* TOOTS MILLOY, RIGHT? PRIVATE EYE?
YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A MUTANT REPORTED IN THE AREA?
ERM...SO THAT'S WHAT IT IS — A MUTANT? IT WAS ATTACKING A CIT UP THERE, AND THREW ME OVER THE EDGE!
* THARGNOTE: SEE PROG 14-07.
'ONLY ONE PLACE THAT EL-WAY LEADS...'

IN DEFERENCE TO YOUR MODESTY, LADIES, TONIGHT I SHALL PERFORM MY ENTIRE ACT BLINDFOLD!
A WISE MAN ONCE SAID, 'THERE IS A CURTAIN, THIN AS GOSSAMER, CLEAR AS GLASS, STRONG AS IRON, THAT HANGS FOREVER BETWEEN THE WORLD OF MAGIC AND THE WORLD THAT SEEMS TO BE REAL.'
TONIGHT, LADIES, I WILL LIFT THAT CURTAIN — AND GIVE YOU A PEEK BEYOND!
FIRST, USING ONLY A COMMON KITCHEN LASER, I WILL CUT THE DELIGHTFUL DEBBY IN HALF!
RIGHT A BIT.' LEFT A BIT.' STRAIGHT LINE...THAT'S IT.'
THANK YOU, LADIES.' MOST KIND, MOST KIND.'
EEP.' A MONSTER!
EEE
RUN!

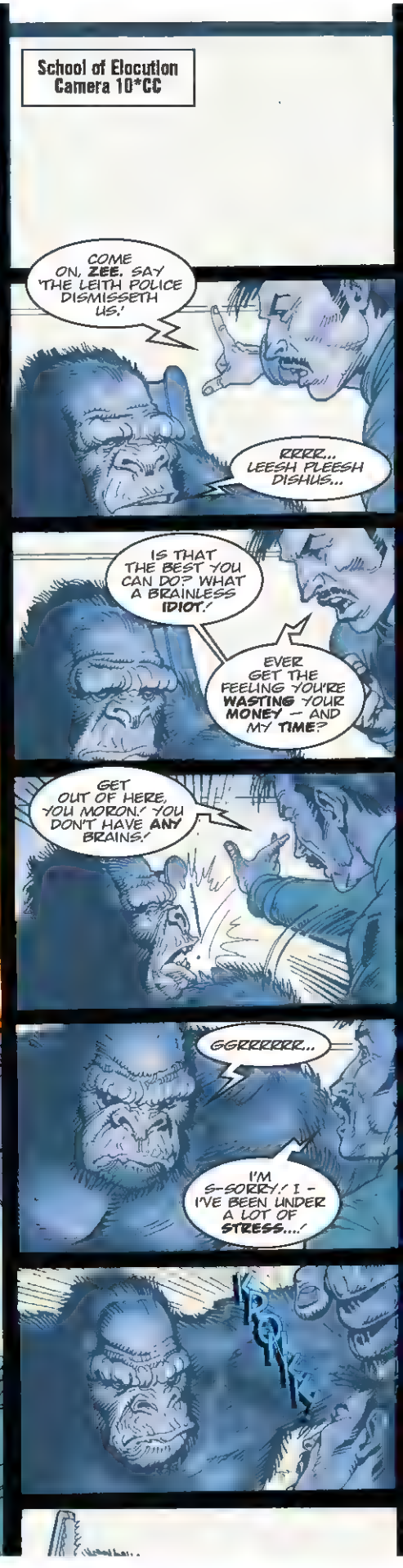
THANK YOU! AND FOR MY NEXT TRICK — I WILL CATCH A DEADLY BULLET IN MY BARE TEETH!
L-L-LOOK AT THAT!
DEBBY, IF YOU WOULD BE SO KIND...?
SSNNAAAARL!! DRROOOLL!!
D-DEBBY?
SRRAAAAR!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
ENOUGH!
THE SENTENCE IS DEATH, CREEP!
DROKK! THAT'S SOME MUTATION!
DREDD NEEDS HELP — BUT IF I USE MAGIC ON HIM, IT COUNTS AS JUDGE ASSAULT, AND I GET TWENTY YEARS IN A CUBE.
WHO'D BE A WITCH, HUH?

UNLESS... OF COURSE!
I CAST A SPELL ON THE DEMON!
GRAAAR...?
EVEN DEMONS CAN HALLUCINATE —
— GIVING ME TIME TO CHANT THE SPELL THAT'LL SEND THE MURDERING MOOK BACK TO ITS OWN WORLD.

THAT'S NOT IN ANY MUTANT'S REPERTOIRE! WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?
TIME I WAS ON MY TOES!
MILLOY — CAN YOU EXPLAIN THIS?
MILLOY...?
MAGIC AND THE BIG MEG DON'T REALLY MIX. THOSE OF US WHO HAVE THE GIFT PREFER THE QUIET LIFE, STAYING WELL UNDER THE JUDGES' RADAR.
SO WHEN SOMEBODY DRAWS ATTENTION TO US, WE TEND TO GET JUST A LITTLE HINKY —
— AND WE HAVE OUR OWN WAYS OF GIVING DEMON-SUMMONING NOVICES A KICK UP THE ASS!
The End

JUDGE DREDD
GORILLA/Z
CONTROL? THIS IS CRIVEN AT THE SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION ON DEZ MORRIS. MEAT WAGONS REQUIRED —
NAKED APE SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION
TALK PROPER OR YOUR MONEY BACK!
Z MORRIS STREET
— LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE PUPILS WENT ON A RAMPAGE. WE GOT A MINI-MASSACRE!
SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
PENCILS MIKE COLLINS
INKS CLIFF ROBINSON
COLOURS CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS ANNIE PARKHOUSE
ANY SIGN OF THE PERP?
NO.
NO SIGN OF THE VICTIMS BRAINS, EITHER. THEIR HEADS HAVE BEEN SLICED OPEN LIKE EGGS.
I'M CHECKING OUT THE C.C.T.V. SLUG. MEANTIME, YOU BETTER PUT OUT AN A.P.B...

YOU! STOCKY CREEP IN THE BIG COAT!
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
MUST BE CRIVEN'S PERP!
DROKK! FIGURED THERE WAS SOMETHIN' FISHY ABOUT HIM — NOT SOMETHIN' SIMIAN!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
HEATSEEKERS — RAPID FIRE!


School of Elocution Camera 10*CC
COME ON, ZEE. SAY 'THE LEITH POLICE DISMISSETH US!'
RRRR.. LEESH PLEESH DISHUS...
IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO? WHAT A BRAINLESS IDIOT!
EVER GET THE FEELING YOU'RE WASTING YOUR MONEY — AND MY TIME?
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU MORON! YOU DON'T HAVE ANY BRAINS!
GGRRRRRR...
I'M S-SORRY! I - I'VE BEEN UNDER A LOT OF STRESS...!
KRIK

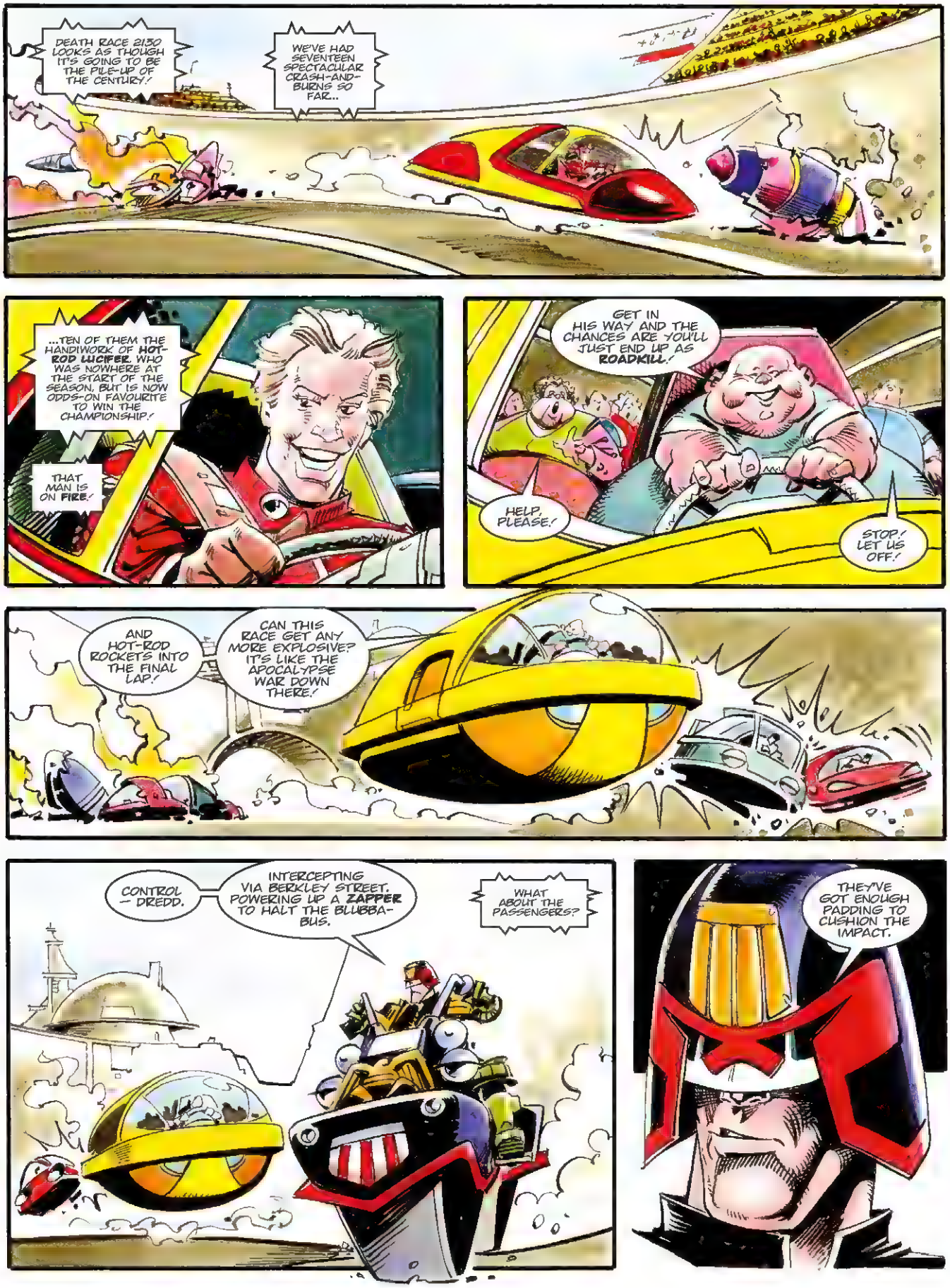
WH-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
N-NO! STOP, ZEE! S-STOP NOW!
ZZZZZZ
OH MY SAINTED AUNT -!
N-NICE MONKEY —
AAAAAAAAAIIIIEEEEEE!
WHAT THE HELL -?
AAHHHH!
CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON ANOTHER CIT BEIN' HURT.
I SAID, HOLD IT, CREEP!

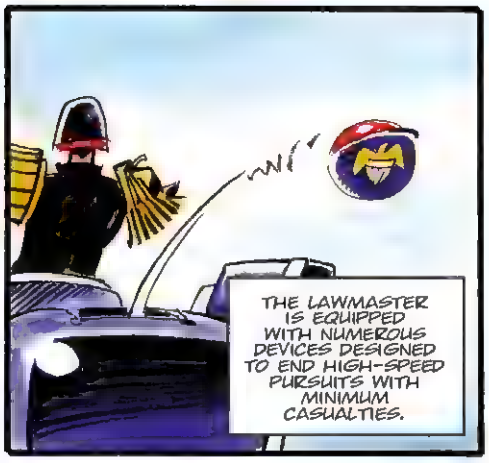
BEAST'S WAY TOO STRONG FOR ME! I NEED SOME KIND OF DIVERSION —
THAT HOVER-CAR!
KRUUMP!
DAMN! CREEP WASN'T EVEN FAZED!
GOTTA REACH MY —

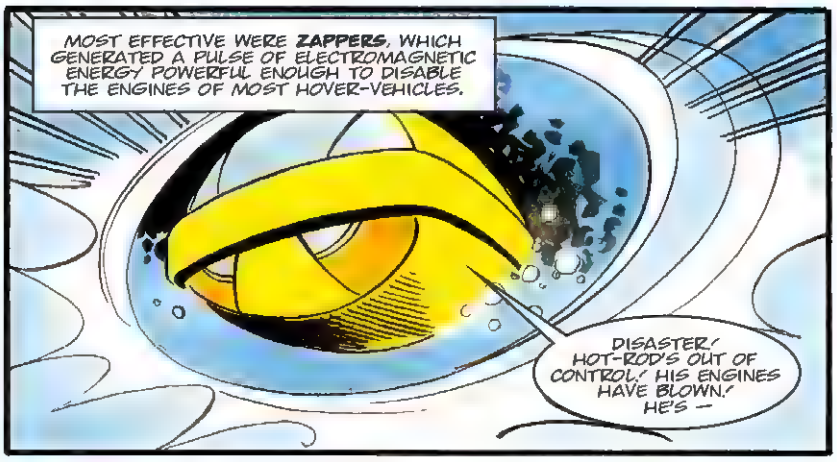
— BOOT KNIFE!
RAAKKK!
WE'RE BOTH SLABSTEW, UNLESS —
COME HERE, YOU!
FOLLOW THAT MONKEY!
YOU GOT A LICENCE FOR THE BOARD, CITIZEN?
ERM...
REPORT TO YOUR NEAREST SECTOR HOUSE. YOU'RE DOIN' THREE MONTHS.
Y-YES, SIR!
AN' ANOTHER THREE MONTHS FOR SWEARING!
SHIT!
THUDDDD!

T-TEACHER SAY...ZEE STUPID. ZEE GOT...NO BRAINS. BUT TEACHER WRONG —
— ZEE GOT...LOTS OF BRAINS! HA HA HA!
HA
GUESS THERE'S NO ANSWER TO THAT!
DREDD
Mike & Cliff
THE END

STORY
ROBBIE MORRISON
ART
IAN GIBSON
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
GRUDDAMNED LIZARDS!
I'M GONNA BLOW YOU STRAIGHT BACK TO WHATEVER STINKING SWAMP YOU CRAWLED OUT OF!
JUDGE DREDD
NUKED!
YOU HEAR ME, YOU SLITHERING DROKKERS?
I'M GONNA KILL YOU ALL! EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU!
HHHSSSSS!
YEAH? DROKK YOU, YOU SCALY —
ONE CHANCE, LAWBREAKER! DROP THE WEAPON OR I FIRE!
YEAH? DROKK YOU, YOU SCALY —
YOU JUST BOUGHT YOURSELF A ONE-WAY TICKET TO RESYK, PUNK!
BIKE CANNON!
CONTROL — DREDD.
SHOOTER'S DOWN. I.D. SAYS ORVILLE TRITE, JOE HALDEMAN BLOCK. DOESN'T LOOK THE CRIMINAL TYPE BUT CHECK FOR —
DREDD, INCIDENT ON HAMILTON BOULEVARD. YOU'RE THE NEAREST UNIT.


DEATH RACE 2150 LOOKS AS THOUGH IT'S GOING TO BE THE PILE-UP OF THE CENTURY!
WE'VE HAD SEVENTEEN SPECTACULAR CRASH-AND-BURNS SO FAR...
...TEN OF THEM THE HANDIWORK OF HOT-ROD LUCIFER, WHO WAS NOWHERE AT THE START OF THE SEASON, BUT IS NOW ODDS-ON FAVOURITE TO WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP!
THAT MAN IS ON FIRE!
GET IN HIS WAY AND THE CHANCES ARE YOU'LL JUST END UP AS ROADKILL!
HELP, PLEASE!
STOP! LET US OFF!
AND HOT-ROD ROCKETS INTO THE FINAL LAP!
CAN THIS RACE GET ANY MORE EXPLOSIVE? IT'S LIKE THE APOCALYPSE WAR DOWN THERE!
CONTROL — DREDD.
INTERCEPTING VIA BERKLEY STREET. POWERING UP A ZAPPER TO HALT THE BLUBBA-BUS.
WHAT ABOUT THE PASSENGERS?
THEY'VE GOT ENOUGH PADDING TO CUSHION THE IMPACT.


THE LAWMASTER IS EQUIPPED WITH NUMEROUS DEVICES DESIGNED TO END HIGH-SPEED PURSUITS WITH MINIMUM CASUALTIES.

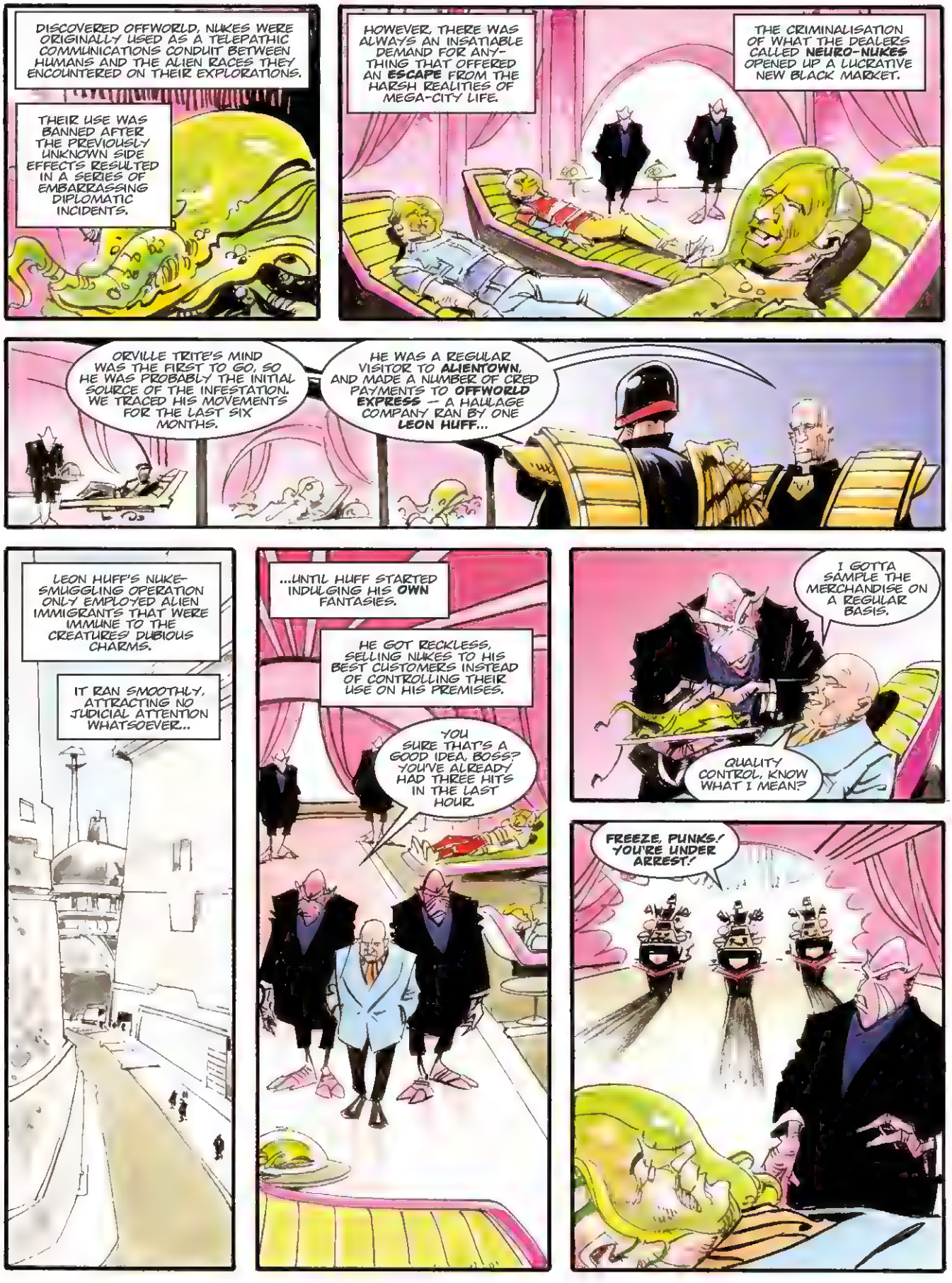

MOST EFFECTIVE WERE **ZAPPERS**, WHICH GENERATED A PULSE OF ELECTROMAGNETIC ENERGY POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DISABLE THE ENGINES OF MOST HOVER-VEHICLES.
DISASTER! HOT-ROD'S OUT OF CONTROL! HIS ENGINES HAVE BLOWN! HE'S —

RODNEY LEWIS, BLUBBA-BUS PILOT, CLEAN RECORD. ALSO RESIDENT AT JOE HALDEMAN BLOCK, SAME AS OUR SHOOTER EARLIER.
THEY'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES, DREDD. INCIDENTS OF INEXPLICABLE BEHAVIOUR THROUGHOUT THE SECTOR. PERPETRATORS ALL OCCUPANTS OF HALDEMAN.
LOCK IT DOWN. I'LL LEAD A CRIME BLITZ...

ATTENTION, JOE HALDEMAN BLOCK! THIS IS AN OFFICIAL JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CRIME BLITZ!
ALL PROTESTS WILL BE VIEWED AS OBSTRUCTION — SUBJECT TO A MANDATORY SIX-MONTH SENTENCE!

THE APARTMENT OF ORVILLE TRITE.
NOTHING SUSPICIOUS, DREDD. LOOKS LIKE A LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN.
LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS DON'T GO ON SHOOTING SPREES —
AAAHHHH!

DROKK! A NEURO-NUKE!
NEURO-NUKES, CLASSED AS SENTIENT DRUGS, WERE OUTLAWED ON EARTH.
NUKES ENTERED INTO A KIND OF SYMBIOSIS WITH HUMAN USERS, BRINGING THEIR INNERMOST FANTASIES TO LIFE AND THEN FEEDING HUNGRILY ON THE ENERGY RELEASED BY THE NEURAL STIMULATION.
TIME FOR YOUR PUNISHMENT, PERP!
USERS WERE ABLE TO FUNCTION MORE OR LESS NORMALLY FOR THE FIRST FEW WEEKS OF ADDICTION, BUT EVENTUALLY THE NEURAL BARRIERS BETWEEN FANTASY AND REALITY BEGAN TO COLLAPSE.
DREDD TO BLITZ SQUAD! RESPIRATORS DOWN! POSSIBLE NEURO-NUKE INFESTATION!
DREDD! ANOTHER ONE - !
EQUALLY DANGEROUS WAS THE FACT THAT NUKES WERE SELF-REPLICATING ORGANISMS.
SCRATCH THAT! INFESTATION CONFIRMED!
BEGIN EXTERMINATION PROCEDURES!


DISCOVERED OFFWORLD, NUKES WERE ORIGINALLY USED AS A TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATIONS CONDUIT BETWEEN HUMANS AND THE ALIEN RACES THEY ENCOUNTERED ON THEIR EXPLORATIONS.
THEIR USE WAS BANNED AFTER THE PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN SIDE EFFECTS RESULTED IN A SERIES OF EMBARRASSING DIPLOMATIC INCIDENTS.
HOWEVER, THERE WAS ALWAYS AN INSATIABLE DEMAND FOR ANYTHING THAT OFFERED AN **ESCAPE** FROM THE HARSH REALITIES OF MEGA-CITY LIFE.
THE CRIMINALISATION OF WHAT THE DEALERS CALLED **NEURO-NUKES** OPENED UP A LUCRATIVE NEW BLACK MARKET.
ORVILLE TRITE'S MIND WAS THE FIRST TO GO, SO HE WAS PROBABLY THE INITIAL SOURCE OF THE INFESTATION. WE TRACED HIS MOVEMENTS FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.
HE WAS A REGULAR VISITOR TO **ALIENTOWN**, AND MADE A NUMBER OF CRED PAYMENTS TO **OFFWORLD EXPRESS** — A HAULAGE COMPANY RAN BY ONE **LEON HUFF**...
LEON HUFF'S NUKE-SMUGGLING OPERATION ONLY EMPLOYED ALIEN IMMIGRANTS THAT WERE IMMUNE TO THE CREATURES' DUBIOUS CHARMS.
IT RAN SMOOTHLY, ATTRACTING NO JUDICIAL ATTENTION WHATSOEVER...
...UNTIL HUFF STARTED INDULGING HIS **OWN** FANTASIES.
HE GOT RECKLESS, SELLING NUKES TO HIS BEST CUSTOMERS INSTEAD OF CONTROLLING THEIR USE ON HIS PREMISES.
YOU SURE THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, BOSS? YOU'VE ALREADY HAD THREE HITS IN THE LAST HOUR.
I GOTTA SAMPLE THE MERCHANDISE ON A REGULAR BASIS.
QUALITY CONTROL, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
FREEZE, PUNKS! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

IN YOUR DREAMS, DREDDY!
AAAAGGGHH!
HA HA HA!
LOOK AT THAT! SHOT HIS DROKKIN' JAW CLEAN OFF!
TOUGHEST LAWMAN IN MEGA-CITY ONE, MY ASS!
ALMOST SEEMS A SHAME TO DISTURB HIM.
ALMOST.
WHOA!
WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD, PUNK!
THE END

JUDGE DREDD: THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 45

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Script: Pat Mills **Artist:** John Hicklenton
Letters: Simon Bowland
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazines** 257-265

181 THE GINGERBREAD MAN
Script: John Wagner **Artist:** Henry Flint
Colours: Len O'Grady **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazines** 261-263

211 TRIBAL
Script: Robbie Morrison **Artist:** Tan Eng Huat
Colours: Chris Blythe **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 264

221 THE LISTENER
Script: Gordon Rennie **Artist:** Boo Cook
Letters: Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 265

231 WHAT I DID FOR CHRiSSMAS
Script: John Wagner **Artist:** Simon Fraser
Colours: Gary Caldwell **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 266

241 EMPHATICALLY EVIL
Script: John Wagner **Artist:** Colin MacNeil
Colours: Chris Blythe **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **2000 AD** Progs 1569-1575*
* The events in this **2000 AD** Prog story take place after *The Gingerbread Man* and *What i Did for Chrissmas*

283 THE MENAGERIE
Script: Gordon Rennie **Artist:** Paul Marshall
Colours: Len O'Grady **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 267

293 BLOOD MONEY
Script: Robbie Morrison **Artist:** Smudge
Colours: Len O'Grady **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 268

A DESPERATE MISSION TO THE FIFTH DIMENSION
TO SAVE MEGA-CITY ONE FROM
DO WHAT THE JUDGES WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW!
DREDD
THE SATANIC MENACE IN
PAT MILLS SCRIPT
JOHN NICKLETON ART
SIMON BOWLAND LETTERS

JUDGE
JUDGE DREDD
BLOOD OF SATANUS III
THE TENTH CIRCLE

FROM THE MAGICAL JOURNAL OF ALEXANDRA, SISTER OF SATANUS:
OUR MINISTER, MY BELOVED A-D, AND THE SISTERS OF S, WERE EXECUTED AND OUR CHURCH DESTROYED ON THE ORDERS OF JD. THIS TERRIBLE ATROCITY BEARS COMPARISON WITH THE SPANISH INQUISITION FOR ITS BRUTALITY AND IGNORANCE.
MEGCO
SITE SHOPPING
POMPARK
THE SITE OF S'S MIRACULOUS APPEARANCE IN OUR DIMENSION HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY "DETOXED" OF DARK MATTER. THEN, IN A SUPREME ACT OF BLASPHEMY, A SUPERMARKET WAS BUILT UPON IT.
CONSEQUIENTLY THE VISIONS I NOW HAVE OF S ARE WEAK AND FRAGMENTARY. YET AT LEAST I AM CLOSE TO HIM IN THIS JOB.
JAT&T
JOYMART
CHAOS
AND, DESPITE DETOXIFICATION, I CAN STILL SENSE S'S BREATH WAFTING DOWN "BREAKFAST CEREALS" AND FEEL HIS POWER IN "SPECIAL OFFERS". I KNOW HE DEARLY WANTS TO RETURN TO US. BUT HOW?
EXIT
A BLOOD SACRIFICE IS THE ONLY ANSWER. AFTER WORK, I OBSERVED M WITH LITTLE G PASSING MY APARTMENT BLOCK. INVITED THEM IN.
KILLED BOTH OF THEM. FELT NOTHING. A-D WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD OF ME. PERFECT OFFERINGS FOR S.
EXIT
THIRTY-SEVEN FIFTY. DO YOU HAVE A MEGCO CARD?
LUBE
ON FRIDAY I PREPARED OFFERINGS AND PUT IN BIN LINERS. CUTTING UP LITTLE G WAS DIFFICULT BUT THE A-D HAD TOLD ME I MUST OVERCOME MY FEELINGS OF HUMANITY.
USED BULK DELIVERY AS COVER TO WHEEL THEM THROUGH SUPERMARKET TO "FROZEN FOODS". PUT THEM IN BOTTOM OF CABINET UNDER "MADE MEN" PIZZAS AND BLACK ATLANTIC FISH FINGERS. READY FOR CEREMONY.
ON FRIDAY NIGHT, HID IN TOILETS UNTIL EVERYONE LEFT. CHALKED PENTAGRAM ON FLOOR. PLACED AN OFFERING IN MIDDLE. WAS EXPECTING FLOOR TO OPEN, BUT NOTHING. HAD TO REMOVE PENTAGRAM AGAIN BEFORE SECURITY GUARD CAME ROUND.

GREAT DREAM THAT NIGHT. DESCENDED INTO S'S WORLD. WENT AS FAR AS C3. FORGET MUCH OF THE DETAIL, BUT VERY RED AND HOT; LOT OF BLOODPRINTS TORTURING VICTIMS.
IT'S ALL BLOODY SYNTHI-MEAT!
SYNTHIFLESH
BUT TOO MUCH, EVEN FOR ME. HAD TO TURN BACK. HEARD ROARS AND SNARLS IN DISTANCE. WAS IT S?
I DON'T WANT ANY OF THESE IMITATIONS...
...GOT TO HAVE FLESH!
REAL FLESH!
MMMM!
TASTY!
OH MY GRUD! HE'S EATING HIMSELF!
SYNTHIFLESH
FREEZE DRIED NUTRITION

EARLY CLOSING SUNDAY. SPENT AFTERNOON AND EVENING INVOKING AND WORSHIPPING S. PLAYED CARMINA BURANA TO GET IN MOOD. CARVED "S" ON MY FOREARM AND REPEATED OVER AND OVER, "COME TO US, DARK ONE."
...WELL, I THOUGHT IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL CHURCH.
THEY SHOULD HAVE PUT A PRESERVATION ORDER ON IT. GAVE A TOUCH OF REAL CLASS TO THE AREA, EVEN IF IT WAS A SATANIC TEMPLE.
MUCH BETTER THAN THAT DREADFUL FUNKTEKA DOWN THE ROAD. AND THE ARCHDUKE ALGERNON CHRISTIE WAS SUCH A NICE MAN. ALWAYS HAD A CHEERY SMILE WHEN I PASSED HIM ON THE SIDEWALK.
ON MONDAY ARRANGED CEREMONY AS BEFORE. S APPEARED AT LAST AND ATE THE OFFERINGS. WANTED MORE, SO I GAVE HIM THE REST FROM FROZEN FOOD CABINET. HE DIDN'T CARE THEY WEREN'T DEFROSTED.
PLAYED CATULI CARMINA BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP. (FILMMAKERS DON'T CARE ABOUT ORFF'S OTHER WORK. THEY HAVE SUCH A "GREATEST HITS" ATTITUDE.) HAD FANTASTIC VISION. GREAT CHANGES COMING! S AND BLOODPRINTS FROM ALL 10CS ENTERING THROUGH PORTAL AND DESTROYING THE JS.
LATE SHOPPING
SOON I SHALL BE REUNITED WITH MY DARK LORD AND HE WILL RULE MC. HELLELUJAH! HELLELUJAH! HELLELUJAH!

HARDCORE NIGHT
FUNKETA
IT'S HAPPY HARDCORE NIGHT AT THE FUNKETA WITH BIG MEG, THE QUEEN OF TURBO-FUNK!
DESIGNER LAY BELLES GO FOR GOLD MEDAL LIONS, NIKOTEENAGERS DO IT ON ALCOHOLIDAYS, COKE AND COLA, DRUG ABUSE, LIVE IT UP, LIVE IT LOOSE!
LISTEN, JUDGES, YOU'RE NO LONGER IN CHARGE, MEGA-CITIZENS ARE WINNING AT LARGE, JUDGE DREDD IS THE WORST I NAME, LEAVE US ALONE, DREDD, YOU HAVE NO SHAME!
FUNK
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO, THE JUDGES ARE FASCISTS, SAD BUT TRUE, I CAN HEAR THEIR SIRENS SOUND, THEY WANT TO GRIND US TO THE GROUND!
DON'T GIVE UP, MEGA-CITY BOYS, DON'T GIVE IN TO JUDGE COWBOYS, FORGET JUSTICE, LIVE FOR THE DAY, DRINK! FIGHT! STEAL! IT'S ALL OKAY!
ANY SIGN OF HER HUSBAND YET, JUDGE DONNA?
NOTHING.
HE WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP AWAY FROM HER BIG NIGHT.
AND THEN WE'LL MOVE IN.
BUT HE KNOWS THERE'S A TERMINATION WARRANT OUT ON HIM.

"THAT WON'T STOP HIM. ARKANE HAS NO FEAR.
TURBO
"TONIGHT WE GET THE JUDGE KILLER..."
FUNKTEKA
ARKANE!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE! THEY'RE WATCHING THE FUNKTEKA!
IT'S WORTH THE RISK. BETTER TO LIVE ONE DAY AS A LION, THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AS A WORM.
OH, IT'S BEAUTIFUL! IT MUST BE WORTH MILLIONS!
STOLE IT 'SPECIALLY FOR YOU. FEW DROPS OF BLOOD ON IT STILL.
TURBO
IT'S JUDGEMENT DAY, ARKANE!
NO!
BOOOM
BOOOM
JAYMES
LUCKY BADGE SAVED ME!

LATER, MEG!
THERE HE IS!
DESCENDING TOWARDS A GETAWAY VEHICLE!
THEY'VE CORDONED OFF THE ROAD, ARKANE!
YOU'RE KIDDING?
IT WAS ON THE NEWS! A SUPERMARKET'S GOT SUCKED INTO A DIMENSION WARP!
WE'LL HAVE TO SURRENDER! THEY SAY IT'S THE PORTAL TO SOME HELLWORLD!
NO WAY! IF I'VE GOT TO CHOOSE BETWEEN DREDD AND HELL...
JUDGE LINE
DO NOT CROSS
...IT'S HELL EVERY TIME!
NO ONE ESCAPES THE LAW!
FRAG! HE'S FOLLOWING US INTO HELL!

ARKANE! WHERE IS HE?
DREDD! MEGA-CITY'S MOST FAMOUS *POOH BLICK* SERVANT! NUMERO UNO IN MY ROGUE'S GALLERY FOR EXECUTING MY DEAR ARCH-DUKE!
DESTROY HIM, SATANUS!
SATANUS!

"I SENSE YOUR THOUGHTS, DARK LORD: RECOGNITION OF YOUR OLD ENEMY...
"HATRED FOR HIS APPALLING CRIMES... TRIUMPH...BUT ABOVE ALL...
"...A LUST FOR *FLESH!*"

"HE MUST PAY FOR HIS ATTEMPTED SATANICIDE ..
"...IN THE JAWS OF HELL!"
DIMENSIONALLY UNSTABLE... CAN PRISE HIS JAWS APART...
DREDD!
NEXT TIME, DREDD, YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE THE MIGHT OF SATANUS!
ARKANE GOT AWAY. SATANUS "SPAT ME OUT" FROM SOME DEMON PLANET ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PORTAL.
THEN THE REPORTS OF HIM APPEARING IN THE SUPERMARKET WERE TRUE.
YES. I'M CALLING IN *SANDCRETE* TO MAKE SENSE OF IT ALL.
"DOCTOR TERROR"?
WE'VE NO CHOICE. HE'S THE BEST IN HIS FIELD.

MEGA-CITY ONE, THIRTY YEARS EARLIER:
WELL, YOUNG SANDCRETE, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
IT'S A BIT EMBARRASSING, DOCTOR.
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY THIS BUT, WELL...I, ER, HAVE THIS STRANGE DISCHARGE.
I SEE.
IT'S SOMETHING I SEEM TO HAVE PICKED UP.
YES, I'M SURE IT IS.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE IT?
NO, I DON'T THINK SO. I'LL GIVE YOU SOME TABLETS.
BUT, DOCTOR, THIS DISCHARGE IS RATHER UNUSUAL. IT CAN'T BE CURED THAT EASILY.
I REALLY THINK YOU SHOULD TAKE A LOOK AT IT.
VERY WELL. IF YOU INSIST.
THANK YOU, DOCTOR.
IT'S AN ELECTRONIC DISCHARGE.
CHRONIC? IT LOOKS NORMAL TO ME.
NO. ELECTRONIC.
ELECTRONIC SIGNALS, INSTEAD OF PASSING THROUGH ME LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE, ARE STORED IN MY BODY, AND THEN DISCHARGED HOLOGRAPHICALLY LATER.
GOOD GRIEF!

WHICH HAS-BEEN WILL SCREENSAVER RESCUE IN TONIGHT'S "CELEBRITY SUICIDE"?

CAN YOU GUESS THE FAMOUS STAR THESE INTERNAL ORGANS BELONG TO? FIND OUT IN "I'M A CELEBRITY--GET THIS OUT OF ME!"

--I'M NOT IN A CLUB! I AM CALLING FROM WORK--

--SO AFTER HIS FUNNY TURN, HE BECAME A GRUD-BOTHERER--

It's pronounced "OEEGER" Could you please transfer me to a male assistant?

THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, NOW:

HALL OF JUSTICE

...THERE WAS NOTHING THE DOCTOR COULD DO. IT'S SOME *SUB-ATOMIC MUTATION* I POSSESS.

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN! MOBILE PHONE MESSAGES, SMS, E-MAILS, TV SIGNALS, RADIO... THEY'RE *POURING* OUT OF YOU!

I FIRST CAME TO THE ATTENTION OF THE JUDGES WHEN I STARTED PICKING UP THEIR PRIVATE MESSAGES AND DISCHARGING THEM.

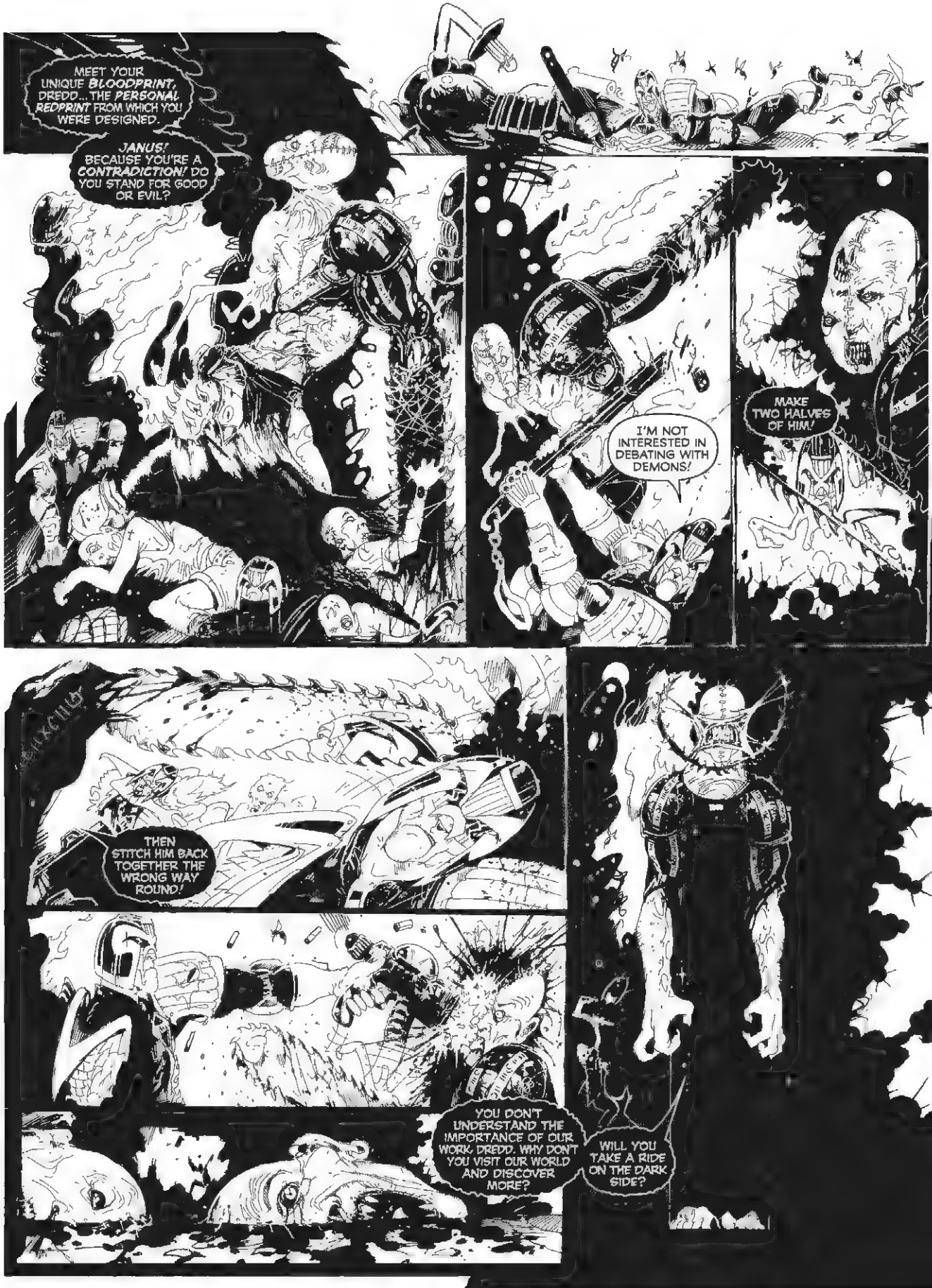
I REMEMBER JUDGE DREDD HERE CONSIDERED PROSECUTING ME FOR... "DISHONOURABLE DISCHARGE".

SHOULD I DEMONSTRATE, JUDGE?

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY. PLEASE CONTINUE, SANDCRETE.

JUSTICE
SO THIS STRANGE GIFT WAS THE BEGINNING OF MY GREAT INTEREST IN QUANTUM PHYSICS.
BUT IT COULD, THEORETICALLY, HAPPEN TO *ANY* OF YOU. MORE THAN A *BILLION* NEUTRINOS ZIP THROUGH YOUR BODIES EVERY SECOND.
DARK MATTER COULD *ALSO* BE PASSING THROUGH YOU. BUT IT'S HARD TO DETECT, BECAUSE IT RARELY INTERACTS IN ANY OBVIOUS WAY WITH NORMAL MATTER.
UNTIL *RECENTLY.*
HALL OF JUSTICE
DREDD
THEN A PORTAL WAS OPENED BY SOMEONE SEEKING TO RENEW CONTACT WITH SATANUS. THIS RELEASED DARK MATTER FROM *"KALUZA".*
THE FIFTH DIMENSION. NAMED AFTER POLISH MATHEMATICIAN PROFESSOR KALUZA, WHO FIRST ESTABLISHED ITS EXISTENCE.
ALTHOUGH *STRING THEORY*-- A DEVELOPMENT OF THE *KALUZA-KLEIN THEORY*-- ACTUALLY ALLOWS FOR IT TO HAVE *TEN DIMENSIONS...*
HALL OF JUSTICE
...SOME "CURLED UP" SO CLOSE THEY ARE DESCRIBED AS *ORBIFOLDS* OR *CIRCLES.*
CAN THE PORTAL BE CLOSED?
DD
WE DROPPED IMPLOSION CHARGES INSIDE TO SEAL IT. NOTHING.
SO IS THERE ANOTHER WAY TO STOP IT THREATENING THE CITY?
ONLY ONE.
A JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF KALUZA. TO CUT OFF THE DARK MATTER AT *SOURCE.*

BIKE PARK
HALL OF JUSTICE
BIKE PARK
HALL OF JUSTI
WHY DON'T WE JUST CONCRETE OVER IT? SEAL IT LIKE THE NUCLEAR POWER STATIONS FROM THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY?
WE MAY BE TOO LATE. I'M GETTING REPORTS OF A DEMONIC INVASION!
THE PORTAL'S GROWN! IT'S REACHED THE FUNKTEKA!
JUSTICE
IF IT CONTINUES TO GROW AT THIS RATE, THE CITY WILL BE SUBSUMED!
I AM LORD OMEGA! HEAR ME WELL, HUMANS!
GROOM
WE ARE NOT DEMONS. WE ARE BLOODPRINTS.
THE TEMPLATES FROM WHICH YOU WERE CREATED! THE SOURCES OF YOUR INSPIRATION AND MOTIVATION! THE BUILDING BLOCKS FOR YOUR CHARACTERS!
YOU LOOK LIKE DEMONS TO ME!
DREDD
NO. WE ARE WHO YOU ARE UNDERNEATH.


MEET YOUR UNIQUE BLOODPRINT, DREDD... THE PERSONAL REDPRINT FROM WHICH YOU WERE DESIGNED.
JANUS! BECAUSE YOU'RE A CONTRADICTION! DO YOU STAND FOR GOOD OR EVIL?
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN DEBATING WITH DEMONS!
MAKE TWO HALVES OF HIM!
THEN STITCH HIM BACK TOGETHER THE WRONG WAY ROUND!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE IMPORTANCE OF OUR WORK, DREDD. WHY DON'T YOU VISIT OUR WORLD AND DISCOVER MORE?
WILL YOU TAKE A RIDE ON THE DARK SIDE?

WE ARE THE BLOODPRINTS OF LUST! I'M DENTATA!
LET ME BITE YOUR PLEASURE CENTRES!
YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!

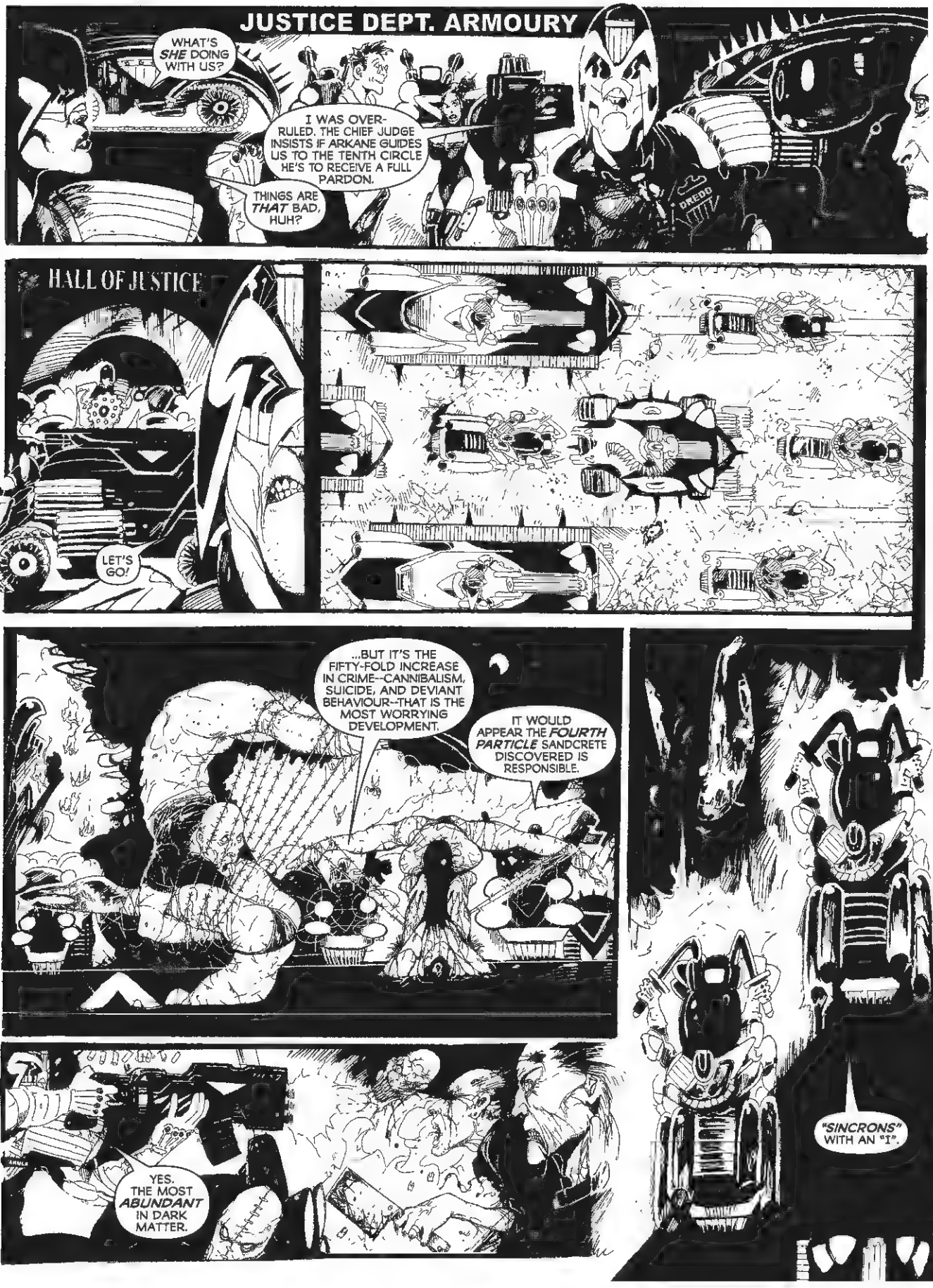
WHAT NOW?
TIME TO TAKE SOME *BLOODPRINTS!*
I--ER-- WOULD RATHER NOT GIVE MY NAME...
HE THINKS HE'S A STALLION, BUT HE'S PATHETIC! HE'S REALLY AFRAID OF WOMEN!
I'M *INFLAGRANTE.*
I'M *DELICTO.*
IF I MAY BE A LITTLE FORWARD... I--I EXPECT YOU HAVE SEXY KNICKERS ON UNDER ALL THAT LEATHER?
YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT MY KNICKERS?
THEY'RE UP TO *HERE!*
UUUH! BIG KNICKERS!
DONNA

WE ARE THE BLOODPRINT OF FRUSTRATION. WE'RE JOINED TOGETHER FOREVER--BUT IN THE WRONG PLACE!
YEAH, YEAH! EXCUSES, EXCUSES!
I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF MY FRUSTRATION! SMASH HIS SKULL, INFLAGRANTE!
PRESENT FROM KALUZA, JUDGE!
MMMM... HOW WAS THAT FOR YOU, INFLAGRANTE?
PRETTY GOOD, DELICTO...
ENOUGH.
LIE DOWN FOREVER!
KILLING THE REDPRINTS OF LUST WILL AVAIL YOU NOTHING, DREDD! IT WILL SIMPLY RELEASE THEIR DARK MATTER INTO MEGA-CITY ONE...
...MAKING YOUR CITIZENS MORE FRUSTRATED, PERVERTED, VIOLENT AND RAMPANT THAN USUAL!

BIG MEG'S APARTMENT, ONE DAY LATER:
I HAD NO IDEA ALL THESE WEAPONS WERE HERE. I NEVER GET INVOLVED IN MY HUSBAND'S WORK.
I'M NOT A CRIMINAL. I'M NOT MAFIOSO. I'M A VICTIM OF MY POPULARITY AND MY GREAT LOVE FOR ARKANE.
THE JUDGES CALL HIM A GANGSTER AND A JUDGE KILLER. CAN YOU TELL US WHAT HE'S REALLY LIKE, MEG?
A GENTLEMAN AND A FREEDOM FIGHTER, FIGHTING AGAINST THE TYRANNY OF THE JUDGES.
JUDGE DREDD! IS IT TRUE ARKANE ESCAPED TO KALUZA?
WHAT'S YOUR OPINION OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S OWN ROBIN HOOD?
IF HE'S ROBIN HOOD, I'M HAPPY BEING THE SHERIFF.
FOX NEWS
SLY
IS THERE ANYMORE NEWS ON THE KALUZA CRISIS?
HAVE THE SCIENTISTS FOUND A WAY TO SHUT OFF THE DARK MATTER AND DESTROY THE BLOODPRINTS?
IS IT TRUE YOU ARE PERSONALLY LEADING AN EXPEDITION TO KALUZA?
NO MORE QUESTIONS.

YOU WERE RIGHT, DREDD. I'VE CHECKED MEG'S PHONE-LOG. HE'S MADE CONTACT WITH HER FROM KALUZA.
CONNECT ME WITH HIM.
HERE WE GO..
DREDD! I WAS HOPING TO HAVE A WORD!
WELL?
I'VE FOUND MY WAY AROUND THIS WORLD NOW. IN FACT, I FEEL QUITE AT HOME HERE.
I CAN IMAGINE.
AND I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOUR OWN DIFFICULTIES IN MEGA-CITY ONE. AND THE MEDIA SPECULATION YOU'RE COMING HERE.
SO HERE'S THE DEAL--I'LL LEAD YOU TO THE SOURCE OF DARK MATTER IN THE TENTH CIRCLE, IN EXCHANGE FOR A JUDICIAL PARDON AND BRINGING MY WIFE WITH YOU.
I DON'T NEED YOU, ARKANE.
I THINK YOU DO, DREDD. YOU SEE, I'M GETTING ON REAL WELL WITH THESE KALUZANS. THEY LIKE ME.
BUT THEY HAVE A LOW OPINION OF JUDGES.
HERE'RE MY TERMS: ASSIST US ON OUR MISSION AND YOUR SENTENCE WILL BE COMMUTED TO TWENTY YEARS.
WHAT KIND OF DEAL IS THAT?
FRAG YOU, DREDD!

ISTICE DEPT. ARMOURY
TWO DAYS LATER·
I APPRECIATE YOU VOLUNTEERING FOR THIS MISSION, DONNA.
THE OTHER JUDGES THINK I'M CRAZY. THEY'RE CALLING ME "JUDGE DONNA QUIXOTE".
SO WHAT MADE YOU VOLUNTEER?
II
BEING A JUDGE IN MEGA-CITY ONE DOESN'T FILL MY MOUTH. MY MOUTH IS BIGGER. HUNGRIER.
THE COMMON CITIZENS ARE NOT A CHALLENGE FOR ME ANYMORE.
KALUZA NEEDS CLEANING UP.
AND ONCE I START CLEANING UP, VERY FEW WILL SURVIVE.
JUDGE VAKULA--AS AN EXO-BIOLOGIST, YOU WILL BE INVALUABLE IN HELPING US EXPLORE THE NEW PLANET.
THANK YOU, DREDD.
DREDD
BUT I MUST CORRECT YOU. KALUZA IS NOT A PLANET IN THE CONVENTIONAL SENSE OF THE WORD.
IT IS THE FIFTH DIMENSION: A DISTORTED MIRROR REFLECTION OF OUR OWN WORLD.
THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME SUBCONSCIOUS, CONSTANT EXCHANGE OF INFORMATION BETWEEN EARTH AND KALUZA.
ITS INHABITANTS MAY WELL BE THE BASIS FOR OUR MYTHICAL ARCHETYPES AND BELIEF IN DEMONS.
YES. SANDCRETE'S IDENTIFICATION OF EXOTIC NEW SUB-ATOMIC PARTICLES IN DARK MATTER WOULD INDICATE THIS.
VAKULA
I BELIEVE HE'S NAMED THREE OF THEM: MYTHONS, DESTINOS AND SYNCHRONS.
DREDD
INDEED. THEY'RE CAUSING MYTHICAL DREAMS, PSYCHOTIC DELUSIONS, AND UNLIKELY COINCIDENCES AMONGST OUR CITIZENS.


JUSTICE DEPT. ARMOURY
WHAT'S *SHE* DOING WITH US?
I WAS OVER-RULED. THE CHIEF JUDGE INSISTS IF ARKANE GUIDES US TO THE TENTH CIRCLE HE'S TO RECEIVE A FULL PARDON.
THINGS ARE *THAT* BAD, HUH?
DREDD
HALL OF JUSTICE
LET'S GO!
...BUT IT'S THE FIFTY-FOLD INCREASE IN CRIME--CANNIBALISM, SUICIDE, AND DEVIANT BEHAVIOUR--THAT IS THE MOST WORRYING DEVELOPMENT.
IT WOULD APPEAR THE *FOURTH PARTICLE* SANDCRETE DISCOVERED IS RESPONSIBLE.
YES. THE MOST *ABUNDANT* IN DARK MATTER.
"SINCRONS" WITH AN "I".

THROUGH US YOU PASS INTO THE WORLD OF WOE!
THROUGH US YOU PASS INTO ETERNAL PAIN!
THROUGH US THE ROAD TO LOST SOULS!
ABANDON HOPE ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE!
FOLLOW ME INTO THE PORTAL.
DREDD--WELCOME TO HELL!
HELL...
...WELCOME TO DREDD!

THE FIRST CIRCLE, KALUZA:
GREETINGS, JUDGE DREDD! WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIET SALUTE YOU!
HE AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE THE PSYCHIC ARCHETYPES FOR EVERY GLUTTON ON EARTH.
I KNOW THE SORT. THEY HIDE THEIR PAIN BEHIND LAYERS OF FAT.
AND ARE ALWAYS PLANNING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT TOMORROW. ONLY TOMORROW NEVER COMES.
THEY CALL ME HUNGRY JACK!
IF I DON'T MAKE YOUR SKIN CRAWL, IT'S ON TOO TIGHT.
WE CAN'T GO AROUND HIM, SO WE'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH HIM. PREPARE TO FIRE.

PREPARE TO BE CONSUMED AND EXHUMED!

WAIT, JUDGE!
WHAT IS IT, SANDCRETE?
IF YOU DESTROY SUCH A MAN MOUNTAIN, IT WILL RELEASE A TORRENT OF DARK MATTER PARTICLES INTO MEGA-CITY ONE! IT COULD HAVE UNTOLD CONSEQUENCES!
OBESITY IS ALREADY AT RECORD LEVELS! THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY. PERHAPS WE CAN REASON WITH IT?
JUSTICE DEPT.
FIRE!
WE WANT TO LASER IT, NOT LECTURE IT TO DEATH!
THIS SHOULD HELP HIM LOSE A FEW POUNDS!
DREDD
NO EFFECT!

WE HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE--WE MUST *CLIMB* THE MOUNTAINS OF OBESITY.
YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST FOOD THAT THOUGHT YOU WOULD ESCAPE THIS WAY. THAT REALLY STIMULATES MY SALIVARY GLANDS.
WE'RE DRIVING THROUGH A TORRENT OF DROOL!
SCREECH!
JUSTICE DEPT.
CAN'T GET A GRIP--!
STOMM! THEY'VE FALLEN IN!
DETONATE EXPLOSIVE CHARGES! AT LEAST WE CAN GIVE HIM A HELLUVA GUT-ACHE!

HURRY, DREDD! MY FELLOW BLOODPRINTS TELL ME YOU MEGA-CITY JUDGES TASTE LIKE CHICKEN!
GOTTA... GOTTA STOP THE DROOL!
IF I CAN REACH THE ZIP ON HIS MASK...
JUDGE ZENO AND HIS CREW!
KABOOM
THEY MUST NOT DIE IN VAIN!
SO THEY'VE BEEN REGURGITATED! THAT'S ALL RIGHT!
I LIKE TO CHEW THE CRUD!

DROKK IT! DROOL'S BURNING THROUGH MY UNIFORM!
BUT GOT TO KEEP GOING!
STOP!
OR I WILL VOMIT ON YOU, DREDD!
YOU WILL BE DROWNED IN A TORRENT OF PUKE!
MMMMFFF...
HE'S ABOUT TO "EXCORCIST"!
BLURRRRKK
DREDD
CHOKE ON YOUR OWN VOMIT, DEMON!

BLLLEEUUUGGGHH!
HE STOPPED THE DROOL!
IT'S OVER.
LET'S GO.
WHAT KIND OF MAN COULD DO THAT?
ONLY A REAL HERO.
IT'S FASCINATING TO OBSERVE HOW THE MYTHICAL ARCHETYPES IN THE HUMAN SUBCONSCIOUS ARE RE-EVOLVING IN KALUZA.
THE HERO FACES NEW VERSIONS OF TRADITIONAL OBJECTIVES: THE GOLDEN FLEECE...THE SWORD IN THE STONE...THE SPEAR IN THE CAULDRON...
AND HERE, THE...
ZIP IN THE SPIT?
ER-- QUITE.
DREDD, WE'RE JUST PICKING UP A NEWS BROADCAST FROM MEGA-CITY ONE.
JUSTICE DE
I'LL COME ABOARD.

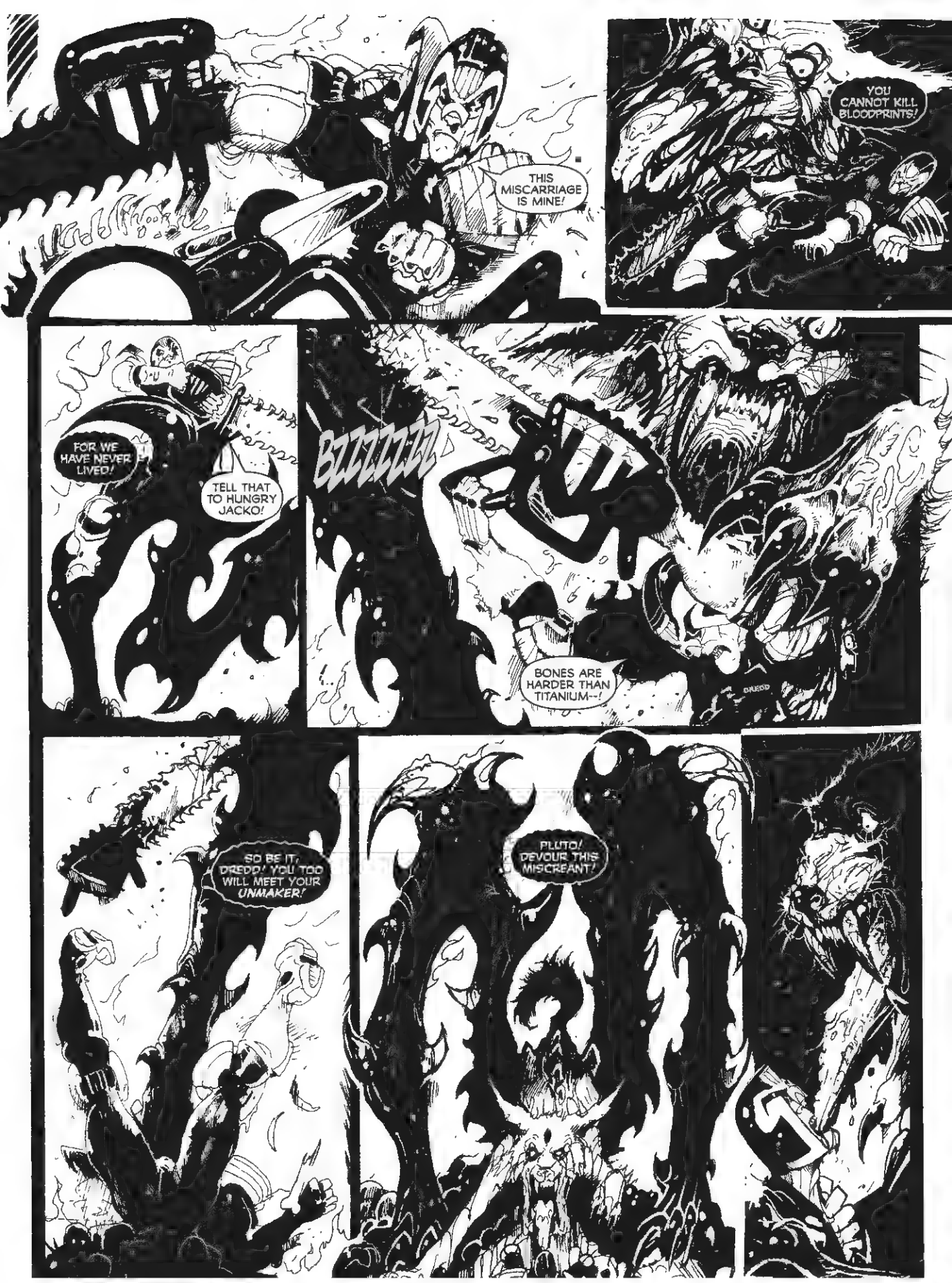
FUX NEWS
20
24
THIS IS FRANKIE FOXTROT WITH "MEGA NEWS FOR U". SECTORS TWENTY TO TWENTY-FOUR OF THE CITY HAVE NOW BEEN OVERWHELMED BY THE KALUZANS.
FUX NEWS
ENTIRE BLOCKS HAVE BEEN TURNED INTO TOMBS, SIDEWALKS INTO MORTUARY SLABS, CARS INTO COFFINS, AND THE KALUZANS CONTINUE THEIR INVASION, WHICH THE JUDGES SEEM POWERLESS TO HALT.
FUX NEWS
LORD OMEGA, LEADER OF THE KALUZANS, ANNOUNCED TODAY THAT, FROM NOW ON, ONLY ACTS OF BIZARRE LUNACY, EXTREME VIOLENCE AND TOTAL DEPRAVITY WILL BE LEGAL.
ALL NORMAL BEHAVIOUR WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED.
BUT TONIGHT, NORMALACY SEEMS UNLIKELY AS THE CITY IS AFFECTED BY DARK MATTER CONTAINING MYTHONS, DESTINOS, SYNCHRONS AND SINCRONS.
THIS HAS RESULTED IN "CAR WARS" ON ALL MAJOR MEGA-WAYS WITH LEMMING-STYLE MASS SUICIDES.
FUX NEWS
AND THE QUESTION EVERYONE IS ASKING IS: WHERE IS JUDGE DREDD? AS HIS CITY BURNS, THE FAMOUS LAWMAN HAS DISAPPEARED.
FUX NEWS
IN MEGA-CITY ONE'S HOUR OF GREATEST NEED, HE APPEARS TO HAVE RUN AWAY.
X FACE!
DON'T BOTHER COMING BACK, DREDD.
YOUR CITY HAS GONE TO HELL!

FUX
THE SECOND CIRCLE, KALUZA:
DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED, DREDD. HUMANS NEVER HAD FREE WILL. THAT WAS A LIE WE SPREAD TO MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER ABOUT YOURSELVES.
YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN OUR PUPPETS!
FUX NEWS
EVEN YOU JUDGES.
SAY HELLO TO JUDGE DREDD.
HELLO, JUDGE DREDD!
FUX NEWS
TURN IT OFF.
I DOUBT THE KALUZANS EVER HAD ANY INFLUENCE OVER US, NO MATTER WHAT X-FACE SAYS.
YES. OUR TEST-TUBE CONCEPTIONS AND NON-MATERNAL BIRTHS WERE DESIGNED TO KEEP US EMOTIONALLY DETACHED FROM ORDINARY CITIZENS.
BUT NOT THIS DETACHED!
GRUD!

I AM JUDGE MINOS! HERE I DEAL WITH MISCARRIAGES OF JUSTICE!
DO NOT IMPEDE ME! THESE BLOODPRINTS ARE FAULTY AND MUST BE UNMADE!
FULL SCREAM AHEAD, PLUTO!

"IT WOULD SEEM JUDGE MINOS IS THE PROTOTYPE FOR *INJUSTICE.*"
CORRECT. BUT MUCH AS I WOULD LIKE TO DEAL WITH HIM, WE KNOW FROM HUNGRY JACKO THAT OUR WEAPONS ARE INEFFECTIVE.
HOWEVER, WHEN THE DOC HAS FINISHED DEVELOPING OUR *NEW BULLETS,* IT WILL BE ANOTHER MATTER.
"DRIVE ON."
JUSTICE DEPT. 77
JUSTI
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MEG?
I THINK SHE'S STARTING TO REALISE WHAT A *REAL* HERO IS--RATHER THAN THAT PSYCHO HUSBAND OF HERS.
DONNA
GONZAGA
YES. WE COULDN'T WISH FOR A BETTER LEADER.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE WAS NEVER MADE CHIEF JUDGE.
"THEY SAY HE NEVER FOUND THE TIME TO FILL IN THE FORMS."
WAIT!
ARKANE'S BADGE! HE MUST HAVE BEEN CAPTURED!

YOU HAVE TO GO BACK FOR HIM!
DID SOMEONE BOTOX YOUR BRAIN AS WELL? OUR GUNS ARE NO USE!
JONNA
I'M GOING BACK ALONE. IF I FAIL, CARRY ON WITHOUT ME.
BUT--
THAT'S AN ORDER!
BULLETS MAY NOT WORK..
...SO LET'S TRY AN OLD-FASHIONED CHAINSAW!
DREDD! PERFECT TIMING! COME TO GIVE ME SOME LEGAL AID?
DON'T INTERFERE, DREDD!
HE IS A MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE! FIT ONLY FOR THE DOGS!
I COULDN'T AGREE MORE! BUT I NEED HIM!
HEY! LET'S NOT FALL OUT OVER THIS, FELLAS!


THIS MISCARRIAGE IS MINE!
YOU CANNOT KILL BLOODPRINTS!
FOR WE HAVE NEVER LIVED!
TELL THAT TO HUNGRY JACKO!
BZZZZZZZ
BONES ARE HARDER THAN TITANIUM--!
SO BE IT, DREDD! YOU TOO WILL MEET YOUR UNMAKER!
PLUTO! DEVOUR THIS MISCREANT!

IT HAS THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT... FOREVER.
NO! PLUTO! IT IS NOT POSSIBLE!
NOT AS POPULAR AS YOU THOUGHT, ARKANE? GET ABOARD.
YOU'VE SHOCKED EVEN THE DEMONS IN HELL, DREDD! NOW THAT IS IMPRESSIVE!
WHAT KIND OF MONSTER ARE YOU?
I AM THE LAW!
DREDD
AND IT SHALL NOT BE MOCKED!

ARKANE! OH, I'VE MISSED YOU SO MUCH!
ME TOO!
I'M ADDICTED TO YOU, BABE!
YOU'RE MY NYMPHETAMINE!
GET A ROOM
I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE A MAP THAT WILL TAKE US TO THE TENTH CIRCLE?
IN HERE, DREDD. READ IT AND ATE IT.
JUST IN CASE YOU HAD ANY IDEAS ABOUT GOING BACK ON OUR DEAL.
I TOOK OUT A LITTLE INSURANCE MYSELF.
I HAD A MICRO-BOMB INJECTED INTO YOUR WIFE. SHE GOES MORE THAN ONE KLICK FROM ME...
...AND IT'S RAINING MEG.
SO UNLESS YOU WANT TO DROWN IN SILICONE, I SUGGEST YOU CO-OPERATE.
YOU REALLY ARE A MONSTER, DREDD! WHAT ABOUT HER HUMAN RIGHTS? WHAT ABOUT JUSTICE?
JUSTICE DEPT.
THERE'S JUST US
DREDD

THE TENTH CIRCLE. KALUZA.
SATANUS DEVOURED MORE VICTIMS.
THEY PLEADED WITH HIM FOR MERCY, BUT WITH THE BLACK TYRANNOSAUR THERE COULD BE NO MERCY.
NO PARLEY.
NO NEGOTIATION.
NO PEACE TALKS.
HE JUST RIPPED THEM APART.
HE ALWAYS LIVED IN THE MOMENT.
HE WAS NEVER CONFUSED BY THINKING. HE WOKE UP WITH EVIL ON HIS MIND AND WENT TO SLEEP FULL.
BUT THESE HUMANS' FLESH TASTED DULL AND LIFELESS.
THE BLOODPRINTS HAD REARED THEM IN THEIR BREEDING BARNS FOR HIM AND THERE WAS NO ADRENALINE PUMPING THROUGH THEIR VEINS.
HE PREFERRED FREE RANGE FLESH.
LIKE THIS IRRITATING FEMALE...
COME, DARK LORD! IT IS TIME!
HE WAS UNABLE TO KILL HER, THANKS TO HER SPELL OF PROTECTION. (ALTHOUGH HE TRIED FREQUENTLY.)
BUT FROM FAR AWAY, IN A DISTANT CIRCLE, HE COULD SMELL MORE WILD FLESH THAT WAS STRANGELY FAMILIAR...

THE FIFTH CIRCLE, KALUZA:
CITY OF MALEBOLGIA-- CIRCLE FIVE. MY SHORT CUT WORKED!
IT'S A BIT BELA LUGOSI. IT NEEDS MORE GOLD AND MARBLE.
YOU'RE RIGHT, BABE. MORE BLING, LESS BELA.

THE CITY OF POLITICIANS. THE BLOODPRINTS HERE ARE THE TEMPLATES FOR POLITICIANS ON EARTH.
THAT EXPLAINS THE SMELL...
CORRUPTION!
CITY HALL
VOTE FOR ME!
NO! DON'T VOTE FOR ME!
"THEY'RE TRANSMITTING THEIR CORRUPTION TO POLITICIANS ON EARTH BY MORPHIC RESONANCE..."
SURELY THERE MUST BE SOME GOOD POLITICIANS?
YOU MEAN LIKE SANE CITIZENS IN MEGA-CITY ONE?
DONNA
I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHY THAT DEMON IS WALKING BACKWARDS WITH HIS HEAD UP HIS ASS?

WE WERE THE ONLY ANSWER TO "THE POLITICIANS WITH A THOUSAND FACES".
PERHAPS THAT SHOULD BE A THOUSAND FAECES.
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER IS OUR OBJECTIVE: CITY HALL.
LET'S GO.
WHERE'S MY BROWN ENVELOPE?
WHERE'S MY FREE HOLIDAY?
YO, BOY! JUST KEEP DOING WHAT WE TELL YOU!
WHERE'S MY KNIGHTHOOD?
WHERE'S MY BRIBE?
HONEST HUMANS ALERT!
A RIVER OF BLOOD!
JUST DON'T LET IT GIVE YOU ANY IDEAS, VAKULA.
MY MOTHER WAS FROM THE OLD COUNTRY...
...SHE TOLD ME HOW YOUR KIND PREYED ON THE OLD AND SICK.
I KNOW WHAT YOU FEED ON--THE SORT OF FOOD THAT SCREAMS.
MY CONDITION IS CONTROLLED SYNTHETICALLY WITH PLASMOX.
YEAH? WELL, IF YOU EVER RUN OUT OF THAT MOTION LOTION WE'RE GONNA SEE YOU IN YOUR TRUE COLOURS!

MORE GUNS! MORE WARS! MORE DEAD YOUNG MEN!
LET'S DO IT.
OUR GUNS STILL AREN'T WORKING, SO WE'LL HAVE TO DO THIS WITH BOOT AND FIST!
I COULD USE THE WORKOUT!
STOMP!
AH, JUDGE DREDD! IF I COULD HAVE A WORD?
I'M KINDA BUSY, DOC.

AS YOU REQUESTED, I HAVE PREPARED THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGES CONTAINING THE DARK MATTER.
NOW WHERE DO YOU WANT THEM POSITIONED?
RIGHT NOW I CAN ONLY THINK OF ONE PLACE!
I REALLY MUST BE PROPERLY BRIEFED!
I GOT THE BEST BRIEFING FOR YOU, DOC. SIX WORDS:
GET THE DROKK OUT OF HERE!
OH MY GOODNESS! DARK MATTER! I'M HAVING A SPONTANEOUS EMISSION!
I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD IT IN ME!
YOU DON'T ANYMORE.

DOES THIS MEAN I WON'T BE ABLE TO WATCH "CORONARY GULAG" AND "MEG-ENDERS" ON YOU NOW?
DREDD
JUST THINK WHAT IT WILL DO TO THE DEMONS WHEN THE DOC CHARGES OUR GUNS WITH THE STUFF!
OKAY--PLACE HIS EXPLOSIVES ON CITY HALL AND OTHER PROMINENT BUILDINGS.
I'M GONNA HAVE A WORD WITH X-FACE!
CUT YOUR WAY THROUGH!
CAN WE HELP?
GRUD!
SATANUS!
KILL!
DREDD
SATANUS RECOGNISED THE WILD FLESH... HE RECALLED WHY IT WAS DIFFERENT TO THE OTHER SCREAMERS.

IT DID NOT SMELL OF FEAR.
SNAP!
AS ALWAYS, THIS SENT HIM INTO A FRENZY OF RAGE!
SOMEBODY GET THAT WOMAN! WE NEED TO FIND OUT WHY SATANUS DOESN'T ATTACK HER!
KEEP AWAY OR YOU'LL REGRET IT!
YEAH? BEFORE I MADE THE BIG TIME, I WAS A SINGER ON THE COUNTRY AND MUTIE CIRCUIT IN THE CURSED EARTH!
"A CUTIE FOR THE MUTIES"!
I HAD TO LEARN TO PROTECT MYSELF!
ONE LAST TIME...
I HATE YOU, JUDGE, BUT I GOT TO ADMIT--
--YOU'RE NOT SHORT ON COURAGE!
HIS BATTLE WILL RELEASE POSITIVE MYTHONS...
ACTIVATE
...CREATING A MORPHIC RESONANCE WITH OTHER HEROES FACING EVIL ACROSS TIME AND SPACE.
AND SHOW THAT ONE MAN CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE.
CITY HALL

DREDD IS THE HERO WITH A THOUSAND FACES!
DREDD
NO WAY OUT

ROLL UP! ROLL UP! IT'S JUDGE DREDD VERSUS SATANUS!
THE GREATEST SHOW IN HELL!
LET'S GET IT OOOOOON!
GOUGING OUT EYES! BITING! KICKING! IN THIS GRUDGE FIGHT ANYTHING GOES!
GREAT CONVERSION TO A FULL MOUNT--WITH SAVAGE STABS TO THE RIGHT NOSTRIL! AND WE GOT OURSELVES A GUSHER!
HE'LL GET A SMACK FOR THAT!
SMACKDOWN! DREDD'S ROCKED!
BUT HE'S RIPPED THAT NOSTRIL...

AND IT'S FIRST BLOOD TO DREDD WITH A STYLISH POLE VAULT...
SNAP-!
HIS SPEAR'S SNAPPED! DREDD COULD BE IN TROUBLE!
CRACK!
SATANUS IS FURIOUS! HE'LL BE LOOKING TO FINISH THIS EARLY...

BUT DREDD'S MAKING A RAPID COMEBACK...
SONAFABITCH..
NOW HE'S RUSHING SATANUS!
HE'S GONNA STAB HIS WAY UP THE BEAST TO REACH THE NECK!
HE'S GOING FOR THE JUGULAR!
SO IF DREDD SUCCEEDS, IT INSPIRES *MORE* HEROES?
JUNG'S THEORY OF THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS: WE ARE ALL, ULTIMATELY, *ONE*.
YAKULA
stab
stab
stab
THEN WHAT HAPPENS IF HE *FAILS?*
HE'S GOT A JUGULAR CLAMP!
SATANUS IS IN TROUBLE NOW!
DREDD IS ONE SERIOUS BADASS!

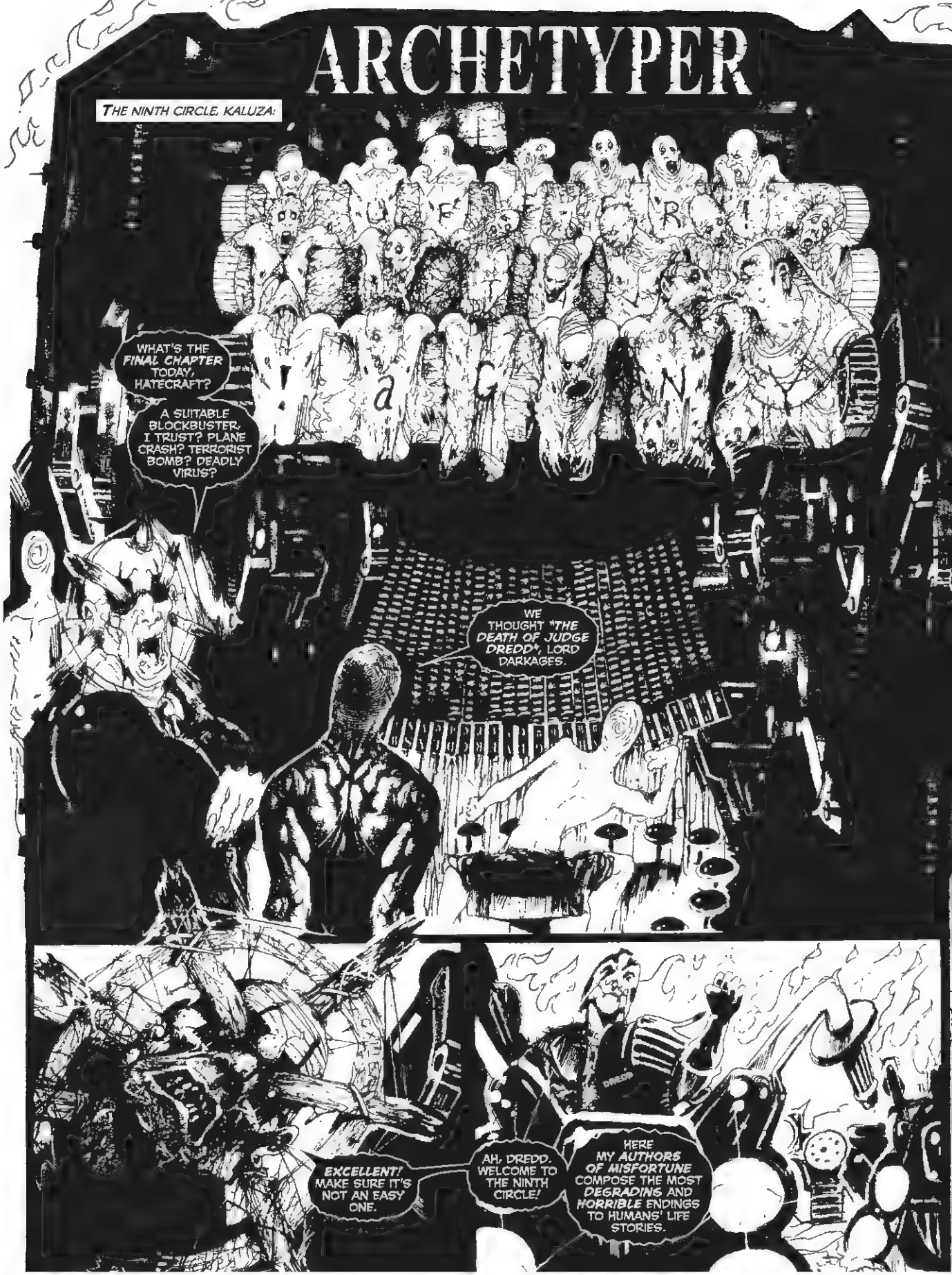
LOOK AT DREDD--HE'S STUNNED!
HE'S BLOODIED UP!
HE CAN'T SEE!
OH, NICE BODY SLAM!
SMACK!
SATANUS RAISES HIS FOOT FOR THE SUBMISSION!
AND SATANUS STOMPS DREDD INTO THE GROUND!
GROUND AND POUND! GROUND AND POUND!
STOMP
CRACK
CRACK
DREDD'S DONE WITH! IT'S ALL OVER! DREDD WAS DOING WELL ON STYLE, BUT THAT STOMPING BY SATANUS GAVE THE BEAST THE EDGE!
AND WE HAVE COMPLETED OUR SCORECARDS--
AGGRESSION. SATANUS: 50. DREDD: 50.
BLOODSHED. SATANUS: 15. DREDD: 32.
STYLE. SATANUS: 50. DREDD: 31.

AND WE HAVE A UNANIMOUS DECISION FOR THE WINNER!
BY TECHNICAL KNOCKOUT--
SATANUS!
NO ONE TOOK SUCH LIBERTIES WITH HIS SATANIC MAJESTY!
NO! NOT ME!
I'M THE REF!
DO YOU WANT ANY HELP PACKING? DO YOU KNOW YOUR PIN NUMBER?
WHAT'S SHE PLAYING AT?
ARE YOU COLLECTING FOR THE SCHOOLS?
SHE'S USING WORD HASH TO CONFUSE YOUR MIND PROBE!
VOID
GOT IT! THE SECRET OF HER INVULNERABILITY... IT'S THE TALISMAN AROUND HER NECK!
VOID
GOOD THINKING, MEG!
SNAP!

IT COULD GIVE US PROTECTION AGAINST SATANUS TOO!
RUN, MY LORD!
NO! I AM YOUR GODDESS!
SATANUS HAD WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS MOMENT--
I LOVE YOU, LORD SATANUS!
RUN! IT'S A TRAP!
SATANUS LOVED HER TOO. BUT NOT IN THAT WAY!
KRAK
GRUD! IT DISLOCATED MY SHOULDER...
NOW TO DRAG MYSELF OUT OF THIS PIT.

ALL RIGHT, WHERE IS IT?
HEADING BACK TO ITS NEST IN THE TENTH CIRCLE.
DREDD
BUT MEG FOUND THE TALISMAN OF SATANUS. IT SHOULD PROTECT US AGAINST HIM.
THE NEW WEAPONS CONTAINING DARK MATTER ARE READY, DREDD.
OKAY. IT'S PAYBACK TIME.
PATCH ME THROUGH TO X-FACE IN MEGA-CITY ONE.
FUX NEWS
HEAR ME, HUMANS! I AM LORD OMEGA, RULER OF MALEBOLGIA!
HE WHO PREPARES YOU FOR THE COMING OF LORD SATANUS!
I AM THE FOURTH PARTICLE MADE FLESH!
I AM THE EVIL THAT CANNOT BE RATIONALISED BY PSYCHOLOGY, WHICH WILL NOT BE EXPLAINED AWAY BY TRAUMA, EUGENICS OR FAMILY DYSFUNCTION!
I AM THE MISSING FACTOR. WHAT PSYCHOLOGISTS CALL... ...THE "X" FACTOR!
FUX NEWS
THAT'S THE KIND OF EVIL I CAN RESPECT, X-FACE. NO EXCUSES. NO PSYCHOBABBLE.
JUST PURE EVIL!
AH, JUDGE DREDD...
SAT-COM

NOW LISTEN GOOD. YOU AND YOUR DEMONS WILL COMMENCE IMMEDIATE EVACUATION OF MEGA-CITY ONE.
OR I WILL RAZE MALEBOLGIA TO THE GROUND AND BEGIN THE SUMMARY EXECUTION OF ITS INHABITANTS.
FOX NEWS
YOU'RE BLUFFING, DREDD! YOU DON'T HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY!
DREDD CAM
I NEVER BLUFF.
BEGIN!
NAKULA
DETONATE
KBOOOM
THIS CITY IS CONDEMNED!
MY CITY HALL!
WAIT! WAIT! ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I AGREE TO YOUR TERMS, DREDD!
MAKE SURE YOU STICK TO THEM. OR DON'T BOTHER COMING BACK, X-FACE.
YOU WON'T HAVE A CITY ANYMORE!


ARCHETYPER
THE NINTH CIRCLE. KALUZA:
WHAT'S THE FINAL CHAPTER TODAY, HATECRAFT?
A SUITABLE BLOCKBUSTER, I TRUST? PLANE CRASH? TERRORIST BOMB? DEADLY VIRUS?
WE THOUGHT "THE DEATH OF JUDGE DREDD", LORD DARKAGES.
EXCELLENT! MAKE SURE IT'S NOT AN EASY ONE.
AH, DREDD. WELCOME TO THE NINTH CIRCLE!
HERE MY AUTHORS OF MISFORTUNE COMPOSE THE MOST DEGRADING AND HORRIBLE ENDINGS TO HUMANS' LIFE STORIES.

ARCHETYPER
SUFFER
EACH DEATH IS THE PROTOTYPE FOR COUNTLESS DEATHS ACROSS TIME AND SPACE.
BECAUSE YOU HUMANS ARE JUST CARBON COPIES OF EACH OTHER! SO ALL YOUR EXECUTIONS OF PERPS WERE ACTUALLY DESIGNED BY US!
I DON'T BUY THAT. I MAKE MY OWN DECISIONS.
I AM JUDGE, JURY AND EXECUTIONER.
D
D
I
E

TIME FOR SOME...PULP FICTION!
ARCHETYPER
OBSERVE THE PATTERNS OF DESTINY ON THEIR FACES. WE DECIDE FATE--NOT YOU!
OUT OF MY WAY, YOU HELL-HACKS, OR YOU'LL FEEL MY CARBON BOOTPRINT.
ONWARDS!
SO WHAT'S THE PLOT, HATECRAFT?
IT INVOLVES THE FEMALE JUDGE. THEY CALL HER JUDGE "DONNA QUIXOTE" BECAUSE SHE'S ALWAYS "TILTING AT WINDMILLS".
DON'T TELL ME! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE HER KILL DREDD? BUT WHAT ABOUT MOTIVE? YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE MOTIVE! NO SLOPPY WRITING NOW!
I'LL HAVE DESTINOS WARP HER MIND...
...TURN HER INTO A MAD, CRAZY PSYCHO-BITCH!
WORKS FOR ME.

IT'S STRANGE, DREDD. I'VE ALWAYS FELT LIKE A HEROINE OUT OF A BOOK.
MY PROBLEM IS I'VE FORGOTTEN WHICH BOOK. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR MY AUTHOR.
DONNA
NOW I'VE FOUND HIM. AND I KNOW WHAT HE WANTS ME TO DO...
DREDD
WOP!
I HAVE TO CARRY OUT MY DESTINY!
WE MAKE OUR OWN DESTINY!
THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO! IT'S PRE-ORDAINED!
WE ARE THE AUTHORS OF OUR OWN MISFORTUNE!
COME TO YOUR SENSES, DONNA!

DONNA'S RIGHT. WE CAN'T ESCAPE WHO WE *REALLY* ARE...
JUDGE VAKULA, I REALLY THINK YOU SHOULD TAKE YOUR PLASMOX...
CAN'T FIGHT IT ANYMORE!
I KNEW IT...
...ONCE A BLOODSUCKER, ALWAYS A BLOODSUCKER!
GOT TO SURRENDER...
....TO MY *BASEST* INTINCTS!
VAKULA!

PLACE YOURSELF UNDER ARREST.
DOC-- PUMP HER WITH VACCINE.
AKULA
WHAT HAVE I DONE?
IT'S WHAT THE *DESTINOS* DID TO YOU.
DREDD
NO. IT'S MY *NATURE.* YOU HAVE TO EXECUTE ME, DREDD, FOR GROSS BETRAYAL OF DUTY.
YOUR FATE WILL BE DECIDED BY A JUDICIAL TRIBUNAL WHEN WE RETURN TO MEGA-CITY ONE.
NO. IN THE FIELD THE SENTENCE IS *ALWAYS* SUMMARY EXECUTION.
DREDD
IT'S YOUR *DUTY.*
YOUR FATE.
DO IT, DREDD!

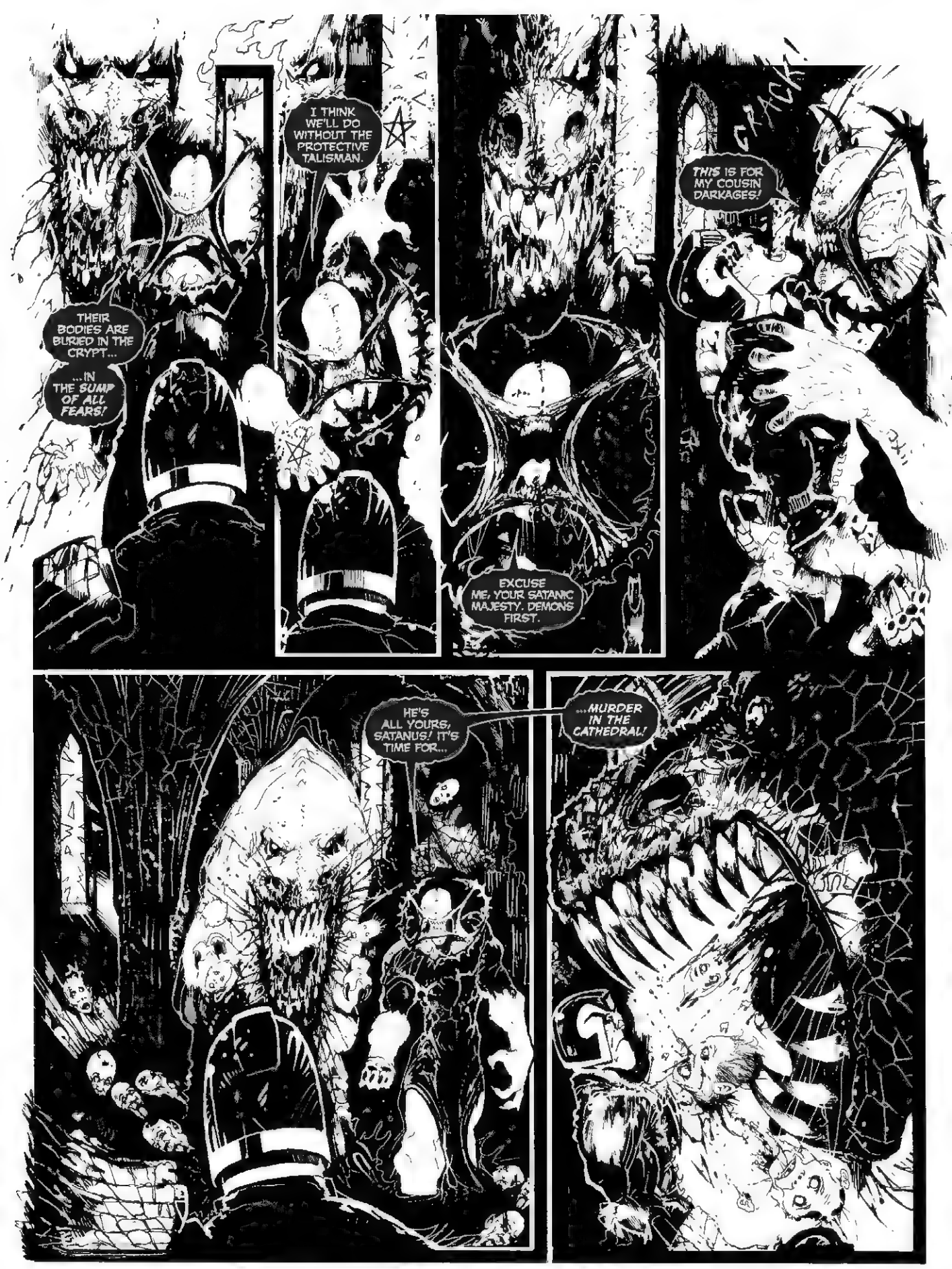
OKAY...IF YOU WON'T EXECUTE ME...
I'LL USE THE MICRO-BOMB I RIPPED OUT OF MEG!
STAY BACK! ALL OF YOU!
WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING, HUMAN? SOME NEW STORY TWIST, I HOPE?
NO! THE ARCHETYPER!
YOU CAN'T CHALLENGE FATE, DREDD!
I THINK MAYBE HE JUST DID.
DREDD
JUSTICE DEPT

I'M SORRY, DREDD. I SHOULD HAVE KEPT CONTROL.
FORGET IT, DONNA. WE'RE NOT UP AGAINST AN ORDINARY ENEMY.
BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU EXECUTE US?
IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO COUNTERACT THE DESTINOS.
TO CHEAT FATE.
TENTH CIRCLE AHEAD, DREDD!
OKAY, DONNA...
...LET'S HIT SOME WINDMILLS!
THE HUMANS THINK IT WILL BE EASY TO DEFEAT YOU, LORD SATANUS, BUT THEY HAVE YET TO FACE...
...THE SUMP OF ALL FEARS!

THE TENTH CIRCLE, KALUZA:
FROM THE BLOG OF DOCTOR SANDCRETE: A poisonous mist hung around the Tenth Circle of Kaluza as we approached our objective: the Cathedral of Satanus at 0730 on Day Twenty of our mission. ("Another lovely morning," I heard one of the Judges say sarcastically to another.)
Spectacular sheet lightning rolled around us accompanied by screams and laments of "Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here!"
There was a light shower of sulphuric acid rain but, as always, I was prepared.
Implosion Devices
LOOK AT HIM WRITING HIS STUPID BLOG! WHY DOESN'T HE GET A LIFE?
WE'RE NOT INTERESTED IN THEORIES! WILL THEY SEAL THE CRACK IN THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM AND STOP MEGA-CITY ONE BEING SUBSUMED?
PROBABLY. THERE ARE NO CERTAINTIES IN THIS WORLD. I REFER YOU TO PROFESSOR KALUZA'S LECTURES ON THE FOURTH DIMENSION, VOLUMES SIX TO TEN.
NOW YOU KNOW WHY THEY CALL HIM "DOCTOR TERROR"--HE'S SCARIER THAN ANY BLOODPRINT!

The interior of the Cathedral is positively Gothic in style. I have made some drawings of it, but I have not had time to transfer them to the computer yet. (I shall do so in due course.)
OKAY, LET'S PUT HIM DOWN.
YOU SURE YOUR BOMBS WILL WORK, DOC?
THEORETICALLY-- YES.
I DON'T LIKE IT, DONNA--THERE'S SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT HERE...
SATANUS KNOWS WE'RE COMING FOR HIM AND YET HE'S JUST SITTING THERE, GROOMING HIMSELF!
SATANUS
Implosion Device

SUDDENLY THE TYRANNOSAUR VOMITED UP SOME OF HIS EARLIER VICTIMS. HE NEEDED TO MAKE ROOM FOR DREDD.
IT WAS TIME.
HIT HIM WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!
GRUD! CAN'T...CAN'T MOVE!
I'M PARALYSED!
ME TOO!
AND I'M BREAKING OUT IN A COLD SWEAT!
TR-TR-TREMBLING!
YES, YOU ARE ALL FROZEN WITH FEAR FROM THE DARK MATTER BENEATH YOUR FEET.
FROM THE COWARD BLOODPRINTS WE SENTENCED TO THE GUILLOTINE! THE ARCHETYPES FOR EVERY COWARD THROUGHOUT HISTORY!


I THINK WE'LL DO WITHOUT THE PROTECTIVE TALISMAN.
THEIR BODIES ARE BURIED IN THE CRYPT...
...IN THE SUMP OF ALL FEARS!
EXCUSE ME, YOUR SATANIC MAJESTY. DEMONS FIRST.
CRACK
THIS IS FOR MY COUSIN DARKAGES!
HE'S ALL YOURS, SATANUS! IT'S TIME FOR...
...MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL!

FEAR IS NOT REAL—IT'S A *DELUSION!*
SNAP!
SATANUS *IS* REAL! LET'S DEAL WITH HIM!
STAB!
YEAH! OVER HERE, YOU DEVIL BEAST!
NOW, DREDD! BLAST HIM WITH *DARK MATTER!*
DIE, YOU SONAFABITCH!

HE'S DYING!
THE BULLETS ARE RIPPING A HOLE IN SATANUS!
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! WHAT KIND OF MAN ARE YOU?
I AM THE LAW!
DOC! SET THE IMPLOSION CHARGES FOR SIX MINUTES!
THE REST OF YOU-- EVACUATE THE CATHEDRAL!
NO! I AM THE LORD OF DESTINY! I AM YOUR MASTER!
X-FACE! FOR THE CRIME OF GENOCIDE OF THE CITIZENS OF MEGA-CITY ONE, I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH!
...FORTHWITH!
SENTENCE TO BE CARRIED OUT...
NOOOO!

ACTIVATE 30s!
COME ON, DREDD! THE CHARGES ARE GONNA BLOW IN FOUR MINUTES!
SATANUS IS FADING IN AND OUT OF DIMENSION! GOT TO MAKE SURE OF HIM!
TIME ENOUGH...
...FOR THE FINAL JUDGEMENT!
HIS HEART!
THE HEART OF DARKNESS!
EAT IT!
EAT YOUR HEART OUT!

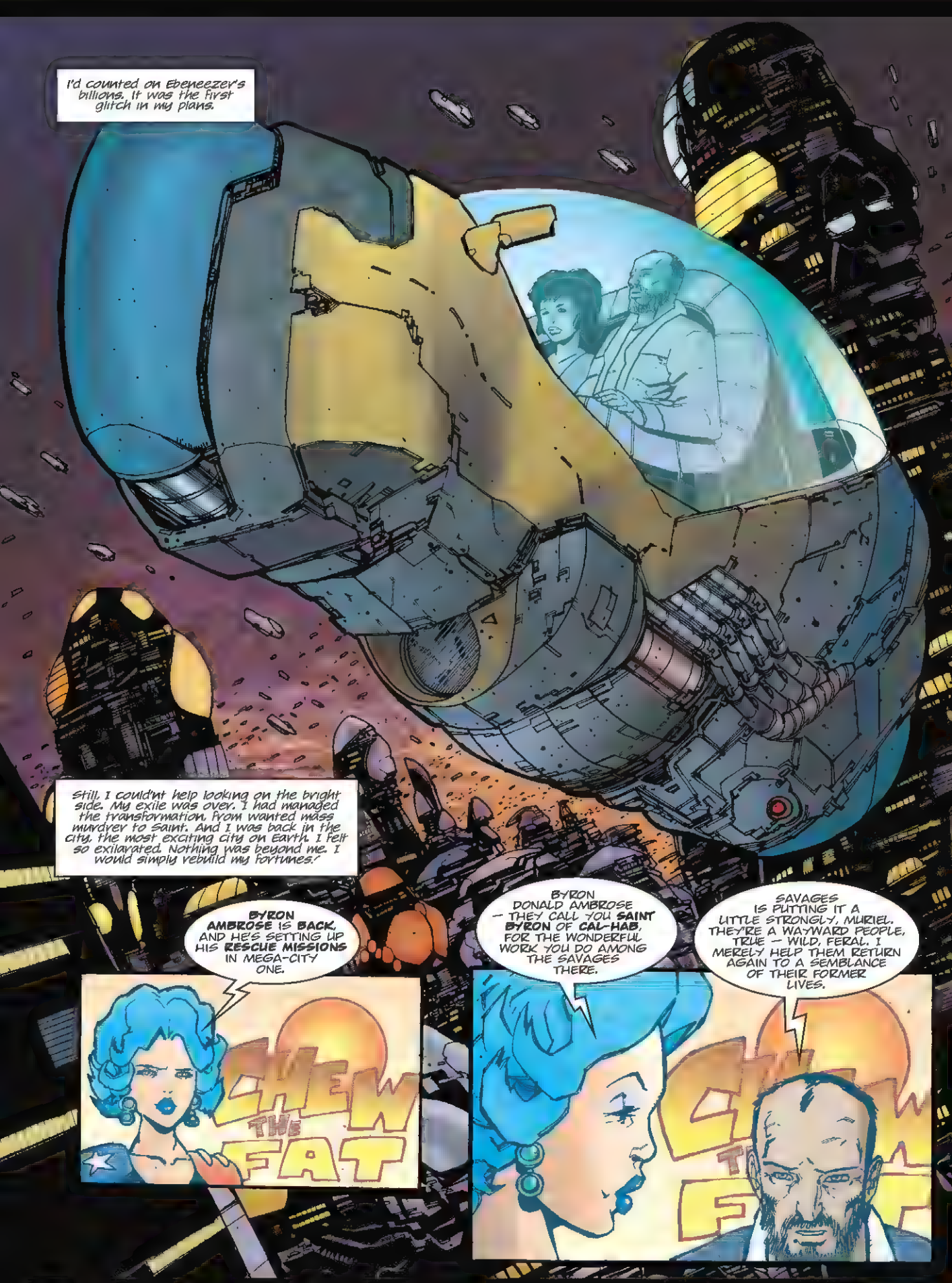
YES...THE SOURCE OF THE DARK MATTER IS SEALED! MEGA-CITY ONE IS SAFE!
YOU SAVED MY LIFE, ARKANE. WHY WOULD A JUDGE KILLER DO THAT?
MAYBE I LIKE TO CHEAT MY DESTINY TOO, DREDD.
I'LL SEE YOU RECEIVE A JUDICIAL PARDON.
I'M NOT GOING BACK, DREDD. I'VE FRIENDS AMONGST THE BLOODPRINTS. I *LIKE IT* HERE IN KALUZA.
BESIDES WE'VE ALL THIS *MERCHANDISING* TO SELL THEM--T-SHIRTS, MUSIC, BIG MEG TEATS!
AND YOU?
I STAND BY MY MAN.
OF COURSE.
WE'RE THINKING OF STARTING OUR OWN *CHAVOCRACY* HERE!
MERCHANDISE
MERCH
LET'S GET BACK TO *OUR* BIG MEG.
SETTING A COURSE...
...FOR HOME!

Well! Another busy day over! But everything is finally calm as we begin our journey back towards the dimension portal. I shall never understand why Judges insist on driving those huge motorbikes; the Hellrover I ride in is far more comfortable.
The demons in the Eighth Circle are positively mythological in style: dragons, Medusas and black unicorns. At night there is the occasional Minotaur to be heard: they make a weird grunting noise. A winged demon wielding a huge meat cleaver just landed on our Hellrover, which Judge Dredd killed, and I have seen more centaurs. (You can spot them by the burning candles on their backs.)
But most of the Bloodprints leave us alone, because they have seen just how awe-ful Justice is. They will heed Dredd's final warning:
"Don't make me come back or I'll do it to you all over again!"
THE END

JOHN WAGNER
HENRY FLINT
ART
LEN O'GRADY
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS
JUDGE DREDD
THE GINGERBREAD MAN
ANDEAN BLOOD BUGS. NEIGHBOURS NOTICED THEM COMING THROUGH THE VENTS. SUPERVISOR TRACED THEM TO THIS APARTMENT.
LARVAE HATCH IN 48 HOURS, SPEND ANOTHER EIGHT DAYS FEEDING BEFORE EMERGING AS ADULTS, SO WE CAN PUT TIME OF DEATH AT ROUGHLY TEN DAYS AGO.
TESTS SHOW HEAVY TRACES OF A PARALYSING AGENT, HYPENTRITHOL, IN THE VICTIM — AND IN THIS.
WE'RE ASSUMING HE WAS INDUCED TO INGEST THE MISSING SECTION AND FELL INTO A STATE OF PARALYSIS. THE BUGS WERE THEN RELEASED.
BLOOD BUGS NORMALLY LAY IN CARRION, BUT THEY'LL HAPPILY TAKE LIVE MEAT IF YOU LET THEM.
I'M THE GINGERBREAD MAN
A GRUESOME DEATH. THIS CREEP WANTS US TO SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE.
THE GINGERBREAD MAN...

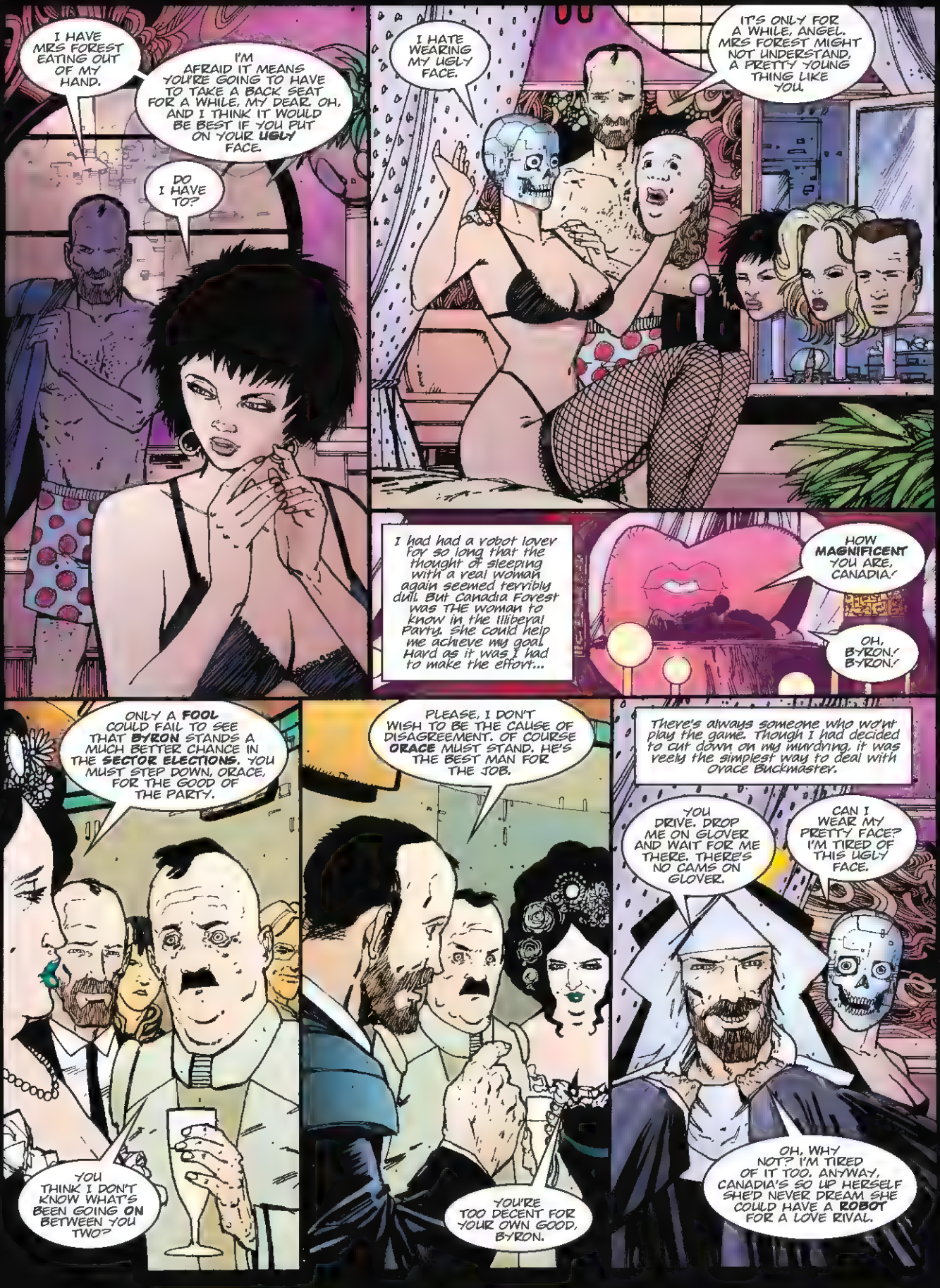
VICTIM ABDUL McDODD. 34. LIVED ALONE. AVERAGE SORT OF PROFILE. WHY HAD HE BEEN SINGLED OUT? ENEMIES?
I TAKE IT THERE'S NO IN-BLOCK SURVEILLANCE?
NEGATIVE. RESIDENTS VOTED TO HAVE THE CAMS REMOVED. FOR PRIVACY.
THAT COULD BE THE REASON RIGHT THERE. DAMN FOOLS. LEFT THEMSELVES OPEN FOR EVERY CREEP AND NUTCASE.
THERE WAS NO SIGN OF A STRUGGLE. I'M GUESSING McDODD LET THE KILLER OR KILLERS IN. THEY MAY HAVE BEEN ARMED, BUT IT'S MORE LIKELY THEY SIMPLY SCAMMED HIM WITH THE GINGERBREAD.
CHECK WITH THE NEIGHBOURS, PARK. SEE IF ANYONE SAW OR HEARD ANYTHING.
IT'S PROBABLE McDODD WAS ALIVE AND AWARE WHEN THE BUGS ATE INTO HIM — PERHAPS FOR SEVERAL DAYS AFTERWARD WHILE THE MAGGOTS HATCHED AND GORGED.
SOMEBODY MUST HAVE HATED THIS GUY REAL BAD.
OR IT COULD HAVE BEEN RANDOM, TOTALLY RANDOM. JUST McDODD'S BAD LUCK.
WHERE WOULD THE KILLER GET THESE BUGS?
IMPORTED AS EGGS — WOULDN'T TAKE UP MUCH SPACE. EASY TO SMUGGLE.
ZOOS MAYBE. PRIVATE COLLECTIONS. NOT THE SORT OF THING MANY PEOPLE KEEP.
UNLESS THEY'RE PLANNING TO MURDER SOMEONE.

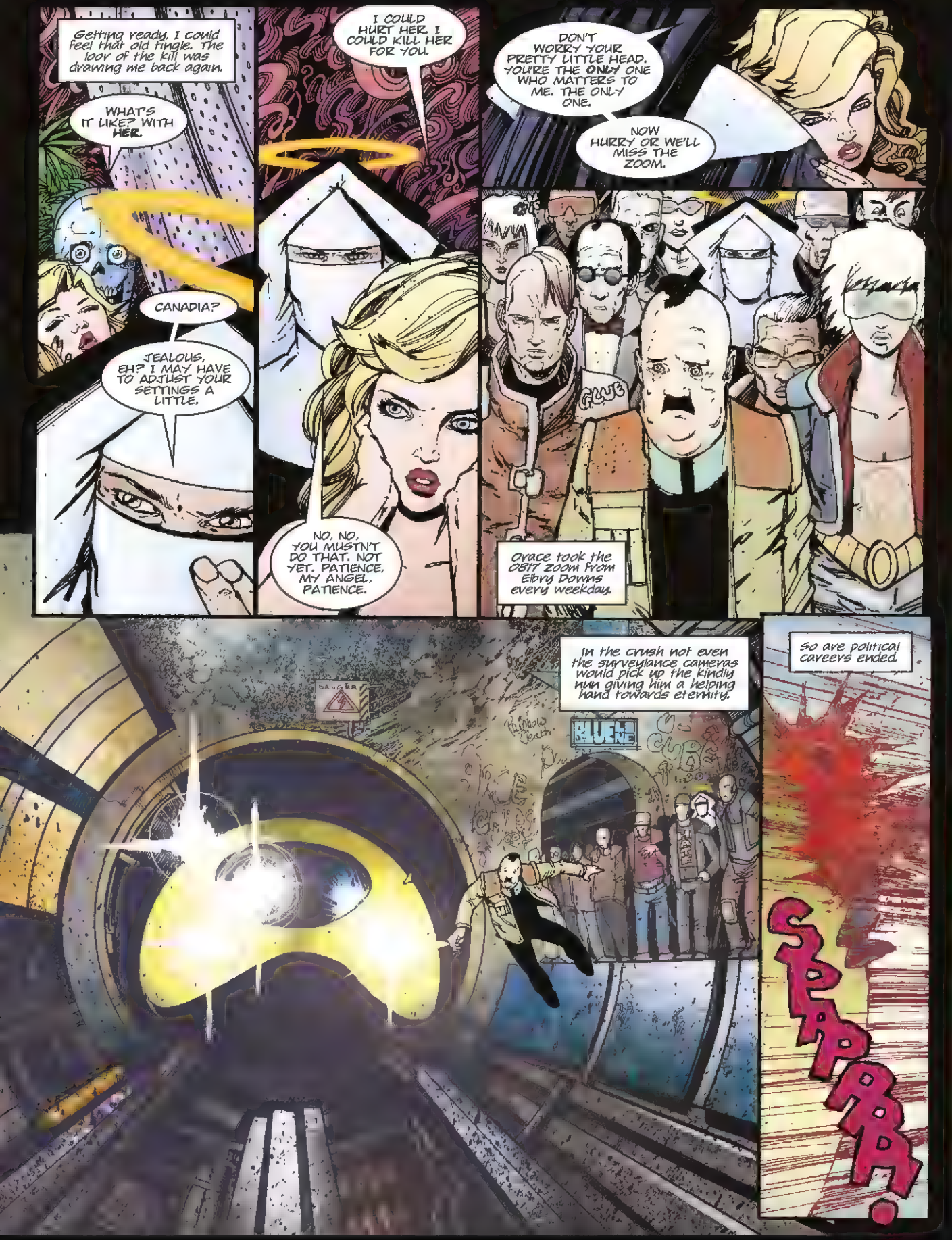
I hadn't intended to kill again. Not on any grand scale anyway.
Don't get me wrong, I had no qualms about killing, it just didn't figure much in my plans anymore. I had a new part to play — Saint Byron of Cal-Hab.
SO YOU'VE COME BACK, HAVE YOU?
Why, I was even nice to my grandfather — or rather Byron Ambrose's grandfather...
GRUD SPOKE TO ME, GRANDFATHER!
BYRON DONALD AMBROSE, HE SAID,! YOUR GRANDFATHER IS YOUR ONLY LIVING RELATIVE,! NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU HATE THE WAY HE MADE HIS VAST BILLIONS, YOU MUST LOVE HIM!
SO I'VE COME HOME, GRANDFATHER,! AND I'VE FORGIVEN YOU!
GRUD.! HMMPH.!
CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT MY MONEY AFTER ALL, EH?
GRANDFATHER — REALLY.! YOU KNOW MONEY MEANS NOTHING TO ME.!
GOOD.! 'COS YOU'RE NOT GETTING A CREDIT FROM ME.! I'VE CUT YOU OUT OF MY WILL.! DO YOU HEAR ME? YOU'VE MADE YOUR BED, AND NOW YOU CAN DAMN WELL LIE ON IT.!
How would he have felt if he'd known I was in fact notorious mass murderer PJ Maybe and that his only grandson had been burnt to a crisp in my funeral pire? Probably quite pleased, I imagine.
AND WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR VOICE?
IT'S THOSE HARSH CAL-HAB WINTERS, GRANDFATHER. AND A LIFETIME OF UNSTINTING SELF-SACRIFICE.
WELL, YOU CAN TAKE YOUR SELF-SACRIFICE AND YOUR CAL-HAB WINTERS AND YOUR STUPID FACE AND GET OUT.! AND DON'T BOTHER COMING BACK!
I NEVER LIKED YOU.! SANCTIMONIOUS LITTLE PRAT.!


I'd counted on Ebeneezer's billions. It was the first glitch in my plans.
Still, I couldn't help looking on the bright side. My exile was over. I had managed the transformation from wanted mass murderer to saint. And I was back in the city, the most exciting city on Earth. I felt so exilarated. Nothing was beyond me. I would simply rebuild my fortunes.
BYRON DONALD AMBROSE IS BACK, AND HE'S SETTING UP HIS RESCUE MISSIONS IN MEGA-CITY ONE.
CHEW THE FAT
BYRON DONALD AMBROSE — THEY CALL YOU SAINT BYRON OF CAL-HAB, FOR THE WONDERFUL WORK YOU DO AMONG THE SAVAGES THERE.
SAVAGES IS PUTTING IT A LITTLE STRONGLY, MURIEL. THEY'RE A WAYWARD PEOPLE, TRUE — WILD, FERAL. I MERELY HELP THEM RETURN AGAIN TO A SEMBLANCE OF THEIR FORMER LIVES.

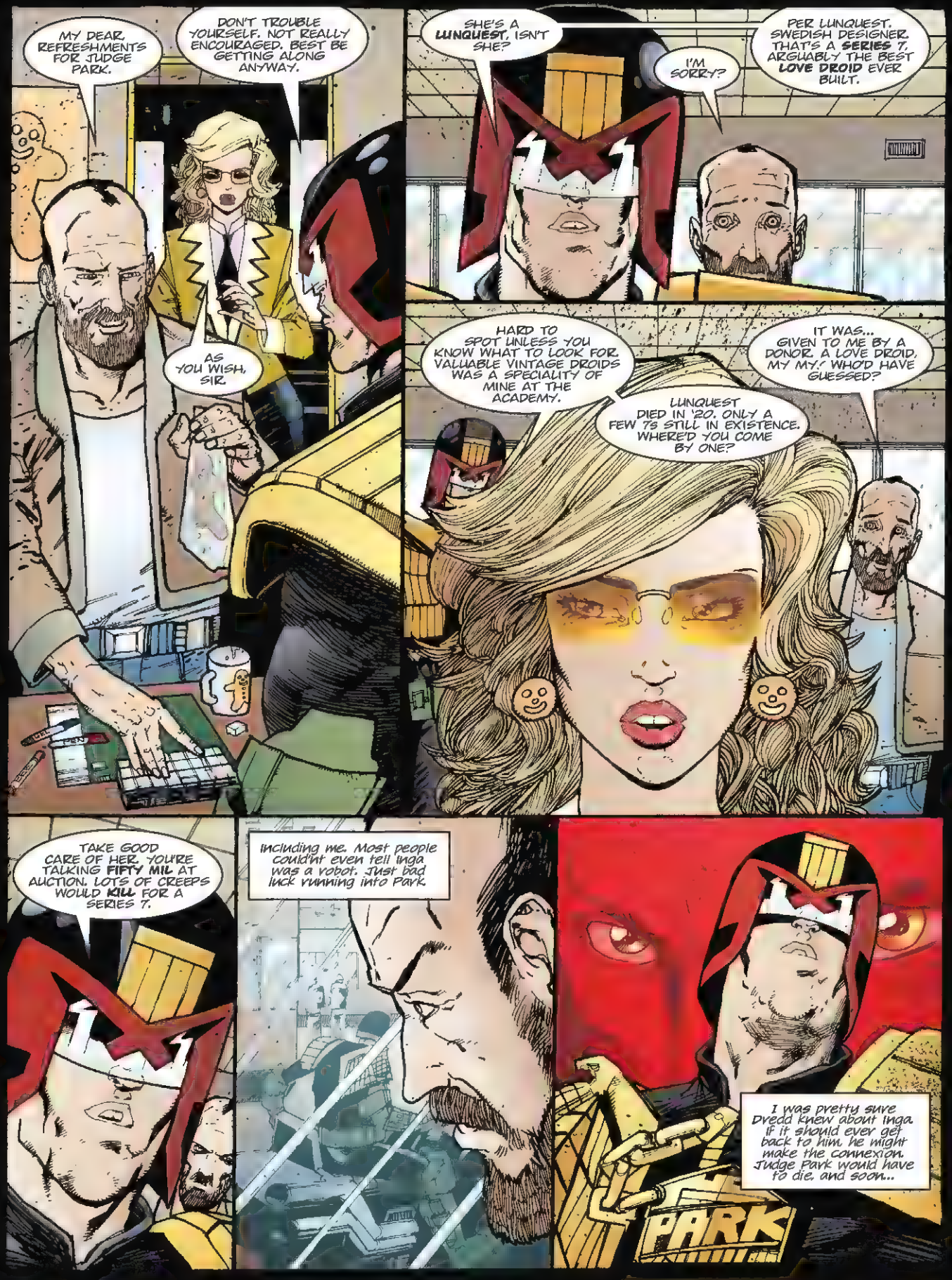
YOU'RE SO MODEST. WE HAVE HERE SOME SHOTS OF YOU WITH YOUR FLOCK, FILMED FOR A DOCUMENTARY LAST YEAR...
WHEN BYRON AMBROSE ARRIVED ON THIS BLEAK, WINDSWEPT STRETCH OF THE CAL-HAB WASTELAND THE NATIVES WERE LIVING IN CAVES AND GRUBBING FOR SHELLFISH AND SLIMYFORMS ON THE POLLUTED BEACH.
THEY WERE AGGRESSIVE AND ABUSIVE, REJECTING ANY CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD.
NOW, THOUGH HABITS OF A LIFE OF GRINDING POVERTY ARE STILL DEEPLY INGRAINED, THEY'VE TRULY COME OUT OF THEIR OWN SHELLS —
HEY, PAL, GIES A SHOT O A TENNER TILL FRIDAY!
YOU GOT ANYTHING FER EATIN', MISTER?
YOUSE WANNA BUY MA SISTER?
BYRON, REMARKABLE PROGRESS. IT MUST DO YOUR HEART GOOD TO HELP BRING THESE PEOPLE BACK INTO THE LIGHT.
IT'S HARD TO BE UNHAPPY WHEN YOU'RE DOING GRUD'S WORK.
HEY, CHIEF, YOUSE GAUNY NEGOTIATE APPEARANCE FEES AN' AT?
AND NOW YOU'RE OPENING MISSIONS IN MEGA-CITY ONE, WHY HERE?
IT'S SO EASY TO IGNORE THE MISERY AND UNHAPPINESS RIGHT UNDER OUR FEET.
I LOOK AROUND THIS CITY AND I SEE THE DISAFFECTED, THE DISPOSSESSED, THOSE WHO FEEL SOCIETY HAS NO PLACE FOR THEM, WHO FEEL UNWANTED AND UNLOVED.
THERE'S NO SHORTAGE OF THEM, THAT'S FOR SURE. BUT WON'T THIS BE AN EXPENSIVE UNDERTAKING?
YES INDEED, MURIEL. BUT THAT'S WHERE I KNOW THE GOOD AND GENEROUS PEOPLE OF THIS CITY WILL HELP BY GIVING GENEROUSLY TO THE BYRON AMBROSE GINGERBREAD MAN APPEAL.
BUY GENEROUSLY
BAKED BY AMBROSE INC.
GINGERBREAD MEN
3 PACK
PROFITS GO TO BARON AMBROSE MISSIONS

YES! FORTY-NINE PER CENT OF EVERY CRED YOU SPEND ON GINGERBREAD MEN GOES TO SUPPORT BYRON AMBROSE MISSIONS!
The Gingerbread Men are coming your way! Help a misfit out today!
THEY'VE GOT JUVES SELLING THE THINGS DOOR TO DOOR IN EVERY BLOCK, ON A TWENTY PER CENT COMMISSION. GOING TO BE HARD TO TRACE ONE BISCUIT.
WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THIS BYRON AMBROSE?
THE SON OF LUCIEN AND ALHAMBRA, KILLED IN NECROPOLIS. GRANDFATHER IS EBENEEZER INDUSTRIES. AS I UNDERSTAND IT BYRON DISOWNED HIM AND WENT TO DO GRUD'S WORK.
HIS FIRST MEGA-CITY MISSION OPENED IN SECTOR 9 EIGHT MONTHS AGO. HE'S A COUNCILLOR IN THE SAME SECTOR — STRONG JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SUPPORTER.
THEN HE SHOULD BE HELPFUL. GO AND SEE HIM. TAKE THE EVIDENCE. MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT HE MIGHT RECOGNISE, PIN IT DOWN A LITTLE.
IT'S A DELIGHT TO MEET YOU, MR AMBROSE. I SO ADMIRE YOU, DOING SUCH WONDERFUL WORK IN THE COMMUNITY.
PLEASE, CALL ME BYRON.
AND YOU DISOWNED YOUR OWN GRANDFATHER. I DO SO LIKE A MAN WHO STICKS TO HIS PRINCIPLES.
I MUST CONFESS, MRS FOREST, THAT I HAVE RECENTLY MADE MY PEACE WITH HIM. ONE MUST STILL LOVE, EVEN THOUGH ONE DISAPPROVES.
WHAT A GOOD MAN YOU ARE. I WONDER, BYRON, IF YOU HAVE EVER CONSIDERED RUNNING FOR POLITICAL OFFICE?
AND PLEASE, CALL ME CANADIA.

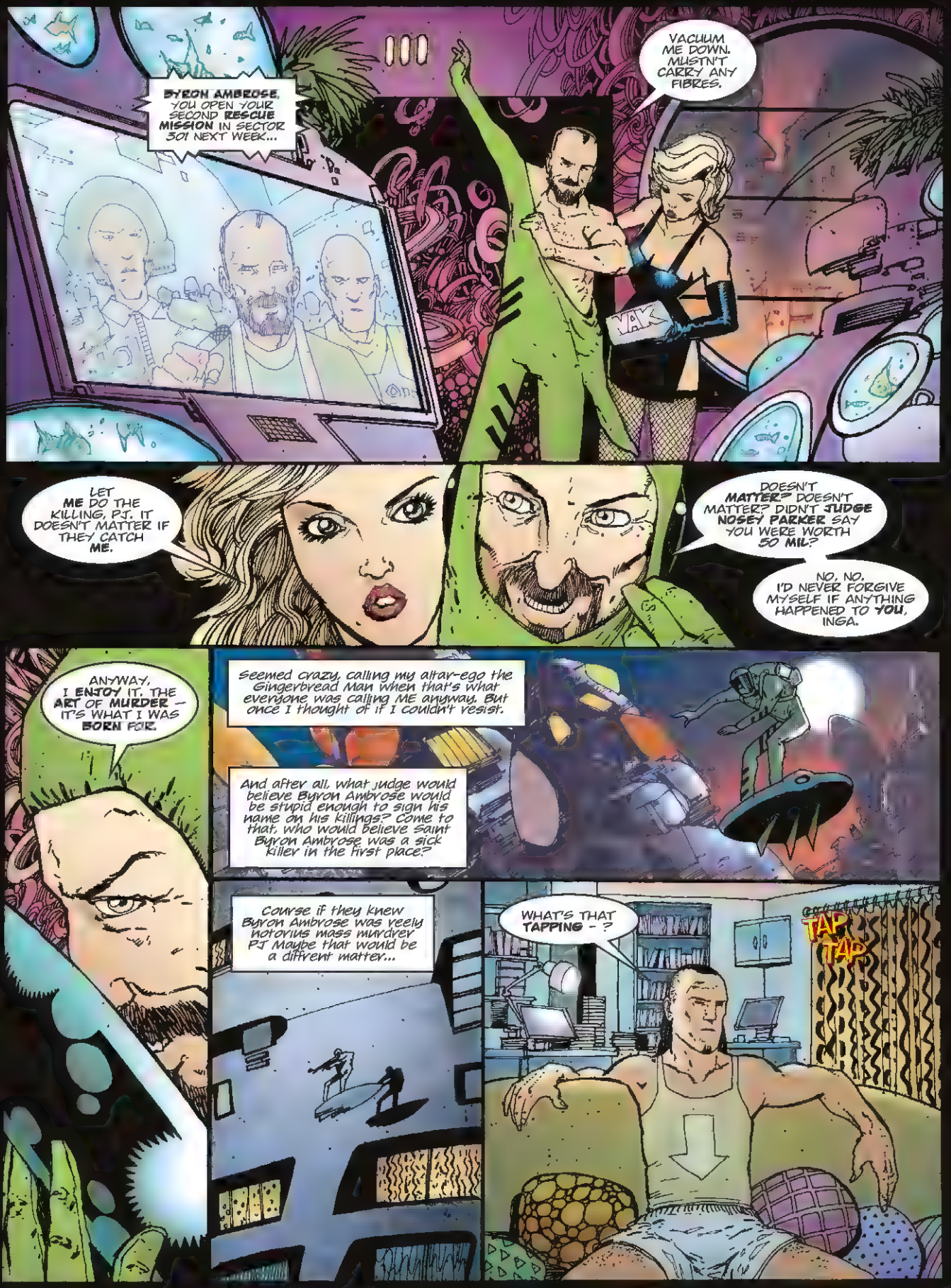

I HAVE MRS FOREST EATING OUT OF MY HAND.
I'M AFRAID IT MEANS YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE A BACK SEAT FOR A WHILE, MY DEAR. OH, AND I THINK IT WOULD BE BEST IF YOU PUT ON YOUR UGLY FACE.
DO I HAVE TO?
I HATE WEARING MY UGLY FACE.
IT'S ONLY FOR A WHILE, ANGEL. MRS FOREST MIGHT NOT UNDERSTAND, A PRETTY YOUNG THING LIKE YOU.
I had had a robot lover for so long that the thought of sleeping with a real woman again seemed terribly dull. But Canadia Forest was THE woman to know in the Illiberal Party. She could help me achieve my goal. Hard as it was I had to make the effort...
HOW MAGNIFICENT YOU ARE, CANADIA!
OH, BYRON! BYRON!
ONLY A FOOL COULD FAIL TO SEE THAT BYRON STANDS A MUCH BETTER CHANCE IN THE SECTOR ELECTIONS. YOU MUST STEP DOWN, ORACE, FOR THE GOOD OF THE PARTY.
YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON BETWEEN YOU TWO?
PLEASE, I DON'T WISH TO BE THE CAUSE OF DISAGREEMENT. OF COURSE ORACE MUST STAND. HE'S THE BEST MAN FOR THE JOB.
YOU'RE TOO DECENT FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, BYRON.
There's always someone who won't play the game. Though I had decided to cut down on my murdering, it was really the simplest way to deal with Orace Buckmaster.
YOU DRIVE. DROP ME ON GLOVER AND WAIT FOR ME THERE. THERE'S NO CAMS ON GLOVER.
CAN I WEAR MY PRETTY FACE? I'M TIRED OF THIS UGLY FACE.
OH, WHY NOT? I'M TIRED OF IT TOO. ANYWAY, CANADIA'S SO UP HERSELF SHE'D NEVER DREAM SHE COULD HAVE A ROBOT FOR A LOVE RIVAL.


Getting ready, I could feel that old tingle. The loor of the kill was drawing me back again.
WHAT'S IT LIKE? WITH HER.
CANADIA?
JEALOUS, EH? I MAY HAVE TO ADJUST YOUR SETTINGS A LITTLE.
I COULD HURT HER. I COULD KILL HER FOR YOU.
NO, NO, YOU MUSTN'T DO THAT. NOT YET. PATIENCE, MY ANGEL, PATIENCE.
DON'T WORRY YOUR PRETTY LITTLE HEAD. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO MATTERS TO ME. THE ONLY ONE.
NOW HURRY OR WE'LL MISS THE ZOOM.
Orace took the 08:17 zoom from Elbry Downs every weekday.
In the crush not even the surveyance cameras would pick up the kindly nun giving him a helping hand towards eternity.
So are political careers ended.
SPPRR!

Just in case, though, I thought it wise to muddy the scent by doing a couple more nun killings.
I was nothing if not thorough.
I WISH YOU WOULDN'T TAKE SUCH CHANCES, PJ.
DON'T WORRY, THAT'S THE LAST.
FOR NOW.
And so Byron Donald Ambrose was duly elected councillor for sector 9. As it happened, Oraces' death was called accidental, so I need'nt have worried.
A MURDER, YOU SAY? OH MY!
AND MY GINGERBREAD WAS FOUND AT THE SCENE? THAT'S TERRIBLE! TERRIBLE!
PARK
CREEP EVEN CALLS HIMSELF THE GINGERBREAD MAN.
OH DEAR! THEY'VE STARTED CALLING ME THAT.
IT'S BECAUSE OF MY APPEAL, I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I'M INVOLVED, JUDGE PARK?
SAINT BYRON OF CAL-HAB? I THINK WE CAN SAFELY RULE YOU OUT.
YEAR
I WISH I COULD BE MORE HELP. I'M AFRAID IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL WHICH BATCH IT CAME FROM. THEY'RE ALL BAKED TO A STRICT STANDARD, YOU SEE.
I DO HOPE NONE OF THIS WILL GET OUT. IT COULD DO OUR REPUTATION TERRIBLE DAMAGE.
WE'RE NOT RELEASING THE GINGERBREAD ANGLE — DON'T WANT TO GIVE THIS CREEP THE PUBLICITY HE CRAVES.


MY DEAR. REFRESHMENTS FOR JUDGE PARK.
DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELF. NOT REALLY ENCOURAGED. BEST BE GETTING ALONG ANYWAY.
AS YOU WISH, SIR.
SHE'S A LUNQUEST, ISN'T SHE?
I'M SORRY?
PER LUNQUEST. SWEDISH DESIGNER. THAT'S A SERIES 7. ARGUABLY THE BEST LOVE DROID EVER BUILT.
HARD TO SPOT UNLESS YOU KNOW WHAT TO LOOK FOR. VALUABLE VINTAGE DROIDS WAS A SPECIALITY OF MINE AT THE ACADEMY.
LUNQUEST DIED IN '20. ONLY A FEW 7S STILL IN EXISTENCE. WHERE'D YOU COME BY ONE?
IT WAS... GIVEN TO ME BY A DONOR. A LOVE DROID, MY MY. WHO'D HAVE GUESSED?
TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER. YOU'RE TALKING FIFTY MIL AT AUCTION. LOTS OF CREEPS WOULD KILL FOR A SERIES 7.
including me. Most people couldn't even tell Inga was a robot. Just bad luck running into Park.
I was pretty sure Dredd knew about Inga. If it should ever get back to him, he might make the connexion. Judge Park would have to die, and soon...
PARK

Subtlety's never been my strong point, but IV'e always considered myself a creative murderer. Like how I brought the blood bug eggs all the way from South America, just cos I guest one day I'd get a chance to use them.
Same as the Poison I used to kill Cobb Williams and his nice girlfriend...
THIS CREEP'S PLAYING A DANGEROUS GAME!
YOU CANT CATCH ME IM THE GINGERBREAD MAN
PARK
DREDD
BAKED BY GINGERBREAD INC.
GINGERBREAD MEN
GINGERBREAD


BYRON AMBROSE, YOU OPEN YOUR SECOND RESCUE MISSION IN SECTOR 501 NEXT WEEK...
VACUUM ME DOWN. MUSTN'T CARRY ANY FIBRES.
VAK
LET ME DO THE KILLING, PJ. IT DOESN'T MATTER IF THEY CATCH ME.
DOESN'T MATTER? DOESN'T MATTER? DIDN'T JUDGE NOSEY PARKER SAY YOU WERE WORTH 50 MIL?
NO, NO, I'D NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU, INGA.
ANYWAY, I ENJOY IT. THE ART OF MURDER — IT'S WHAT I WAS BORN FOR.
Seemed crazy, calling my alter-ego the Gingerbread Man when that's what everyone was calling ME anyway. But once I thought of it I couldn't resist.
And after all, what judge would believe Byron Ambrose would be stupid enough to sign his name on his killings? Come to that, who would believe saint Byron Ambrose was a sick killer in the first place?
Course if they knew Byron Ambrose was reely notorius mass murdrer PJ Maybe that would be a diffrent matter...
WHAT'S THAT TAPPING - ?
TAP TAP

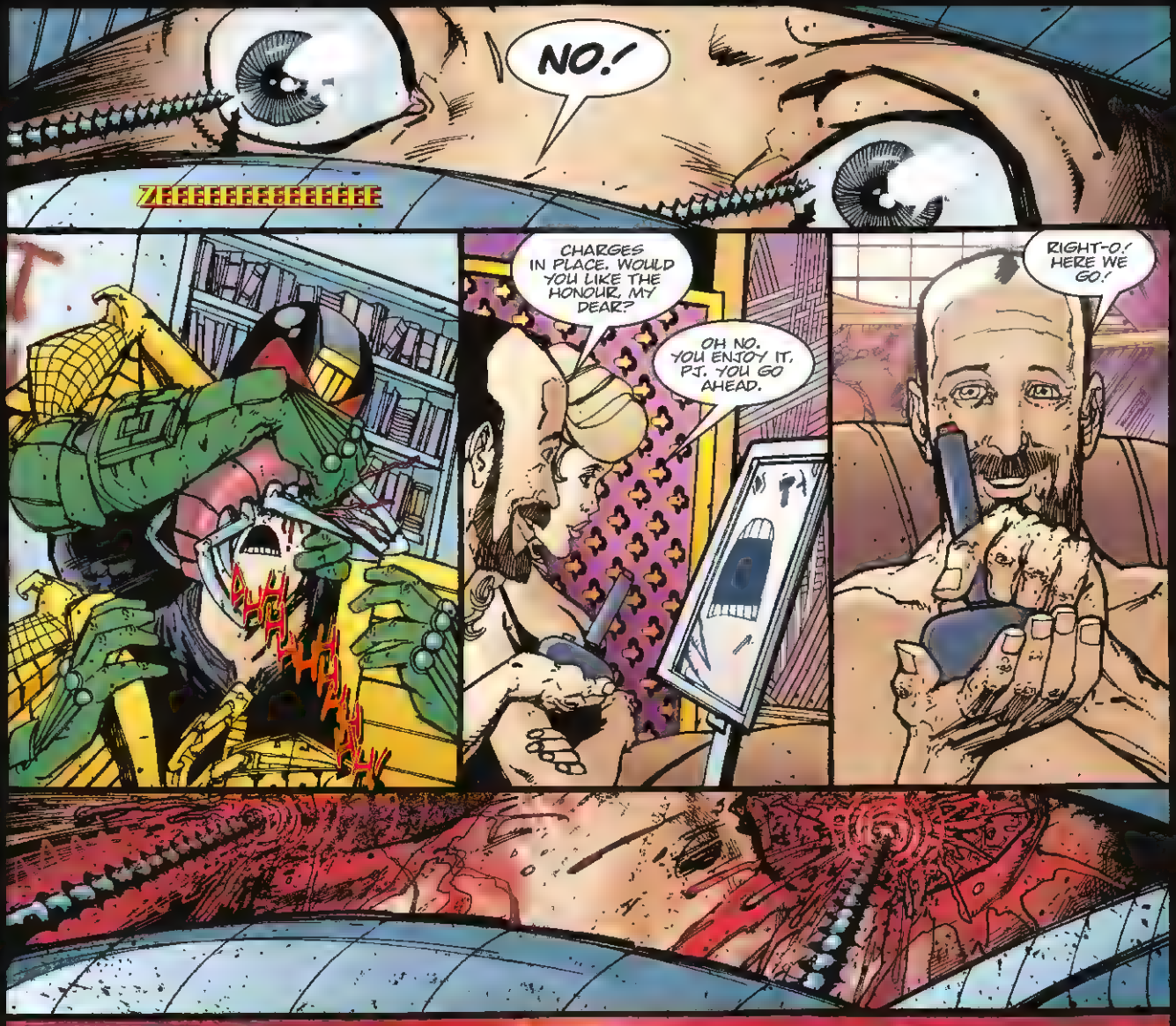
HUH - ?
HEY, GIRDA! YOU'RE NEVER GONNA BELIEVE THIS! BYRON AMBROSE JUST LANDED ON OUR BALC!
MY APOLOGIES. MY BOARD LOST POWER AND I THOUGHT I'D BETTER SEEK THE FIRST AVAILABLE LANDING PLACE.
NO PROBLEM, MAN! I'VE SEEN YOU ON THE VID LOTS OF TIMES!
WHO IS IT, HON?
OH GAWD! OH GAWD! IT'S HIM! THE GINGERBREAD MAN! IT'S REALLY HIM! OH GAWD! OH GAWD!
I WONDER IF YOU'D LIKE TO TRY ONE?
WE GOT OUR OWN! JIVE CAME ROUND SELLING THEM JUST YESTERDAY. THERE'S A COINCIDENCE!
THESE ARE SPECIAL. WE'RE TRYING OUT A NEW VARIETY. IN FACT, I WAS ON MY WAY TO CONDUCT A TASTE TEST. I WONDER IF YOU'D BOTH LIKE TO TAKE PART?
A TASTE TEST! OH GAWD!
I'D SAY THAT TASTES... A LITTLE MORE GINGERY, MAYBE.
YEAH, MORE GINGERY. OR...OR IS THERE LESS...?
THUMP
THUMP

YOUR MUSCLES WILL BE FULLY PARALYSED NOW, BUT YOU SHOULD STILL BE ABLE TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON.
DIDN'T EXPECT TWO OF YOU. LUCKILY, THERE'S PLENTY OF THIS TO GO ROUND.
THERRRRE WE ARE. NICE BIG SYRINGE FULL. IT'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED. OUGHT TO WORK REALLY FAST.
IT'S A LITTLE **BIO-POISON** I GREW FROM THE **MOUTH BACTERIA** OF A LIZARD.
JUST ABOUT THE MOST VIRULENT STRAINS YOU CAN FIND, MOUTH BACTERIA. THOSE LITTLE FELLAS WILL JUST EAT YOU UP. I'M GUESSING IT'LL **LIQUIDISE** YOUR INSIDES PRETTY QUICK.
SUPPOSE IT'S A STRANGE TURN OF EVENTS, **BYRON AMBROSE** SHOWING UP TO **INJECT** YOU WITH **LETHAL BACTERIA.**
WEIRD OLD WORLD, HUH? I OFTEN THINK THAT.
YOU KNOW, YOU GROW UP WITH THESE BIG PLANS — YOU'VE GOT YOUR WHOLE LIFE MAPPED OUT — SPEND YEARS CONNIVING AND STRUGGLING AND STRIVING... THEN WHAM! SOME CRAZED KILLER INJECTS YOU WITH **LIZARD VENOM**, END OF STORY.
I MEAN, WHAT WAS THE **POINT** OF IT ALL? MAKES OUR LIVES SEEM SO **MEANINGLESS.**
OKAY, GOOD, I CAN SEE YOUR ARM TURNING **BLACK** — THE FLESH IS NECROTISING NICELY.
GOOD BLOTCHING THERE. OH! YOU'RE BURNING UP!
YES, I LIKE THIS. I'LL DEFINITELY USE THIS AGAIN.
JUST GOING TO TAKE A FEW PICTURES TO SHOW MY GIRLFRIEND.
POINTLESS ASKING YOU TO **SMILE**, I SUPPOSE.

COBB WILLIAMS, 40, RESIDENT OF THIS APARTMENT. GIRDA JANE FOYLES, 29, APARTMENT 3398, BOLSHOI BUILDINGS.
WILLIAMS IS AN UNEMPLOYMENT ADVISOR WORKING FROM HOME. FOYLES RAN KITCHEN CLUB FORUMS, QUITE WELL KNOWN IN LOCAL BLOCKS.
I SPOKE TO HER MOTHER. SHE SAID FOYLES AND WILLIAMS HAD BEEN IN A RELATIONSHIP SINCE MARCH. OFTEN SPENT THE NIGHT IN EACH OTHER'S APARTMENTS.
BAD NIGHT TO CHOOSE THIS ONE.
BLOCK SURVEILLANCE CAMS SHOW FOYLES ARRIVING AT 17.59. SHE CODED HERSELF IN. HER COM STARTED SENDING A DISTRESS SIGNAL AT 23.24. BLOCK SUPERVISOR ENTERED WITH A PASS KEY AT 23.30, FOUND THEM LIKE THIS.
NO ONE ELSE WAS RECORDED ENTERING OR LEAVING BETWEEN FOYLES AND THE SUPERVISOR.
SO THE KILLER HAD COME IN VIA THE BALCONY.
NO SIGN OF FORCED ENTRY, AND THAT WINDOW IS BULLETPROOF SECURITY GLASS. UNLESS IT WAS UNLOCKED, WE HAVE TO BELIEVE WILLIAMS VOLUNTARILY OPENED IT TO LET HIS KILLER IN.
SAME AS ABDUL MCDODD.
SO WHAT IS IT ABOUT THIS CREEP THAT HELPS HIM GAIN HIS VICTIMS' CONFIDENCE...?
THAT'S DREDD.' OH BOY, HE'S ON THE CASE.'
HE'D KNOW ABOUT YOU, INGA. THAT'S FOR SURE. JUST AS WELL NOSEY PARKS GOING TO GET HIS.
WE'RE ESTIMATING TIME OF DEATH AT AROUND 23.00, GIVE OR TAKE.
SO THE KILLER MUST'VE ACTIVATED FOYLES' COM DISTRESS SIGNAL HIMSELF. WHY?
HE DIDN'T ALERT US TO THE MCDODD MURDER — WHY TELL US ABOUT THIS ONE?

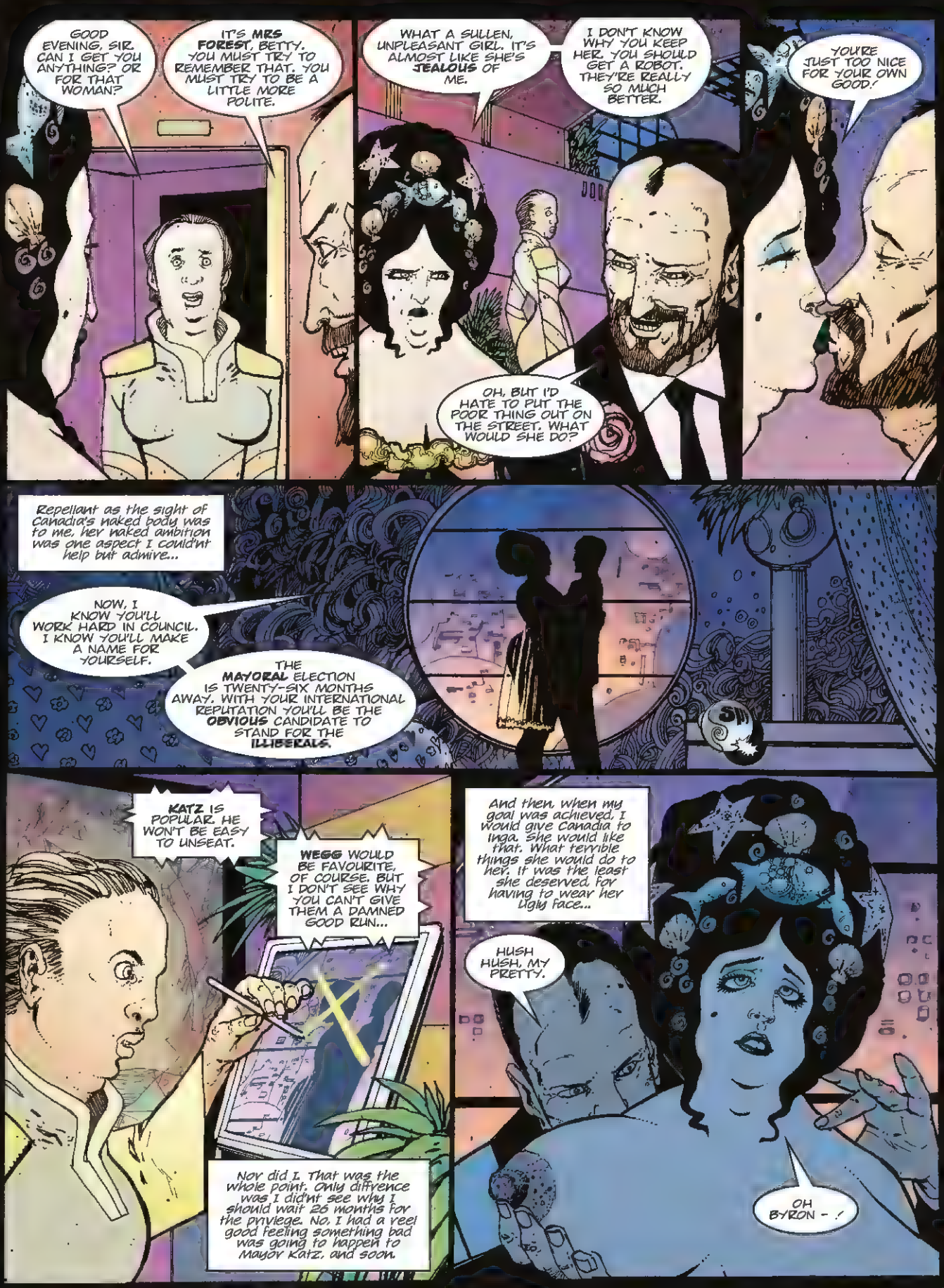
ONCE AGAIN WE BELIEVE VICTIMS WERE FIRST **PARALYSED**. WE'VE DETECTED THE AGENT ON FRAGMENTS OF GINGERBREAD.
DEATH WAS CAUSED BY A SUPER-AGGRESSIVE **NECROSIS** OF THE **FLESH**. VICTIMS, WE BELIEVE, WERE **INJECTED** WITH A KIND OF **BACTERIAL SOUP**...
FRANKLY, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT. I'LL GIVE YOU THE FULL ANALYSIS AS SOON AS IT'S AVAILABLE.
WHAT I CAN TELL YOU IS YOU'RE CLEARLY DEALING WITH A **PSYCHOPATHIC** PERSONALITY.
WE FIGURED THAT OUT FOR OURSELVES.
THE KILLER IS **CHALLENGING** YOU. HE **LIKES** RISK — HE GETS OFF ON IT. BUT HE THINKS HE'S SMARTER THAN YOU — "YOU CAN'T CATCH THE GINGERBREAD MAN."
HIS FONDNESS FOR CHILDHOOD **ALLUSION** SUGGESTS PROBLEMS EARLY IN HIS DEVELOPMENT. IF YOU KNEW WHERE TO LOOK, THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE YOU'D FIND SOME RECORD OF HIM ON JUVIE FILES.
NOTE ALSO THE SPELLING AND PUNCTUATION ERRORS.
THERE'S AN INCONSISTENCY THERE. PARK, YOU GOT THAT PRINT OF THE FIRST MESSAGE?
RIGHT HERE.
GINGERBREAD. HE GOT IT WRONG. HOW COULD HE GET GINGERBREAD WRONG?
WHAT IS IT?
JUST REMEMBERING ANOTHER SICK CREEP WHO COULDN'T SPELL...
CHECK THROUGH JUVIE FILES, PARK — ANY CONNECTION TO GINGERBREAD — NURSERY STORIES — THAT SORT OF THING.
AND LOOK FOR A CONNECTION — **COBB WILLIAMS** AND **ABDUL MCDODD**. I'M ASSUMING WILLIAMS WAS THE INTENDED VICTIM HERE, BUT DON'T IGNORE **FOYLES** EITHER.
YOU DON'T THINK THE VICTIMS COULD BE RANDOM CHOICES?
I'VE GOT AN OPEN MIND. BUT THERE'S USUALLY A REASON — USUALLY A LINK.
GOTCHA!

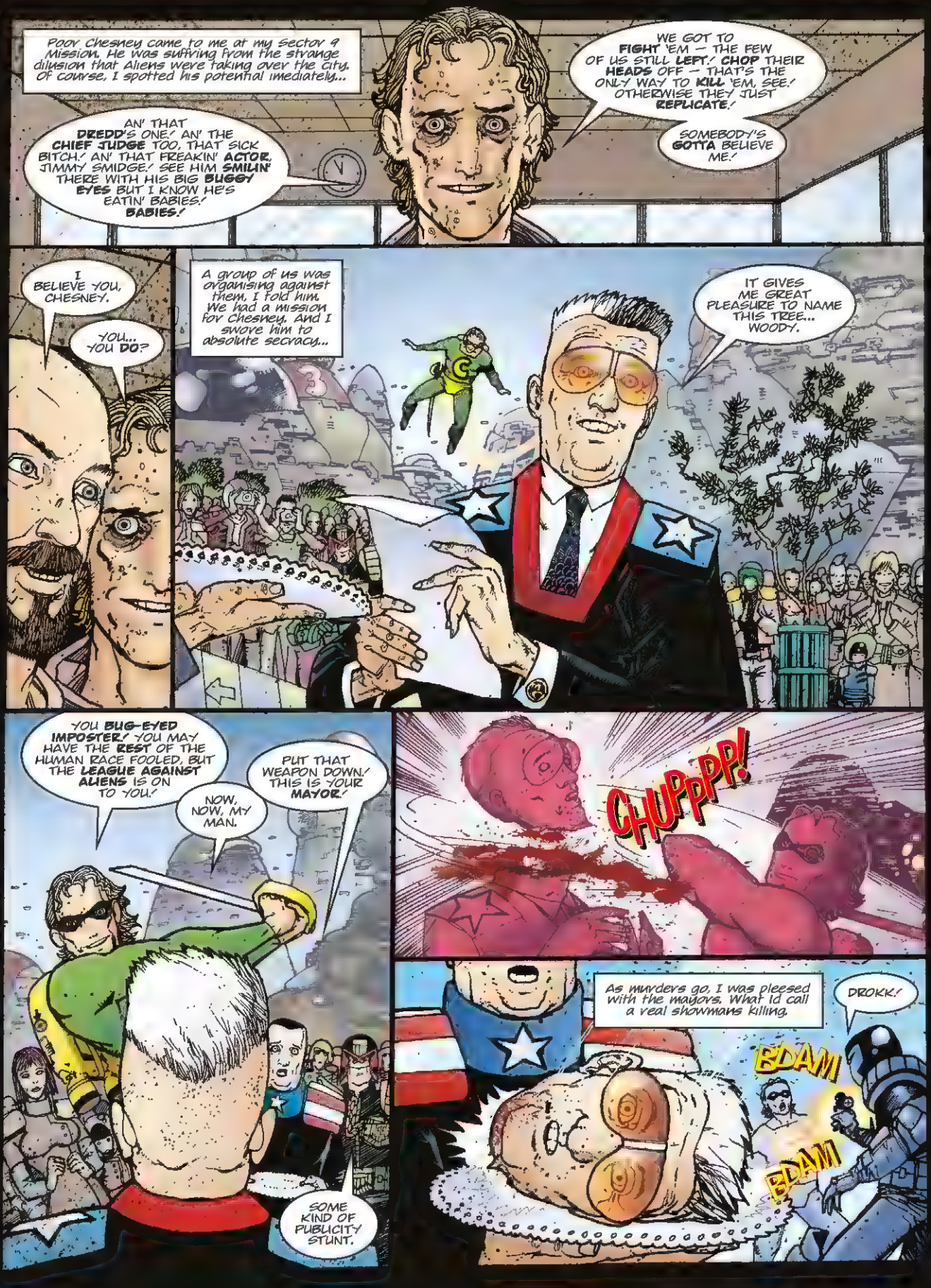
SPROING
PARK
PARK!
GUH- GET IT OFF ME!

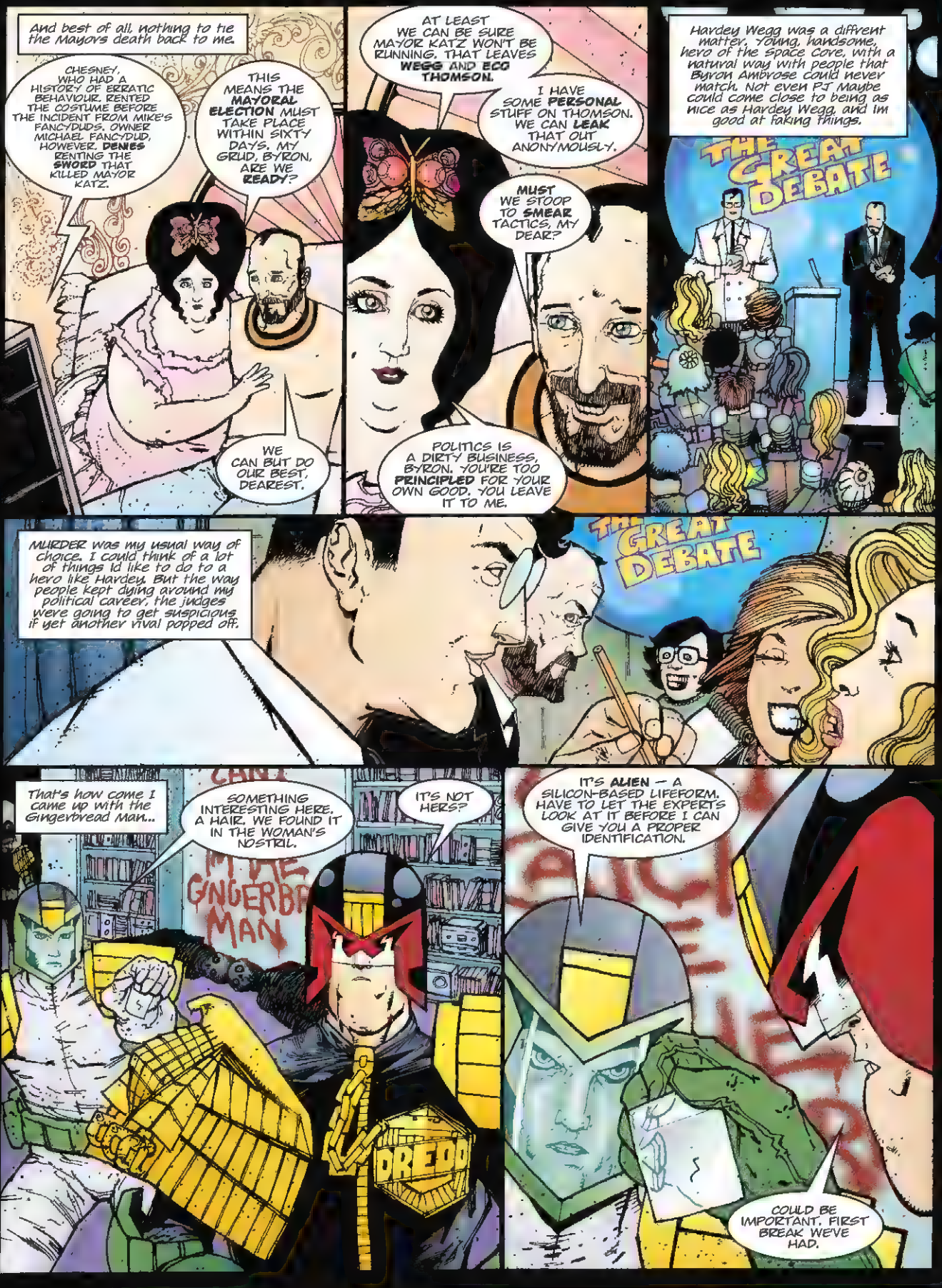

NO!
ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
CHARGES IN PLACE. WOULD YOU LIKE THE HONOUR, MY DEAR?
OH NO. YOU ENJOY IT, PJ. YOU GO AHEAD.
RIGHT-O! HERE WE GO!

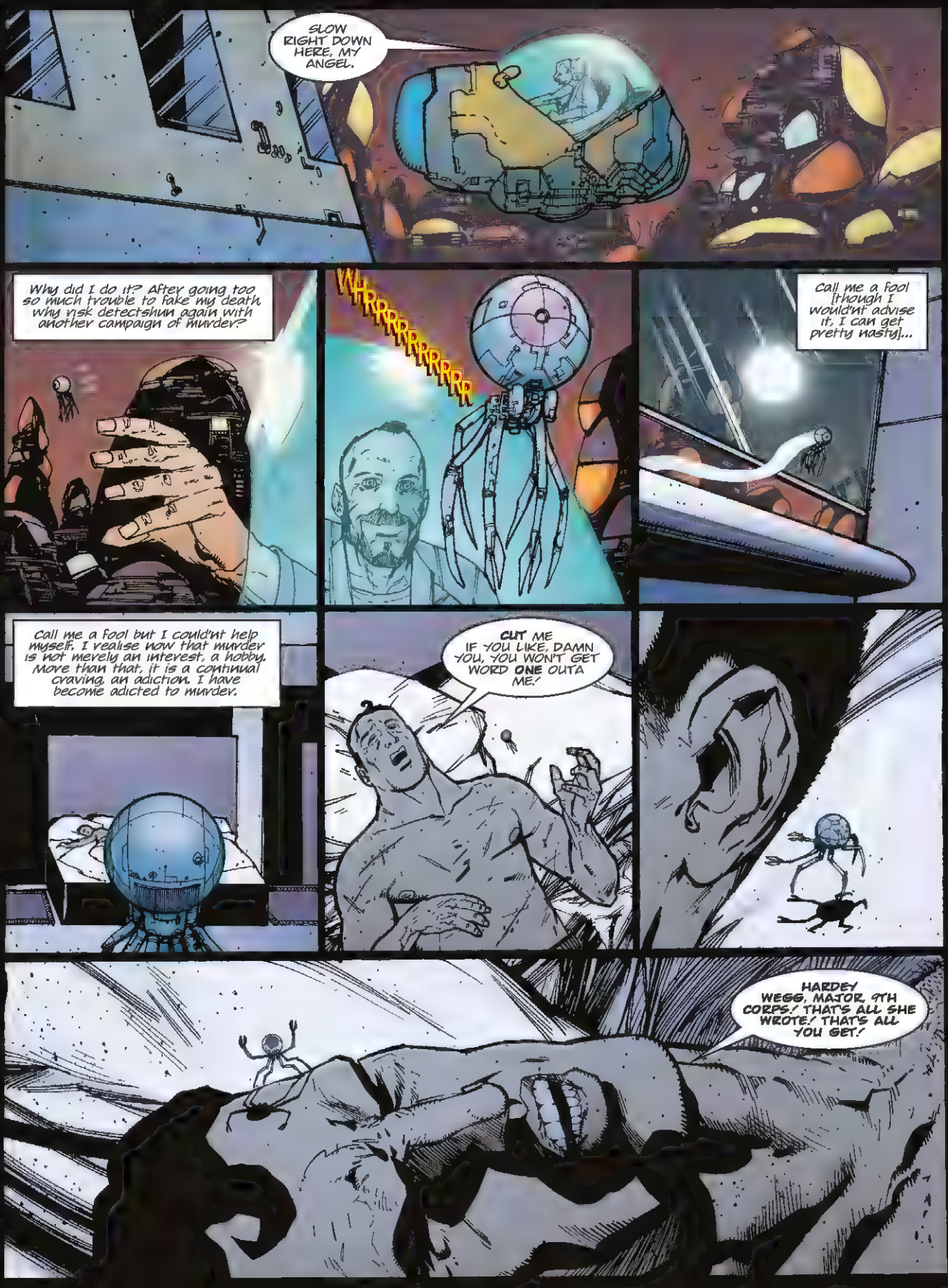
VAWCCCCCCCCOM

STAY ALERT! THERE COULD BE MORE OF THEM!
GRUDDAM MANIAC!
PARK
So much for Judge Nosey Park. And another giant step along the twisted path that leads to my goal.
A journey that had begun with such a simple little murder...
A WONDERFUL VICTORY, BYRON! COUNCILLOR FOR SECTOR 9! SO FORTUITOUS, GRACE BUCKMASTER FALLING UNDER THAT ZOOM AND LEAVING THE NOMINATION CLEAR FOR YOU!
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN LUCKY THAT WAY, CANADIA.

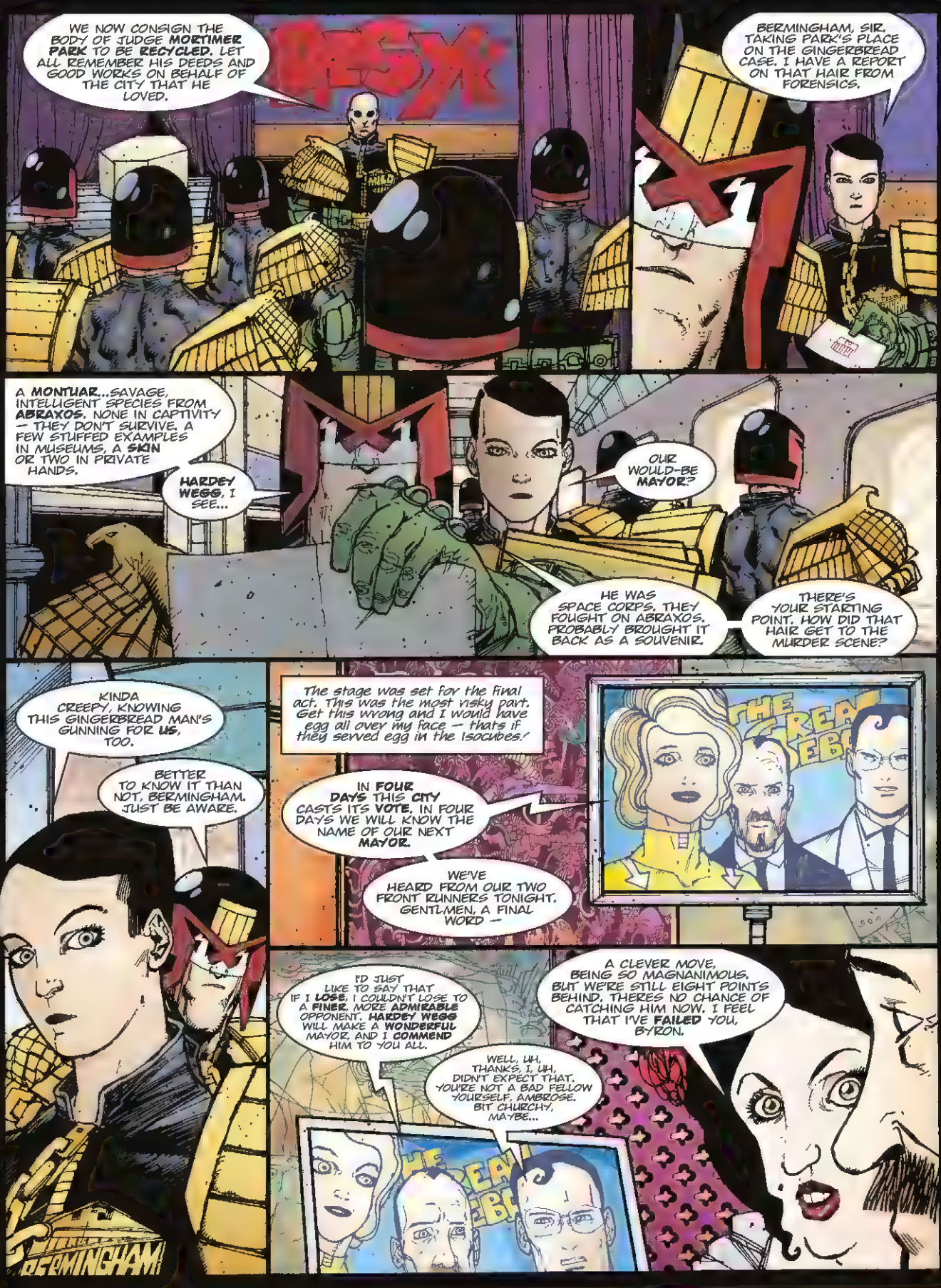

GOOD EVENING, SIR. CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING? OR FOR THAT WOMAN?
IT'S MRS FOREST, BETTY. YOU MUST TRY TO REMEMBER THAT. YOU MUST TRY TO BE A LITTLE MORE POLITE.
WHAT A SULLEN, UNPLEASANT GIRL. IT'S ALMOST LIKE SHE'S JEALOUS OF ME.
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU KEEP HER. YOU SHOULD GET A ROBOT. THEY'RE REALLY SO MUCH BETTER.
OH, BUT I'D HATE TO PUT THE POOR THING OUT ON THE STREET. WHAT WOULD SHE DO?
YOU'RE JUST TOO NICE FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.
Repellant as the sight of Canadia's naked body was to me, her naked ambition was one aspect I could'nt help but admire...
NOW, I KNOW YOU'LL WORK HARD IN COUNCIL. I KNOW YOU'LL MAKE A NAME FOR YOURSELF.
THE MAYORAL ELECTION IS TWENTY-SIX MONTHS AWAY. WITH YOUR INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION YOU'LL BE THE OBVIOUS CANDIDATE TO STAND FOR THE ILLIBERALS.
KATZ IS POPULAR. HE WON'T BE EASY TO UNSEAT.
WEGG WOULD BE FAVOURITE, OF COURSE, BUT I DON'T SEE WHY YOU CAN'T GIVE THEM A DAMNED GOOD RUN...
Nor did I. That was the whole point. Only diffyence was I did'nt see why I should wait 26 months for the privilege. No, I had a reel good feeling something bad was going to happen to Mayor Katz, and soon.
And then, when my goal was achieved, I would give Canadia to Inga. She would like that. What terrible things she would do to her. It was the least she deserved for having to wear her ugly face...
HUSH HUSH, MY PRETTY.
OH BYRON - !


Poor Chesney came to me at my Sector 9 Mission. He was suffering from the strange delusion that Aliens were taking over the city. Of course, I spotted his potential immediately...
AN' THAT DREDD'S ONE.' AN' THE CHIEF JUDGE TOO, THAT SICK BITCH.' AN' THAT FREAKIN' ACTOR, JIMMY SMIDGE.' SEE HIM SMILIN' THERE WITH HIS BIG BUGGY EYES BUT I KNOW HE'S EATIN' BABIES.' BABIES.'
WE GOT TO FIGHT 'EM — THE FEW OF US STILL LEFT.' CHOP THEIR HEADS OFF — THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO KILL 'EM, SEE.' OTHERWISE THEY JUST REPLICATE.'
SOMEBODY'S GOTTA BELIEVE ME.'
I BELIEVE YOU, CHESNEY.
YOU... YOU DO?
A group of us was organising against them, I told him. We had a mission for Chesney. And I swore him to absolute secrecy...
IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO NAME THIS TREE... WOODY.
YOU BUG-EYED IMPOSTER.' YOU MAY HAVE THE REST OF THE HUMAN RACE FOOLED, BUT THE LEAGUE AGAINST ALIENS IS ON TO YOU.'
NOW, NOW, MY MAN.
PUT THAT WEAPON DOWN.' THIS IS YOUR MAYOR.'
SOME KIND OF PUBLICITY STUNT.
CHUPPPP!
As murders go, I was pleased with the mayors. What id call a real showmans killing.
DROKK.'
BDAM
BDAM


And best of all, nothing to tie the Mayors death back to me.
CHESNEY, WHO HAD A HISTORY OF ERRATIC BEHAVIOUR, RENTED THE COSTUME BEFORE THE INCIDENT FROM MIKE'S FANCYDUDS. OWNER MICHAEL FANCYDUD, HOWEVER, **DENIES** RENTING THE **SWORD** THAT KILLED MAYOR KATZ.
THIS MEANS THE **MAYORAL ELECTION** MUST TAKE PLACE WITHIN SIXTY DAYS. MY GRUD, BYRON, ARE WE **READY**?
WE CAN BUT DO OUR BEST, DEAREST.
AT LEAST WE CAN BE SURE MAYOR KATZ WON'T BE RUNNING. THAT LEAVES **WEGG** AND **ECO THOMSON.**
I HAVE SOME **PERSONAL** STUFF ON THOMSON. WE CAN **LEAK** THAT OUT ANONYMOUSLY.
MUST WE STOOP TO **SMEAR** TACTICS, MY DEAR?
POLITICS IS A DIRTY BUSINESS, BYRON. YOU'RE TOO **PRINCIPLED** FOR YOUR OWN GOOD. YOU LEAVE IT TO ME.
Hardey Wegg was a diffrent matter. Young, handsome, hero of the space Core, with a natural way with people that Byron Ambrose could never match. Not even PJ Maybe could come close to being as nice as Hardey Wegg, and Im good at faking things.
THE GREAT DEBATE
MURDER was my usual way of choice. I could think of a lot of things Id like to do to a hero like Hardey. But the way people kept dying around my political career, the judges we've going to get suspicious if yet another rival popped off.
THE GREAT DEBATE
That's how come I came up with the Gingerbread Man...
SOMETHING INTERESTING HERE. A HAIR. WE FOUND IT IN THE WOMAN'S NOSTRIL.
IT'S NOT HERS?
THE GINGERBR MAN
DREDD
IT'S **ALIEN** — A SILICON-BASED LIFEFORM. HAVE TO LET THE EXPERTS LOOK AT IT BEFORE I CAN GIVE YOU A PROPER IDENTIFICATION.
COULD BE IMPORTANT. FIRST BREAK WE'VE HAD.


SLOW RIGHT DOWN HERE, MY ANGEL.
Why did I do it? After going too so much trouble to fake my death, why risk detectshun again with another campaign of murder?
WHRRRRRRRRRRRR
Call me a fool [though I wouldn't advise it, I can get pretty nasty]...
Call me a fool but I could'nt help myself. I realise now that murder is not merely an interest, a hobby. More than that, it is a continual craving, an adiction. I have become adicted to murder.
CUT ME IF YOU LIKE, DAMN YOU, YOU WON'T GET WORD ONE OUTA ME!
HARDEY WEGG, MAJOR, 9TH CORPS! THAT'S ALL SHE WROTE! THAT'S ALL YOU GET!

DIDN'T LIKE THAT, DID YOU? FILTHY SCROTES, YOU THINK YOU SCARE ME?
PING!
HIT 'EM NINERS! WHITEY, WATCH YOUR FLANK!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, DAMMIT, IT'S JUST A FLESH WOUND! GIVE 'EM HELL!
YOU'RE HAVING ANOTHER OF YOUR NIGHTMARES, MAJOR.
Its the power, yes. Ill admit that. There's a Thrill you get, from killing, that's like nothing else. But its the challenge too, of outwiting the judges. Of taking them on Dredd and all his cohorts, and showing them im smarter.
MONTJAR SHOT BY HARDEY NEW
It wasnt that I couldnt stop — I just didnt wan't to. And why should I?
YOU WONDER WHY THE PEOPLE WANT A BATTERED OLD WARHORSE LIKE ME, EH, SERGEANT? STILL, TEN DAYS TO GO AND WE'RE EIGHT POINTS AHEAD IN THE POLLS!
I was the Gingerbread Man. They'd never catch me.


WE NOW CONSIGN THE BODY OF JUDGE MORTIMER PARK TO BE RECYCLED. LET ALL REMEMBER HIS DEEDS AND GOOD WORKS ON BEHALF OF THE CITY THAT HE LOVED.
BERMINGHAM, SIR. TAKING PARK'S PLACE ON THE GINGERBREAD CASE. I HAVE A REPORT ON THAT HAIR FROM FORENSICS.
A MONTUAR...SAVAGE, INTELLIGENT SPECIES FROM ABRAXOS. NONE IN CAPTIVITY — THEY DON'T SURVIVE. A FEW STUFFED EXAMPLES IN MUSEUMS, A SKIN OR TWO IN PRIVATE HANDS.
HARDEY WEGG, I SEE...
OUR WOULD-BE MAYOR?
HE WAS SPACE CORPS. THEY FOUGHT ON ABRAXOS. PROBABLY BROUGHT IT BACK AS A SOUVENIR.
THERE'S YOUR STARTING POINT. HOW DID THAT HAIR GET TO THE MURDER SCENE?
KINDA CREEPY, KNOWING THIS GINGERBREAD MAN'S GUNNING FOR US, TOO.
BETTER TO KNOW IT THAN NOT, BERMINGHAM. JUST BE AWARE.
BERMINGHAM
The stage was set for the final act. This was the most risky part. Get this wrong and I would have egg all over my face — thats if they served egg in the isocubes!
IN FOUR DAYS THIS CITY CASTS ITS VOTE. IN FOUR DAYS WE WILL KNOW THE NAME OF OUR NEXT MAYOR.
WE'VE HEARD FROM OUR TWO FRONT RUNNERS TONIGHT. GENTLMEN, A FINAL WORD —
I'D JUST LIKE TO SAY THAT IF I LOSE, I COULDN'T LOSE TO A FINER, MORE ADMIRABLE OPPONENT. HARDEY WEGG WILL MAKE A WONDERFUL MAYOR, AND I COMMEND HIM TO YOU ALL.
WELL, UH, THANKS, I, UH, DIDN'T EXPECT THAT. YOU'RE NOT A BAD FELLOW YOURSELF, AMBROSE. BIT CHURCHY, MAYBE...
A CLEVER MOVE, BEING SO MAGNANIMOUS. BUT WE'RE STILL EIGHT POINTS BEHIND. THERES NO CHANCE OF CATCHING HIM NOW. I FEEL THAT I'VE FAILED YOU, BYRON.

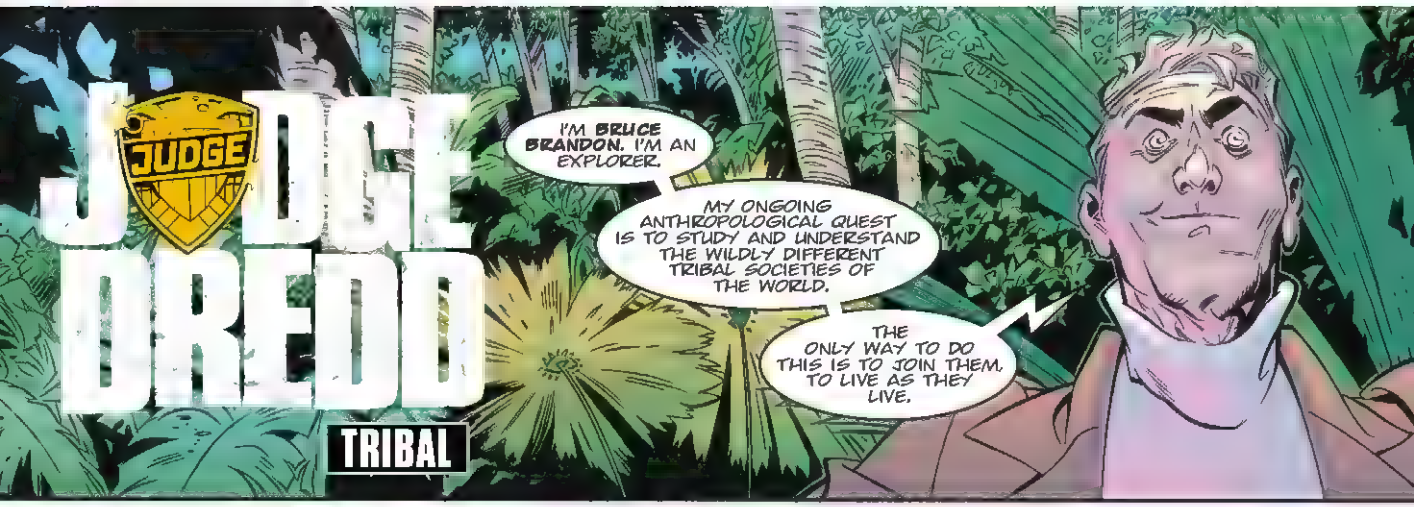
YOU HAVEN'T FAILED ME, MY DEAR. WITH YOUR HELP, I'M GOING TO WIN.
BUT HOW? I DON'T UNDERSTAND —
DON'T OPEN IT, BYRON! YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THAT CRAZY MURDERER THAT'S GOING AROUND —
NONSENSE.
RAP RAP RAP
SSSSSS!
UNGGGG!
OH MY GRUD!
IT-IT'S YOU! THE MAID!
SPAK!

UHHHHH...
I had promised Canadia to Inga. I knew she would do a thurough job, but the dear creature had exelled herself...
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT? THIS IS BYRON AMBROSE! T-THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT!

AND YOU DIDN'T GET A LOOK AT THIS PERSON?
I TOLD YOU, HE WAS CLOAKED HEAD TO FOOT. THEN HE SPRAYED ME AND I...I REMEMBER NOTHING UNTIL I WOKE UP AND...
DEAR GRUD, CANADIA.
YOU MUST TAKE ME FOR A FOOL, AMBROSE! YOU'RE THE GINGERBREAD MAN — THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE CALLS YOU, ISN'T IT?
THAT'S ENOUGH.
YOU THINK AMBROSE IS GOING TO MURDER HIS GIRLFRIEND, WRITE HIS NICKNAME ON THE WALL, THEN CALL US IN? USE YOUR HEAD, BERMINGHAM. IT'S A FRAME, AND A DAMNED CRUDE ONE.
That was the trick, to make it so obvious I was the killer that only a greenie would swallow it.
IT'S AN EYELASH. IT WAS ADHERING TO THE BLOOD ON THE WALL. DOESN'T MATCH AMBROSE OR THE VICTIM.
THE DNA BELONGS TO HARDEY WEGG.
LET'S PICK HIM UP!
They found carpet fibres that matched a rug in Hardey Weggs apartment too — I made sure of it. With the hair from Wegg's Mountain, that gave them a complete set —
SKRASHHHHHH
Weggs robot tried to shoot it out, I heard. All that war programming, it just reacted the way you'd expect. It sure didn't hurt my case any...
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM

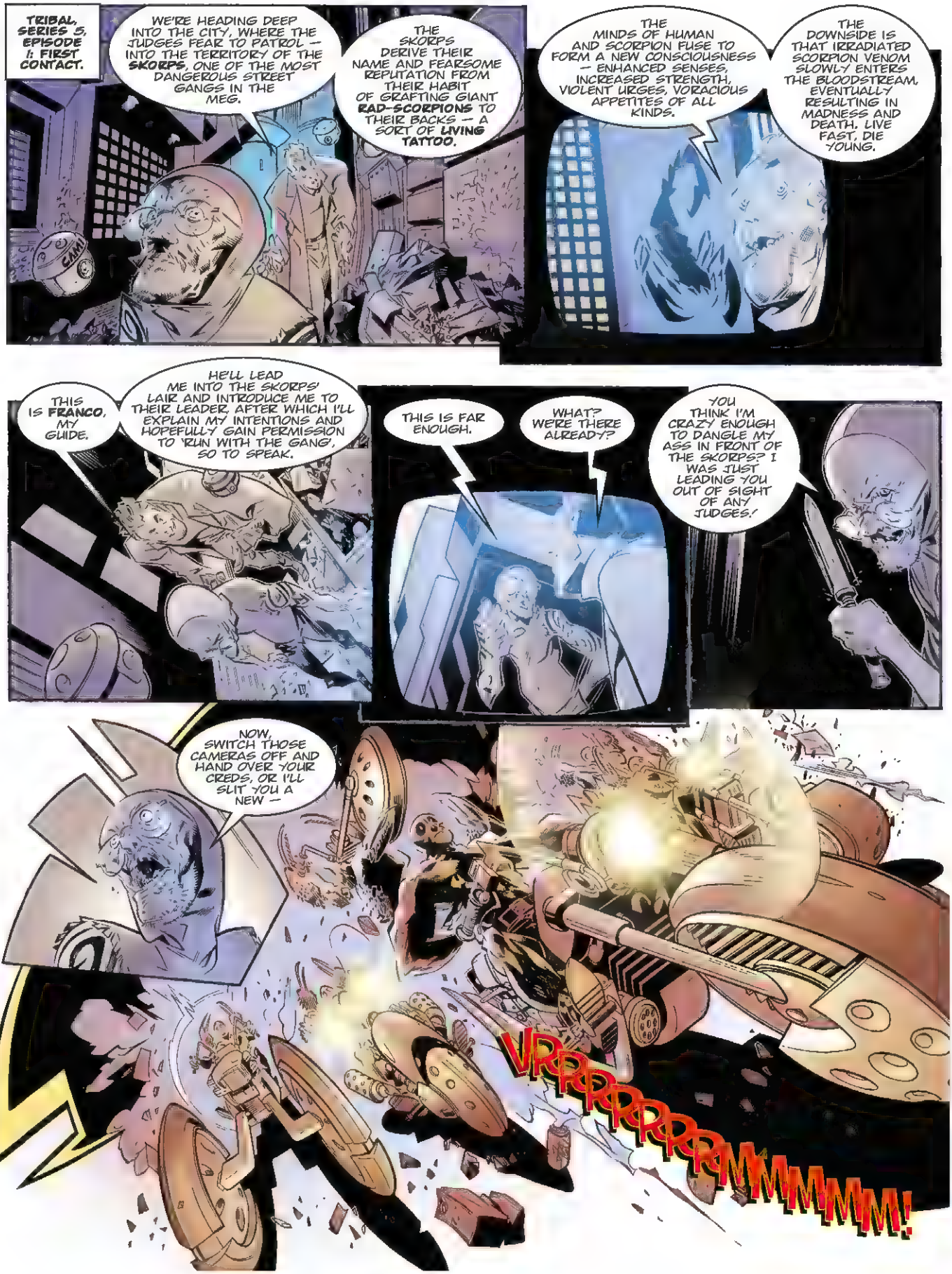
WE CHECKED INTO THE GINGERBREAD MAN'S FIRST TWO VICTIMS, WEGG. WE KNEW THERE HAD TO BE A LINK —
ABDUL McDODD WROTE IT LETTERS TO THE DAILY CRANK SPECIFICALLY CRITICISING YOUR POLICIES. COBB WILLIAMS COMPLAINED TO TRAFFIC ABOUT EMISSIONS FROM YOUR CAMPAIGN BUS.
I... I DIDN'T KNOW.
SO YOU SAY. WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 23.00 AND 02.30?
HERE — IN BED.
YOU CAN SWEAR THAT?
YES — NO. I DON'T KNOW.
I CAN'T REMEMBER. I GET BLACKOUTS. SOMETIMES I SLEEPWALK. I WAS TORTURED, YOU KNOW. DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE TORTURED?
YOU WANT TO TRY FIFTEEN YEARS IN THE ACADEMY, WEGG. MY HEART BLEEDS.
BUT I WASN'T THERE —
THE TIMES YOU GIVE FOR THE FIRST MURDER, I WAS OUT OF THE CITY. I CAN PROVE IT.
BUT YOUR ROBOT WASN'T. AND IT'S CONVENIENTLY NO LONGER AROUND TO ANSWER QUESTIONS.
THIS JUST IN. SCHOOL YEAR THREE, YOU'RE ACCUSED OF STEALING A GINGERBREAD MAN FROM A SCHOOLFRIEND, COLLEEN SMITE. YOU'RE SENTENCED TO SIX MONTHS' JUVE REHAB — SERVE TWO BEFORE SMITE CONFESSES TO FABRICATING HER STORY.
BUT THE SCARS STAYED WITH YOU, EH, WEGG?
IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO. PLEASE —
I'LL LEAVE YOU TO TIE UP THE LOOSE ENDS, BERMINGHAM.
TO THINK, SOMEBODY THAT TWISTED NEARLY MADE IT TO MAYOR.
THAT'S DEMOCRACY.
AND SO HARDEY WEGG, THE SO-CALLED HERO, HIT ON THE IDEA OF BLACKENING HIS OPPONENT, USING THE AFFECTIONATE NAME BY WHICH THE WHOLE CITY KNEW HIM — THE GINGERBREAD MAN.
NOW DEEPLY TRAUMATISED, CRUELLY ROBBED OF THE WOMAN HE LOVED, BYRON AMBROSE HAS COME TO A BRAVE DECISION —
40 YEARS
NEWS
IF... IF I QUIT NOW, HARDEY WEGG HAS WON. I KNOW THAT MY DEAR CANADIA, IF SHE WERE HERE, WOULD WANT ME TO SOLDIER ON. AND SO I WILL CONTINUE TO STAND.

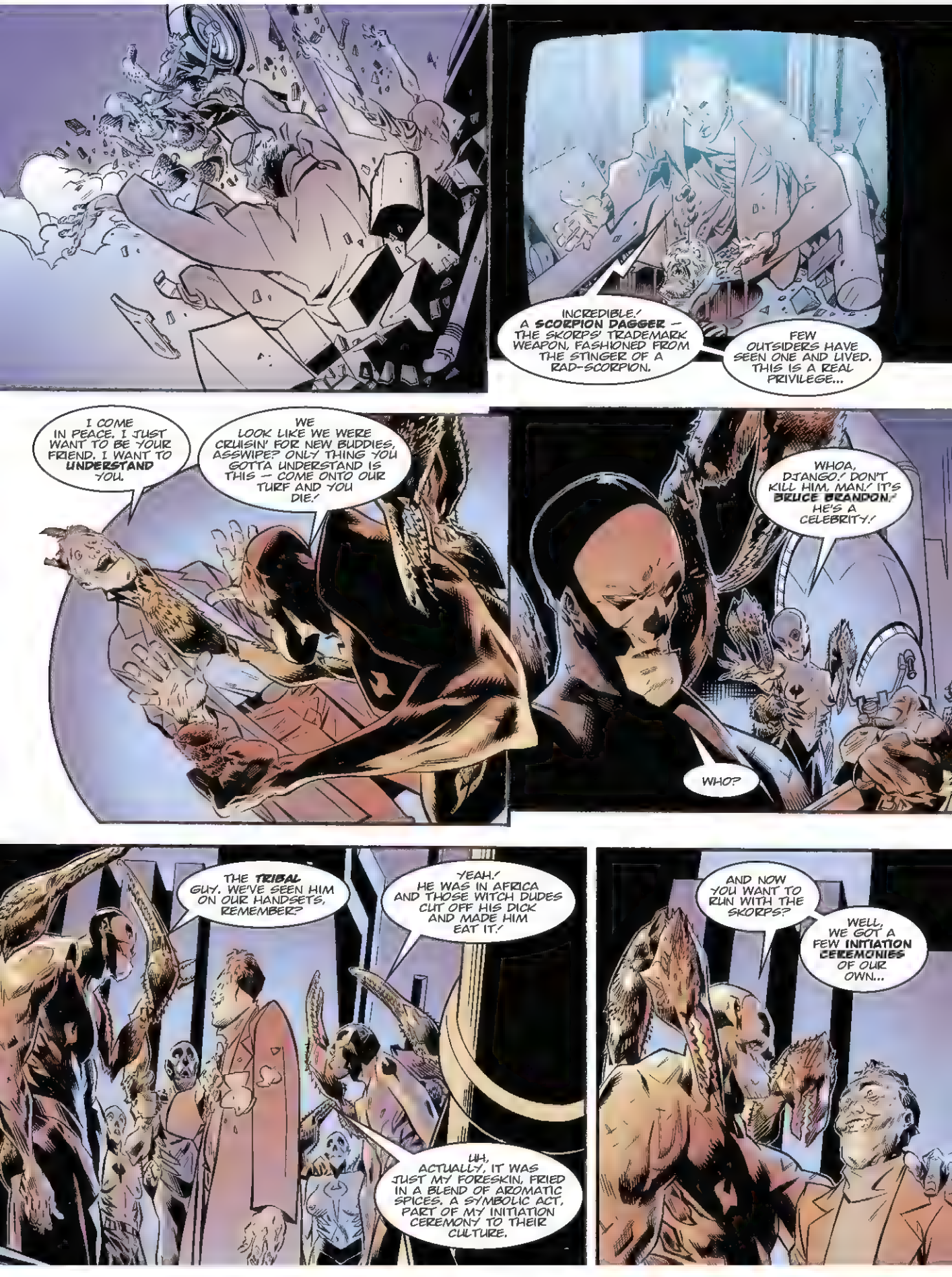
And so, having eliminated the opposition, it came to pass that I, Byron Donald Ambrose — PJ Maybe as was — was duely elected Mayor of Mega-City One.
To think how it had all began from such humble beginnings — from my first innocuus killing, to the murder of the Yesses and all the others who had died to help oil my path through life, to my long exile...
Now I was back and at the pinnacle of my achievement — Mayor of Mega-City One. What power I now wealded. Power to vest Ebeneezer Ambrose's vast fortune from him — power to do so many things. The question, really, was where to start.
But one thing was for sure. I was going to have some fun.
BYRON
VICTORY FOR AMBROSE
THE END


JUDGE DREDD
TRIBAL
I'M BRUCE BRANDON. I'M AN EXPLORER.
MY ONGOING ANTHROPOLOGICAL QUEST IS TO STUDY AND UNDERSTAND THE WILDLY DIFFERENT TRIBAL SOCIETIES OF THE WORLD.
THE ONLY WAY TO DO THIS IS TO JOIN THEM. TO LIVE AS THEY LIVE.

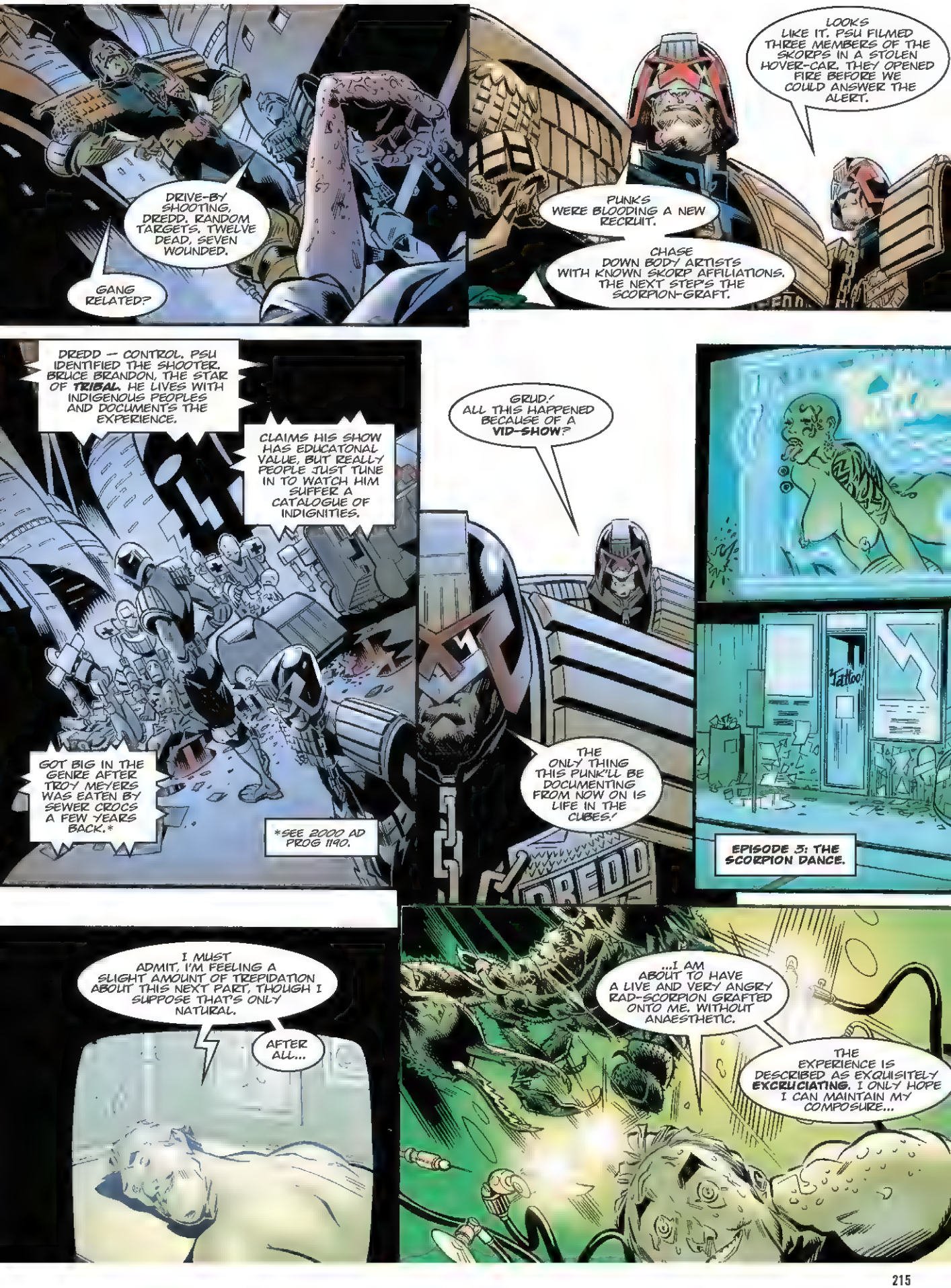
I'VE HUNTED AND EATEN TYRANNOSAUR WITH CURSED-EARTH MUTANTS, BEEN CIRCUMCISED BY A PAN-AFRICAN WITCH DOCTOR, AND EMBARKED ON A WEEK-LONG HALLUCINOGENIC TRIP AFTER LICKING AN ACID-TOAD IN THE OUTBACK OF OZ.
NOW, I'M ABOUT TO EMBARK ON MY MOST DAUNTING CHALLENGE YET...
AIR
ZONE
FRESHENER

THE URBAN JUNGLE OF MEGA-CITY ONE.
THE BIG MEG.
ROBBIE MORRISON
SCRIPT
TAN ENG HUAT
ART
CHRIS BLYTHE
COLOURS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS


TRIBAL, SERIES 5, EPISODE 1: FIRST CONTACT.
WE'RE HEADING DEEP INTO THE CITY, WHERE THE JUDGES FEAR TO PATROL — INTO THE TERRITORY OF THE SKORPS, ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS STREET GANGS IN THE MEG.
THE SKORPS DERIVE THEIR NAME AND FEARSOME REPUTATION FROM THEIR HABIT OF GRAFTING GIANT RAD-SCORPIONS TO THEIR BACKS — A SORT OF LIVING TATTOO.
THE MINDS OF HUMAN AND SCORPION FUSE TO FORM A NEW CONSCIOUSNESS — ENHANCED SENSES, INCREASED STRENGTH, VIOLENT URGES, VORACIOUS APPETITES OF ALL KINDS.
THE DOWNSIDE IS THAT IRRADIATED SCORPION VENOM SLOWLY ENTERS THE BLOODSTREAM, EVENTUALLY RESULTING IN MADNESS AND DEATH. LIVE FAST, DIE YOUNG.
THIS IS FRANCO, MY GUIDE.
HE'LL LEAD ME INTO THE SKORPS' LAIR AND INTRODUCE ME TO THEIR LEADER, AFTER WHICH I'LL EXPLAIN MY INTENTIONS AND HOPEFULLY GAIN PERMISSION TO 'RUN WITH THE GANG', SO TO SPEAK.
THIS IS FAR ENOUGH.
WHAT? WE'RE THERE ALREADY?
YOU THINK I'M CRAZY ENOUGH TO DANGLE MY ASS IN FRONT OF THE SKORPS? I WAS JUST LEADING YOU OUT OF SIGHT OF ANY JUDGES!
NOW, SWITCH THOSE CAMERAS OFF AND HAND OVER YOUR CREDS, OR I'LL SLIT YOU A NEW —
VRRRRRRRRRRMMMMMM!


INCREDIBLE.! A SCORPION DAGGER — THE SKORPS' TRADEMARK WEAPON, FASHIONED FROM THE STINGER OF A RAD-SCORPION.
FEW OUTSIDERS HAVE SEEN ONE AND LIVED. THIS IS A REAL PRIVILEGE...
I COME IN PEACE. I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR FRIEND. I WANT TO UNDERSTAND YOU.
WE LOOK LIKE WE WERE CRUISIN' FOR NEW BUDDIES, ASSWIPE? ONLY THING YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND IS THIS — COME ONTO OUR TURF AND YOU DIE.!
WHOA, DJANGO.! DON'T KILL HIM, MAN.! IT'S BRUCE BRANDON.! HE'S A CELEBRITY.!
WHO?
THE TRIBAL GUY. WE'VE SEEN HIM ON OUR HANDSETS, REMEMBER?
YEAH.! HE WAS IN AFRICA AND THOSE WITCH DUDES CUT OFF HIS DICK AND MADE HIM EAT IT.!
UH, ACTUALLY, IT WAS JUST MY FORESKIN, FRIED IN A BLEND OF AROMATIC SPICES. A SYMBOLIC ACT, PART OF MY INITIATION CEREMONY TO THEIR CULTURE.
AND NOW YOU WANT TO RUN WITH THE SKORPS?
WELL, WE GOT A FEW INITIATION CEREMONIES OF OUR OWN...

EPISODE 2: INITIATION RITES.
WE'RE HEADING ALONG SOHO STRIP, AN AREA RENOWNED FOR ITS NIGHTLIFE. WE'RE IN A STOLEN VEHICLE, KEEPING WITHIN THE SPEED LIMIT, I ASSUME, NOT TO DRAW ATTENTION TO OURSELVES.
I'M ABOUT TO UNDERGO MY INITIATION RITE, THOUGH I'VE YET TO BE TOLD EXACTLY WHAT THAT INVOLVES —
OH.
SAFETY'S OFF. ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS AIM AND FIRE.
AND, UH, WHAT EXACTLY AM I FIRING AT?
THOSE POOR, INNOCENT DROKKERS OUT THERE, THE MORE THE MERRIER. EVERY NEW SKORP HAS TO GO KILL-CRAZY BEFORE THEY GET SWORN IN. YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT?
WELL, IT WASN'T QUITE WHAT I WAS EXPECTING... THE NETWORK WON'T BE HAPPY. I MAY HAVE TO PULL OUT OF THIS —
OH, RIGHT...
OF COURSE, IT WOULD BE A GREAT INSULT TO THEIR CULTURE IF I REFUSED TO TAKE PART.
SORRY! SORRY! WHOOPS! BEG YOUR PARDON!


DRIVE-BY SHOOTING, DREDD. RANDOM TARGETS. TWELVE DEAD, SEVEN WOUNDED.
GANG RELATED?
LOOKS LIKE IT. PSU FILMED THREE MEMBERS OF THE SKORPS IN A STOLEN HOVER-CAR. THEY OPENED FIRE BEFORE WE COULD ANSWER THE ALERT.
PUNKS WERE BLOODING A NEW RECRUIT.
CHASE DOWN BODY ARTISTS WITH KNOWN SKORP AFFILIATIONS. THE NEXT STEP'S THE SCORPION-GRAFT.
DREDD — CONTROL. PSU IDENTIFIED THE SHOOTER. BRUCE BRANDON, THE STAR OF TRIBAL. HE LIVES WITH INDIGENOUS PEOPLES AND DOCUMENTS THE EXPERIENCE.
CLAIMS HIS SHOW HAS EDUCATONAL VALUE, BUT REALLY PEOPLE JUST TUNE IN TO WATCH HIM SUFFER A CATALOGUE OF INDIGNITIES.
GOT BIG IN THE GENRE AFTER TROY MEYERS WAS EATEN BY SEWER CROCS A FEW YEARS BACK.*
*SEE 2000 AD PROG 1190.
GRUD! ALL THIS HAPPENED BECAUSE OF A VID-SHOW?
THE ONLY THING THIS PUNK'LL BE DOCUMENTING FROM NOW ON IS LIFE IN THE CUBES!
DREDD
Tattoo
EPISODE 5: THE SCORPION DANCE.
I MUST ADMIT, I'M FEELING A SLIGHT AMOUNT OF TREPIDATION ABOUT THIS NEXT PART, THOUGH I SUPPOSE THAT'S ONLY NATURAL.
AFTER ALL...
...I AM ABOUT TO HAVE A LIVE AND VERY ANGRY RAD-SCORPION GRAFTED ONTO ME. WITHOUT ANAESTHETIC.
THE EXPERIENCE IS DESCRIBED AS EXQUISITELY EXCRUCIATING. I ONLY HOPE I CAN MAINTAIN MY COMPOSURE...

EEEEEEEEEAAAARRGH!

FETCHING, ISN'T IT?
THE SCORPION IS **BIO-LINKED** TO MY NERVOUS SYSTEM. I CAN ALREADY FEEL CHANGES TO MY PSYCHE, MY INHIBITIONS SLIPPING AWAY...

THAT IS SO COOL! WE GOTTA GET OURSELVES ONE OF **THEM**!

EPISODE 4: TURF WAR.

THE SKORPS HAVE INVITED ME ON A **RAIDING PARTY** INTO RIVAL GANG TURF. THE DAWGS AND THE SKORPS HAVE BEEN DEADLY ENEMIES FOR YEARS...

SO, DJANGO, WHAT EXACTLY CAUSED THE WAR BETWEEN YOU AND THE DAWGS?
HUH? **THEY'RE** A GANG, **WE'RE** A GANG. THEY KILL US, WE KILL THEM. 'WAY IT IS. WHAT WE DO.

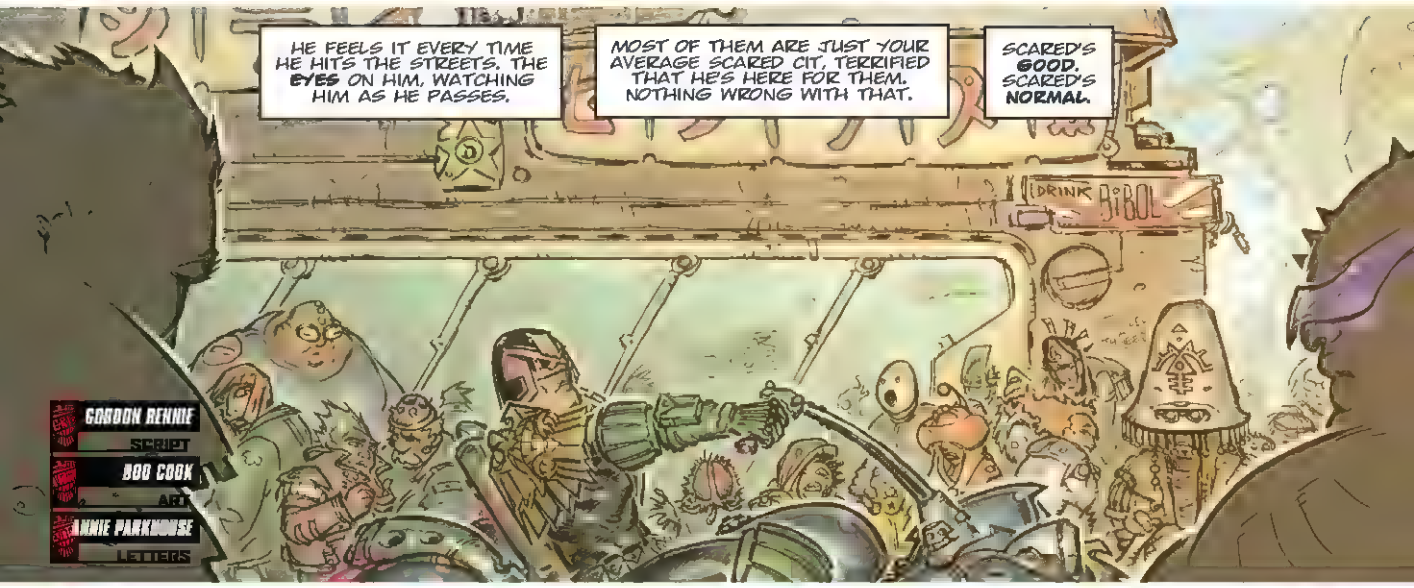
AT ONE TIME I'D HAVE BEEN APPALLED AT THE SENSELESSNESS OF THIS VIOLENCE, BUT NOW, WITH SCORPION VENOM SEEPING INTO MY GROIN AND PREDATORY INSTINCTS SURGING THROUGH MY BRAIN...
....IT STRIKES ME AS A SUCCINCT, WELL-REASONED ARGUMENT.

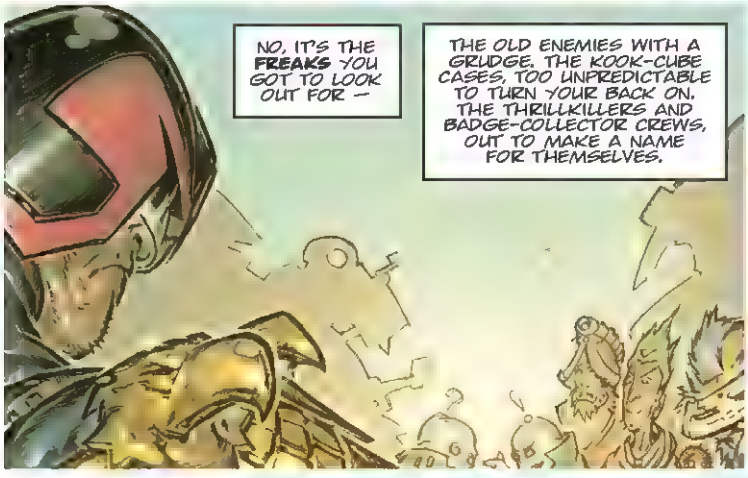
AAAAAH!
EPISODE 5: MATING RITUALS.
KEEP THE CAMERAS ON.
WHAT IF DJANGO FINDS OUT?
DJANGO'S BURNT OUT, BABY. YOU'RE THE MAIN MAN NOW...

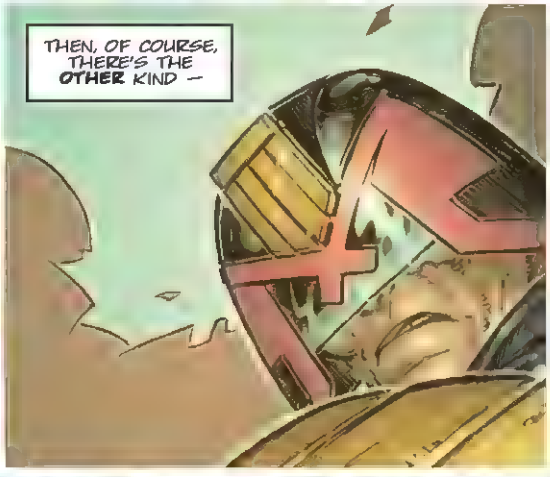
EPISODE 6: NATURAL SELECTION.
GO! HE'S ALL YOURS — WASTED, COMPLETELY OUT OF IT.
I REALISE THAT, ON THE SURFACE, THIS MAY SEEM HARSH, BUT IT'S JUST NATURAL SELECTION.
EVENTUALLY, THE LEADER OF THE PACK, THE ALPHA MALE, WILL BE SUPERCEDED BY A STRONGER, FITTER SPECIMEN. IN THIS CASE...
...ME.
CREEP'S GONE NATIVE. BIG-TIME.
WE TRIED TO SHUT THE SHOW DOWN, BUT THE PRODUCERS WENT UNDERGROUND, STARTED BROADCASTING ON PIRATE CHANNELS.
WALLY SQUAD OPERATIVES REPORT A CITYWIDE SURGE IN GANG MEMBERSHIP. WE FIGURE TRIBAL IS RESPONSIBLE...
EPISODE 7: SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.
I WANNA JOIN UP! COULDN'T GET A RAD-SCORPION, BUT YOU CAN USE MY CAT — HE'S REAL VICIOUS!
I'VE GOT A CHINCHILLA!

THIS IS YOUR FAULT! LOOK! GEEKS AND LOSERS THE LOT OF THEM!
YEAH, THE SKORPS USED TO BE COOL. PEOPLE USED TO BE SCARED OF US. NOW THEY THINK WE'RE CUTE. YOU... YOU'VE MADE US MAINSTREAM.
DROKK! STUMM GAS!
SCATTER THE CROWD AND TARGET THE SKORPS! BRING 'EM DOWN HARD!
AND HERE WE HAVE THE JUDGES, THE BIGGEST, BADDEST TRIBE IN THE MEG.
JUDGE DREDD'S THEIR TOP PREDATOR, BUT TO ME HE'S JUST ANOTHER ALPHA MALE PAST HIS PRIME AND RIPE FOR KILLING!
DIE, YOU DROKKER! DIE!

SHOW'S OVER, CREEP!
DREDD, CAMERAS ARE STILL RUNNING.
YEAH?
ANYBODY OUT THERE ADMIRES THIS PUNK, OR LIKES THE IDEA OF RUNNING WITH A GANG, FORGET IT.
THERE'S ONLY ONE LAW IN THIS JUNGLE. MINE.
STEP OUT OF LINE AND —
THE END

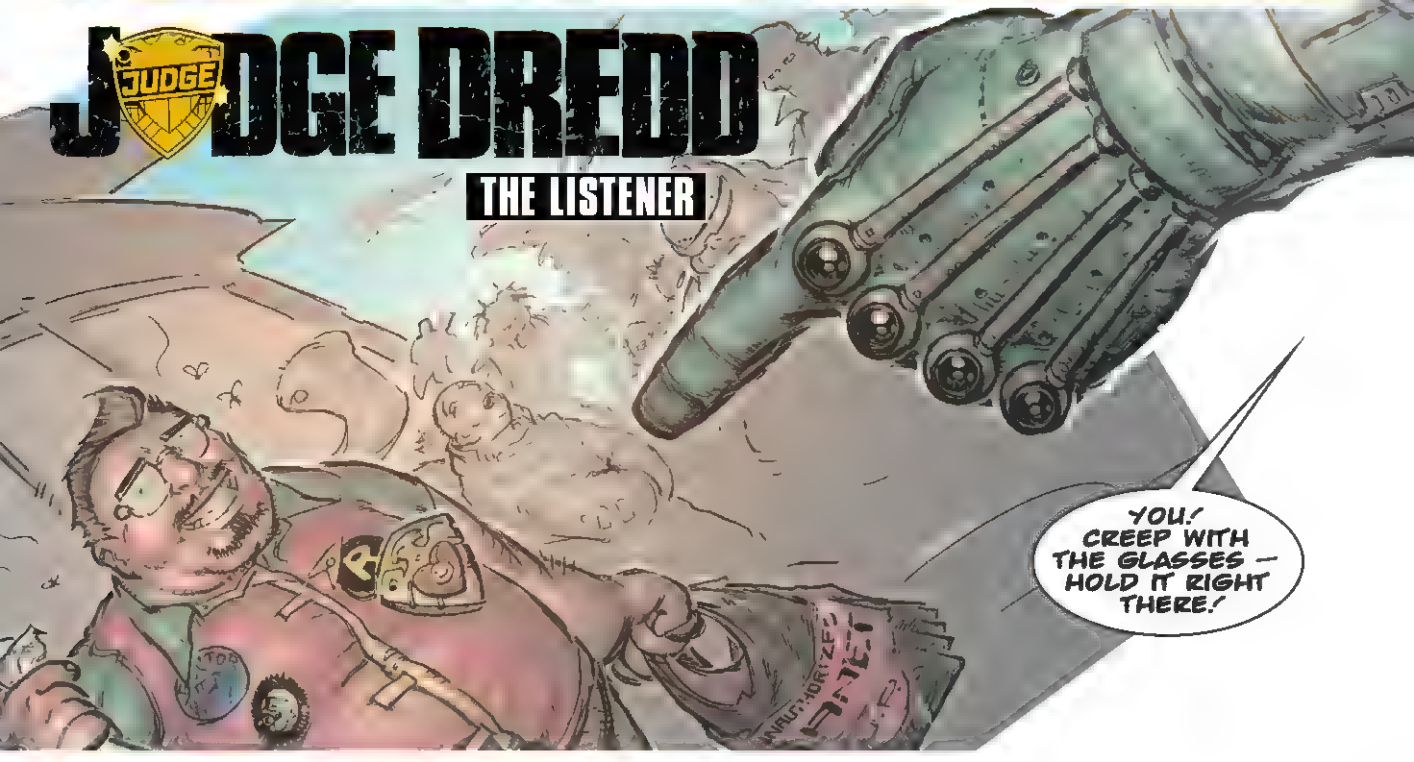


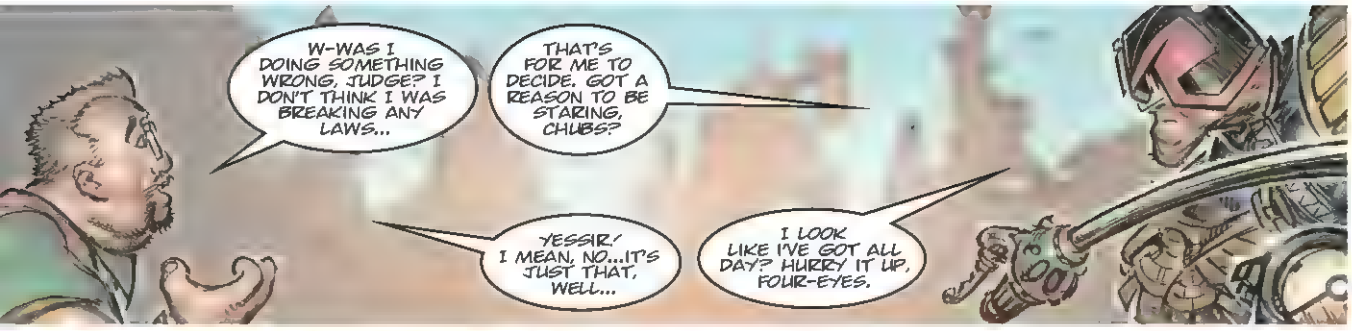


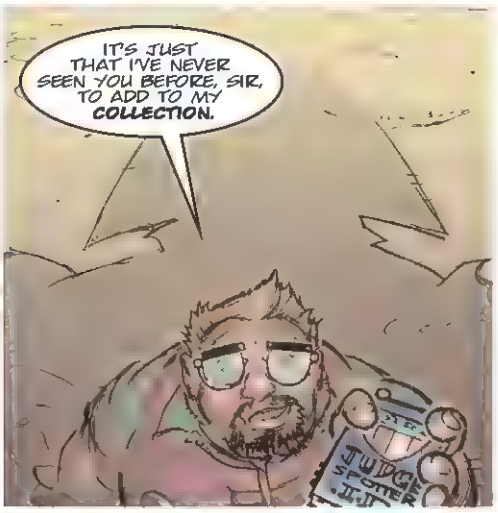


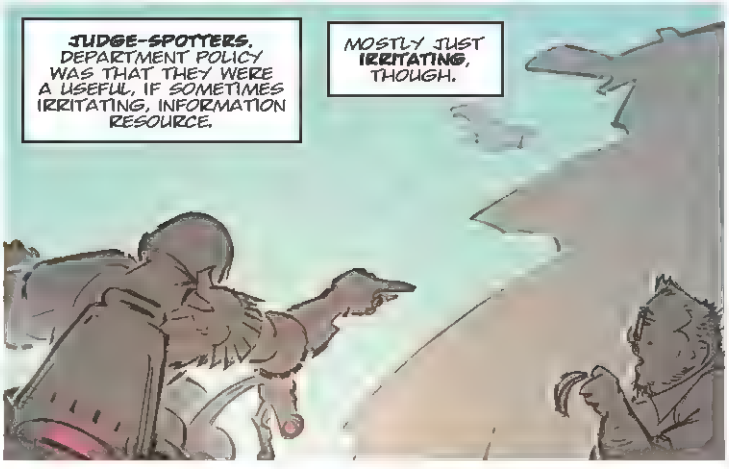
JUDGE DREDD

THE LISTENER




W-WAS I DOING SOMETHING WRONG, JUDGE? I DON'T THINK I WAS BREAKING ANY LAWS...
THAT'S FOR ME TO DECIDE. GOT A REASON TO BE STARING, CHUBS?
YESSIR! I MEAN, NO...IT'S JUST THAT, WELL...
I LOOK LIKE I'VE GOT ALL DAY? HURRY IT UP, FOUR-EYES.

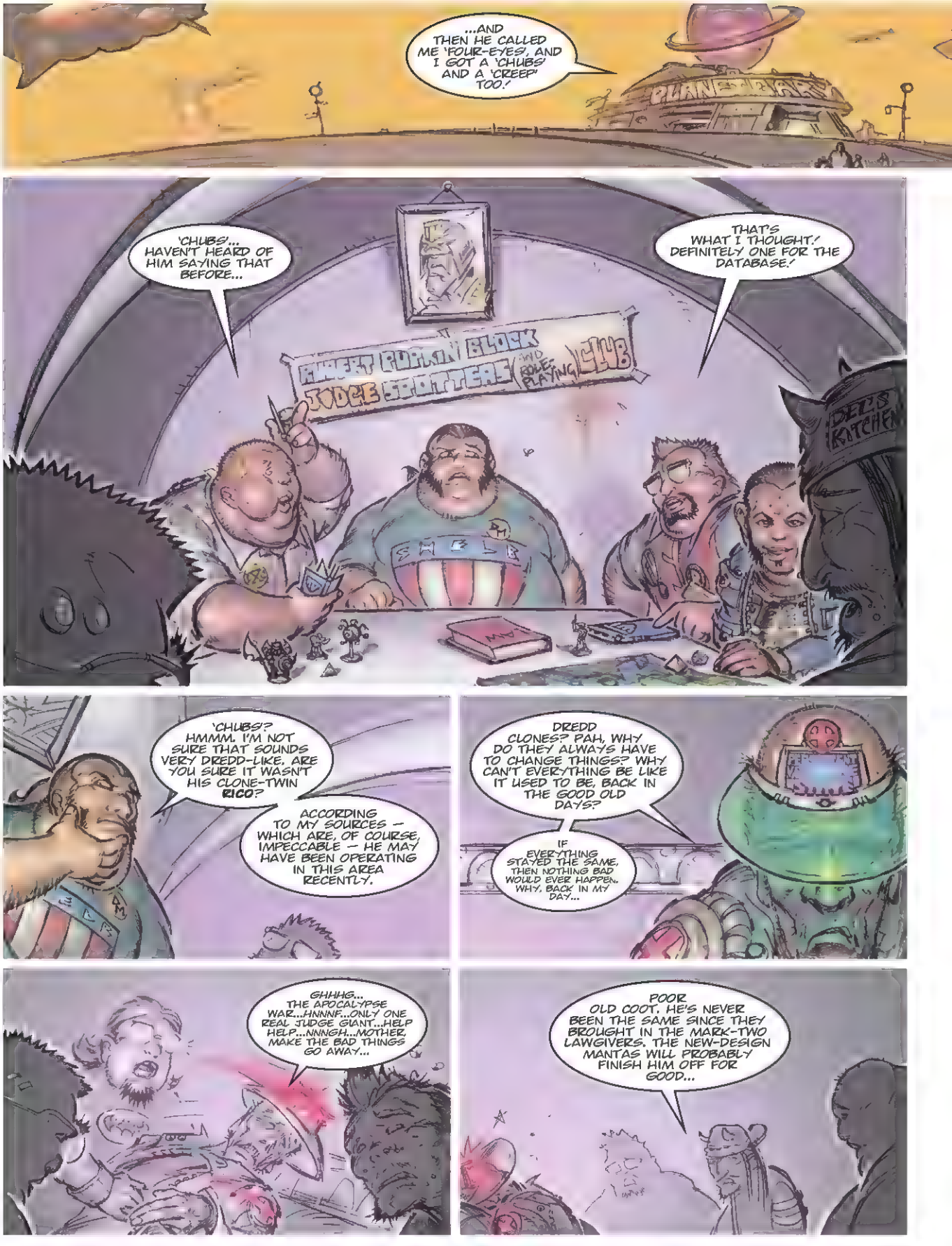

IT'S JUST THAT I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE, SIR, TO ADD TO MY **COLLECTION.**

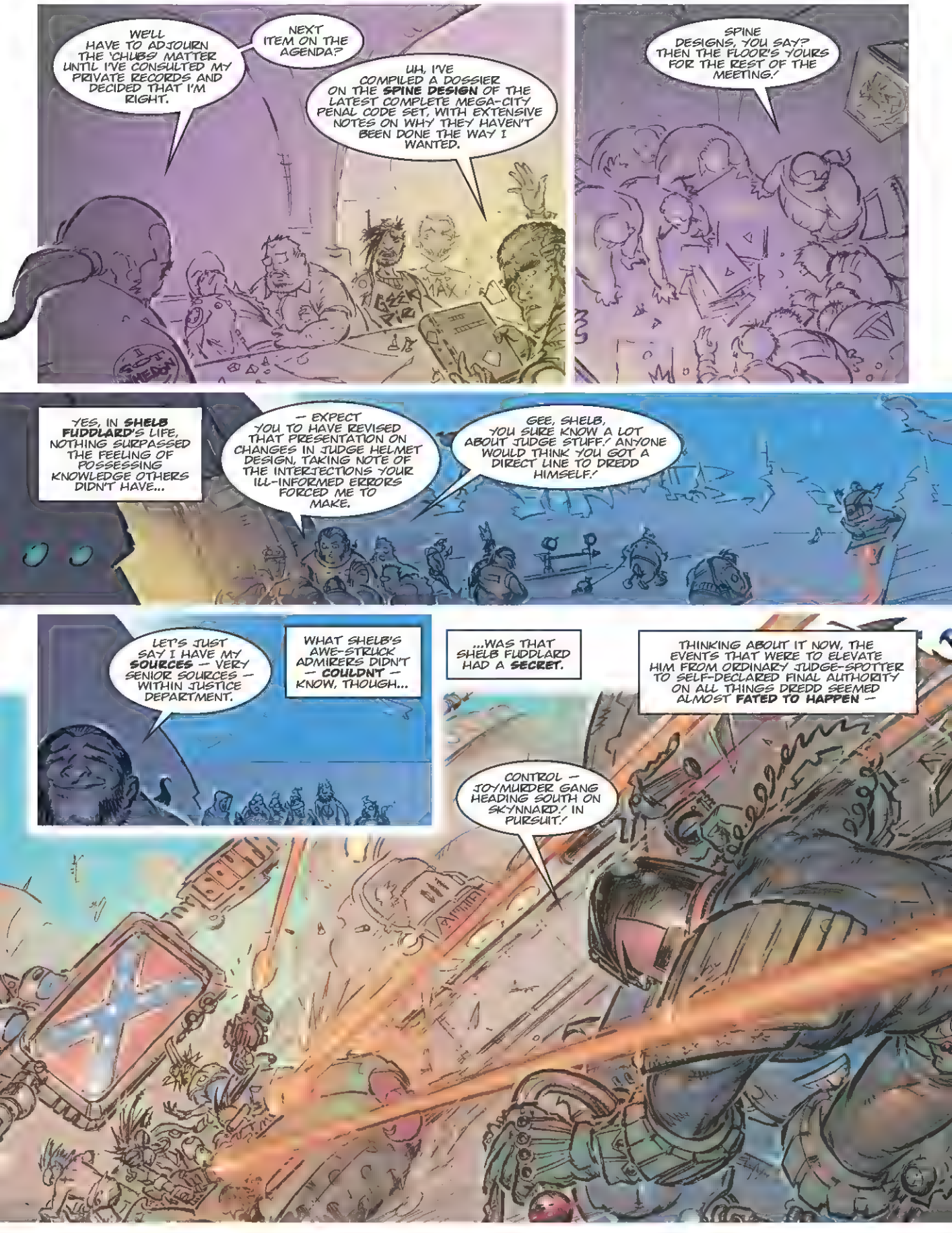

JUDGE-SPOTTERS. DEPARTMENT POLICY WAS THAT THEY WERE A USEFUL, IF SOMETIMES IRRITATING, INFORMATION RESOURCE.
MOSTLY JUST **IRRITATING,** THOUGH.

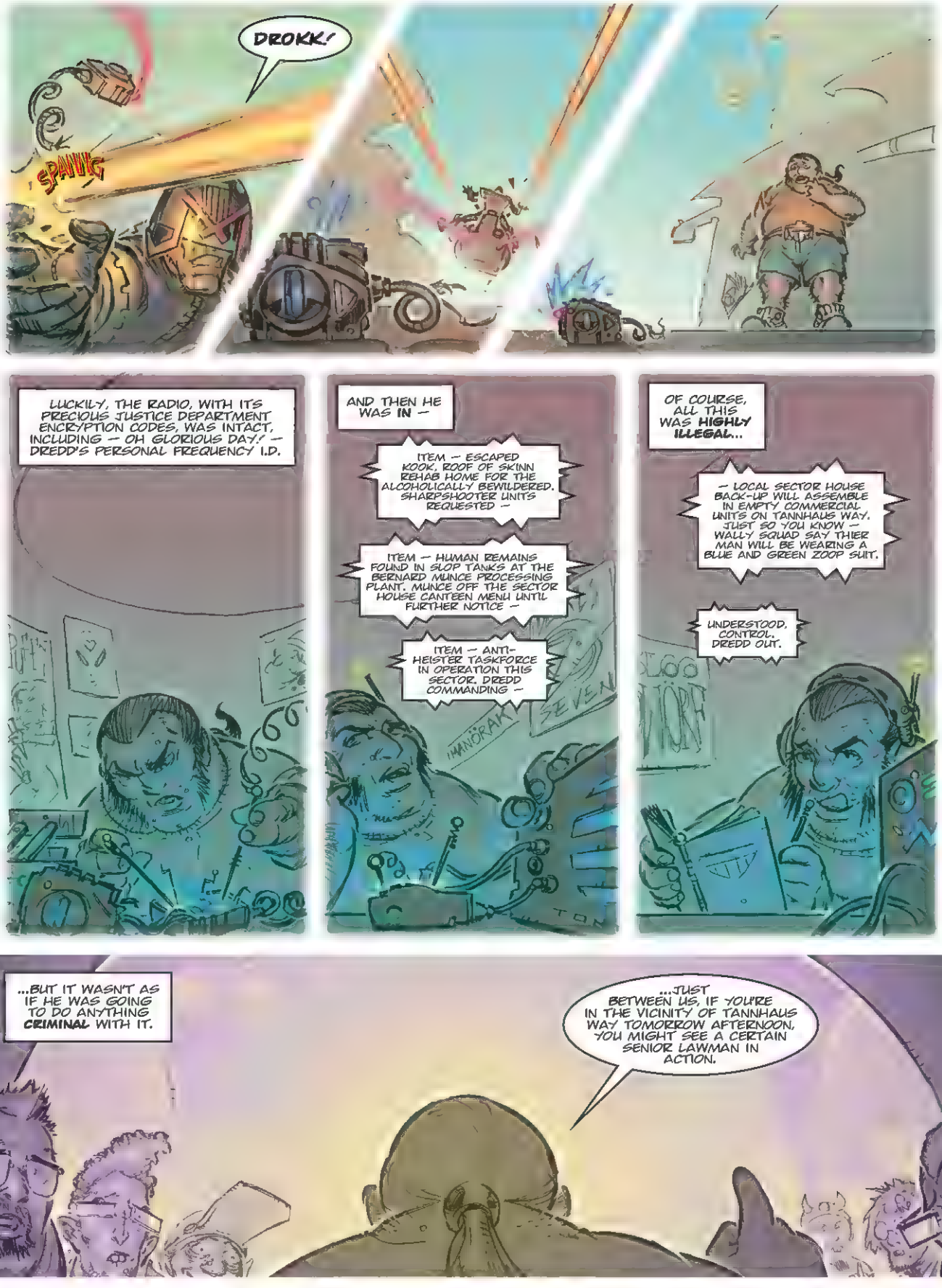
...AND ONE PUBLIC HYGIENE WARNING FOR EXCESSIVE SWEATING. OTHER THAN THAT HE'S CLEAN, DREDD.
GET GOING. I CATCH YOU STARING AGAIN, I'M NOT GOING TO BE SO LENIENT.

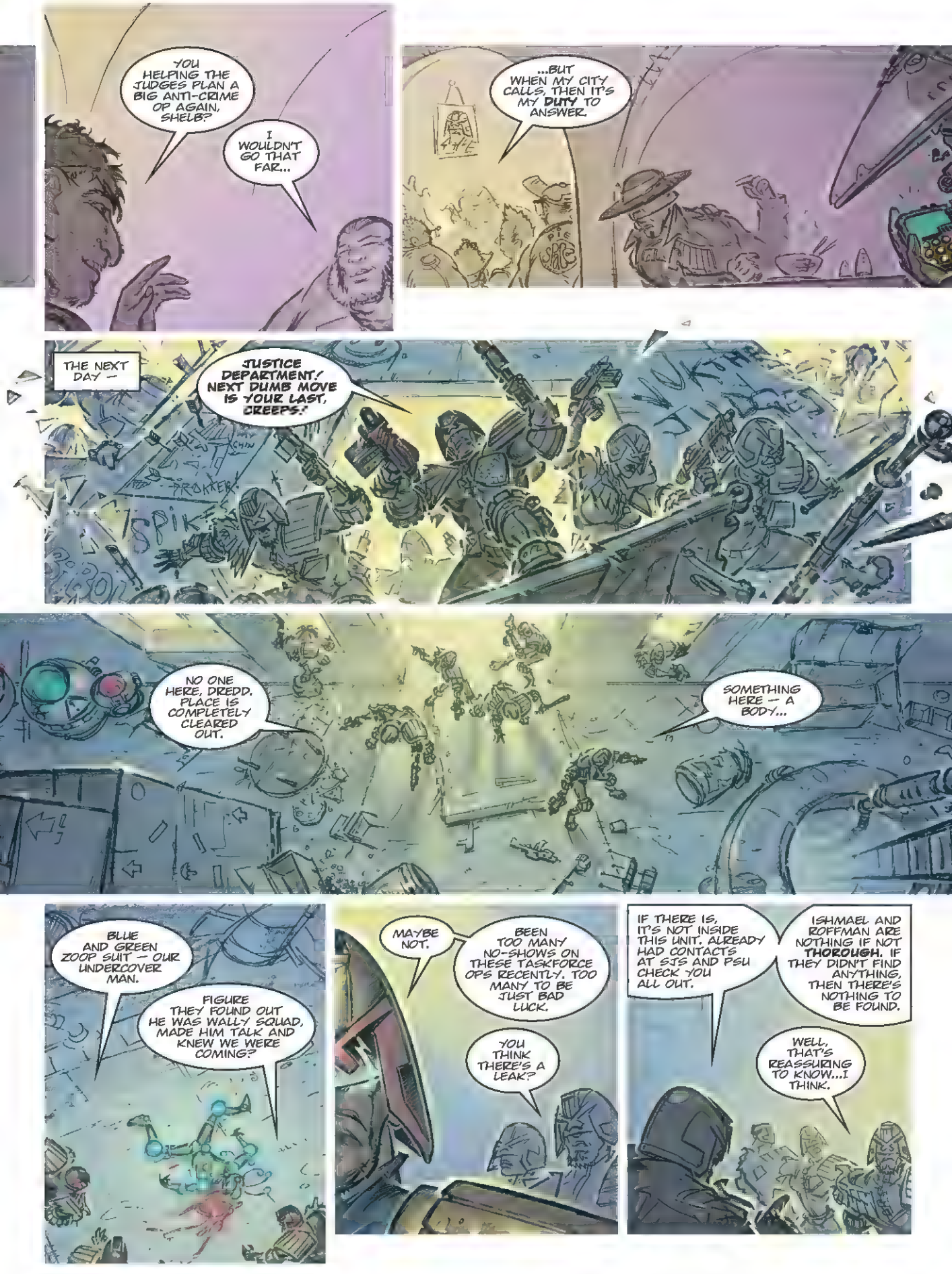
CITS. THERE WERE THOSE THAT SAID THERE SHOULD BE MORE EFFORT TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY WERE ALL ABOUT.

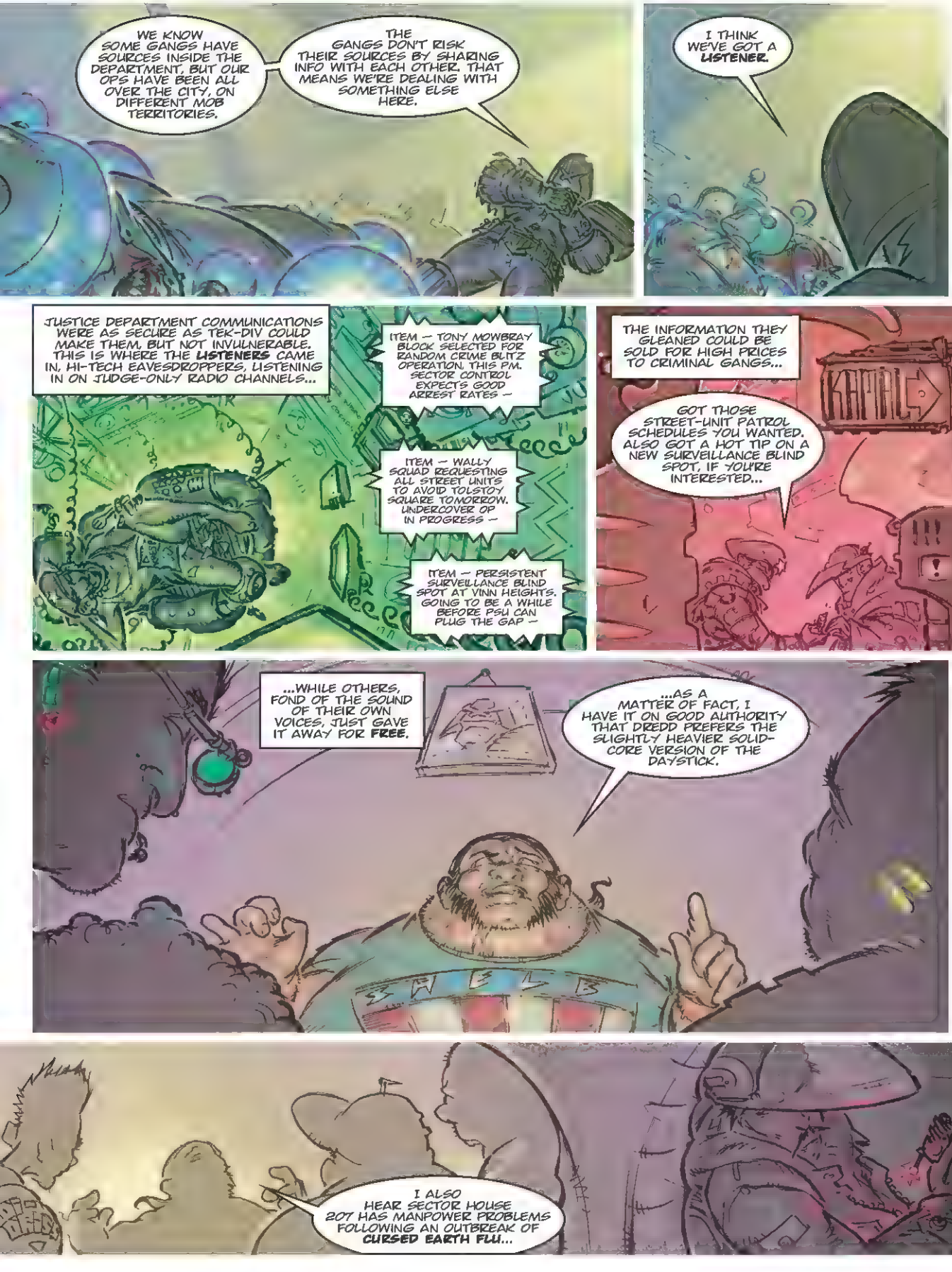
GRUD KNOWS HOW **THAT** WAS GOING TO WORK.
OH BOY! OHBOYOHBOYOHBOY OHBOY! WAIT TILL THE REST OF THE CLUB HEAR ABOUT **THIS!**

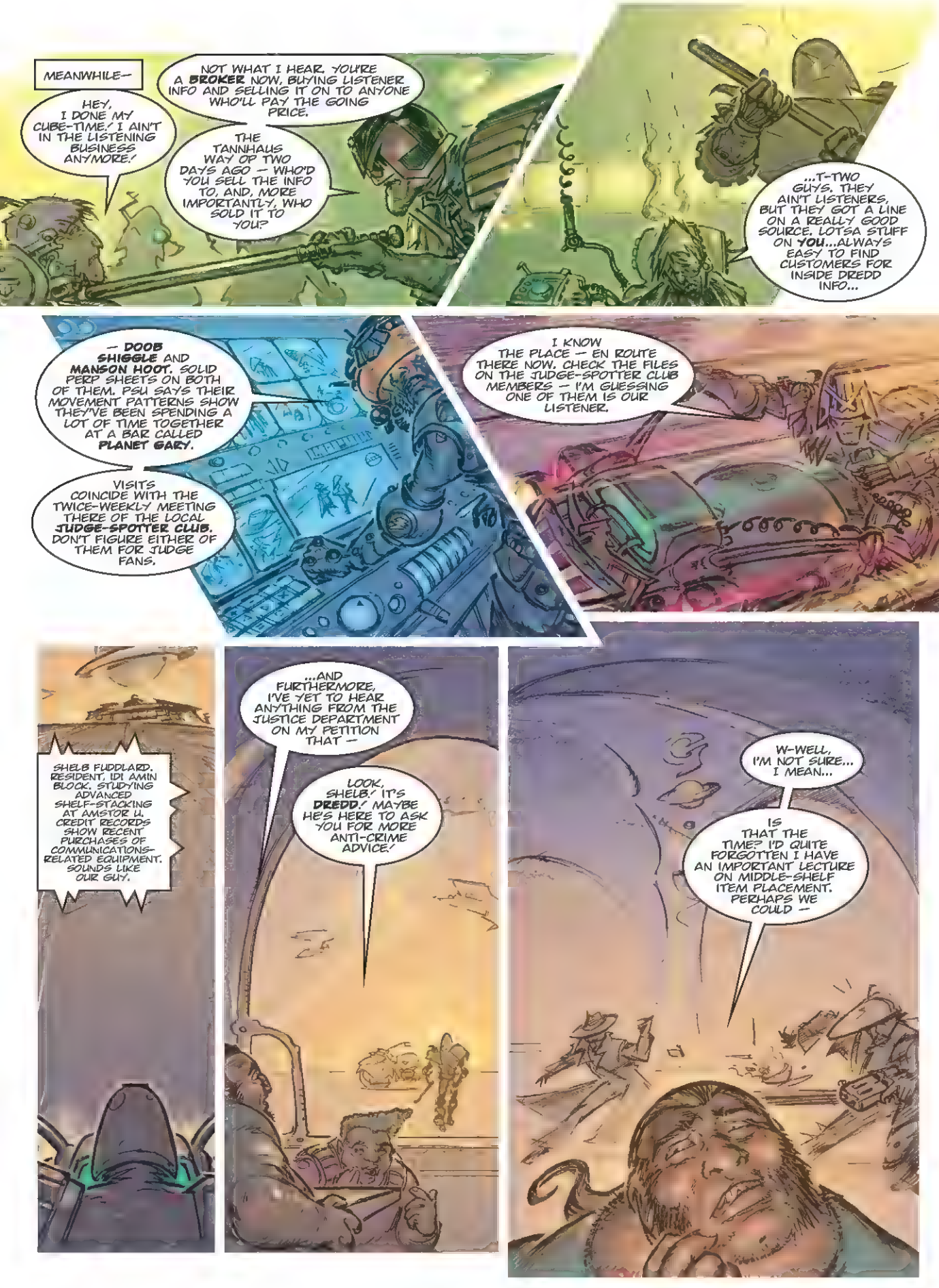

...AND THEN HE CALLED ME 'FOUR-EYES', AND I GOT A 'CHUBS' AND A 'CREEP' TOO.'
PLANET HAG
'CHUBS'... HAVEN'T HEARD OF HIM SAYING THAT BEFORE...
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.' DEFINITELY ONE FOR THE DATABASE.'
ANCIENT BRITON BLOCK JUDGE SPOTTERS' (AND ROLE-PLAYING) CLUB
DEZ'S KITCHEN
'CHUBS'? HMMM. I'M NOT SURE THAT SOUNDS VERY DREDD-LIKE. ARE YOU SURE IT WASN'T HIS CLONE-TWIN RICO?
ACCORDING TO MY SOURCES — WHICH ARE, OF COURSE, IMPECCABLE — HE MAY HAVE BEEN OPERATING IN THIS AREA RECENTLY.
DREDD CLONES? PAH, WHY DO THEY ALWAYS HAVE TO CHANGE THINGS? WHY CAN'T EVERYTHING BE LIKE IT USED TO BE, BACK IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS?
IF EVERYTHING STAYED THE SAME, THEN NOTHING BAD WOULD EVER HAPPEN. WHY, BACK IN MY DAY...
GHHHG... THE APOCALYPSE WAR...HNNNF...ONLY ONE REAL JUDGE GIANT...HELP HELP...NNNGH...MOTHER, MAKE THE BAD THINGS GO AWAY...
POOR OLD COOT. HE'S NEVER BEEN THE SAME SINCE THEY BROUGHT IN THE MARK-TWO LAWGIVERS. THE NEW-DESIGN MANTAS WILL PROBABLY FINISH HIM OFF FOR GOOD...


WE'LL HAVE TO ADJOURN THE 'CHUBS' MATTER UNTIL I'VE CONSULTED MY PRIVATE RECORDS AND DECIDED THAT I'M RIGHT.
NEXT ITEM ON THE AGENDA?
UH, I'VE COMPILED A DOSSIER ON THE **SPINE DESIGN** OF THE LATEST COMPLETE MEGA-CITY PENAL CODE SET, WITH EXTENSIVE NOTES ON WHY THEY HAVEN'T BEEN DONE THE WAY I WANTED.
SPINE DESIGNS, YOU SAY? THEN THE FLOOR'S YOURS FOR THE REST OF THE MEETING.
YES, IN **SHELB FUDDLARD**'S LIFE, NOTHING SURPASSED THE FEELING OF POSSESSING KNOWLEDGE OTHERS DIDN'T HAVE...
— EXPECT YOU TO HAVE REVISED THAT PRESENTATION ON CHANGES IN JUDGE HELMET DESIGN, TAKING NOTE OF THE INTERJECTIONS YOUR ILL-INFORMED ERRORS FORCED ME TO MAKE.
GEE, SHELB, YOU SURE KNOW A LOT ABOUT JUDGE STUFF! ANYONE WOULD THINK YOU GOT A DIRECT LINE TO DREDD HIMSELF!
LET'S JUST SAY I HAVE MY **SOURCES** — VERY SENIOR SOURCES — WITHIN JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.
WHAT SHELB'S AWE-STRUCK ADMIRERS DIDN'T — **COULDNT** — KNOW, THOUGH...
...WAS THAT SHELB FUDDLARD HAD A **SECRET.**
THINKING ABOUT IT NOW, THE EVENTS THAT WERE TO ELEVATE HIM FROM ORDINARY JUDGE-SPOTTER TO SELF-DECLARED FINAL AUTHORITY ON ALL THINGS DREDD SEEMED ALMOST **FATED TO HAPPEN** —
CONTROL — JOY/MURDER GANG HEADING SOUTH ON SKYNNARD.' IN PURSUIT.'


DROKK!
SPANG
LUCKILY, THE RADIO, WITH ITS PRECIOUS JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ENCRYPTION CODES, WAS INTACT, INCLUDING — OH GLORIOUS DAY! — DREDD'S PERSONAL FREQUENCY I.D.
AND THEN HE WAS IN —
ITEM — ESCAPED KOOK, ROOF OF SKINN REHAB HOME FOR THE ALCOHOLICALLY BEWILDERED. SHARPSHOOTER UNITS REQUESTED —
ITEM — HUMAN REMAINS FOUND IN SLOP TANKS AT THE BERNARD MUNCE PROCESSING PLANT. MUNCE OFF THE SECTOR HOUSE CANTEEN MENU UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE —
ITEM — ANTI-HEISTER TASKFORCE IN OPERATION THIS SECTOR. DREDD COMMANDING —
MANDRAK
SEVEN
OF COURSE, ALL THIS WAS HIGHLY ILLEGAL...
— LOCAL SECTOR HOUSE BACK-UP WILL ASSEMBLE IN EMPTY COMMERCIAL UNITS ON TANNHAUS WAY. JUST SO YOU KNOW — WALLY SQUAD SAY THIER MAN WILL BE WEARING A BLUE AND GREEN ZOOP SUIT.
UNDERSTOOD, CONTROL. DREDD OUT.
...BUT IT WASN'T AS IF HE WAS GOING TO DO ANYTHING CRIMINAL WITH IT.
...JUST BETWEEN US, IF YOU'RE IN THE VICINITY OF TANNHAUS WAY TOMORROW AFTERNOON, YOU MIGHT SEE A CERTAIN SENIOR LAWMAN IN ACTION.


YOU HELPING THE JUDGES PLAN A BIG ANTI-CRIME OP AGAIN, SHELB?
I WOULDN'T GO THAT FAR...
...BUT WHEN MY CITY CALLS, THEN IT'S MY DUTY TO ANSWER.
THE NEXT DAY —
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT./ NEXT DUMB MOVE IS YOUR LAST, CREEPS.!
NO ONE HERE, DREDD. PLACE IS COMPLETELY CLEARED OUT.
SOMETHING HERE — A BODY...
BLUE AND GREEN ZOOP SUIT — OUR UNDERCOVER MAN.
FIGURE THEY FOUND OUT HE WAS WALLY SQUAD, MADE HIM TALK AND KNEW WE WERE COMING?
MAYBE NOT.
BEEN TOO MANY NO-SHOWS ON THESE TASKFORCE OPS RECENTLY. TOO MANY TO BE JUST BAD LUCK.
YOU THINK THERE'S A LEAK?
IF THERE IS, IT'S NOT INSIDE THIS UNIT. ALREADY HAD CONTACTS AT SJS AND PSU CHECK YOU ALL OUT.
ISHMAEL AND ROFFMAN ARE NOTHING IF NOT THOROUGH. IF THEY DIDN'T FIND ANYTHING, THEN THERE'S NOTHING TO BE FOUND.
WELL, THAT'S REASSURING TO KNOW...I THINK.


WE KNOW SOME GANGS HAVE SOURCES INSIDE THE DEPARTMENT, BUT OUR OPS HAVE BEEN ALL OVER THE CITY, ON DIFFERENT MOB TERRITORIES.
THE GANGS DON'T RISK THEIR SOURCES BY SHARING INFO WITH EACH OTHER. THAT MEANS WE'RE DEALING WITH SOMETHING ELSE HERE.
I THINK WE'VE GOT A LISTENER.
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT COMMUNICATIONS WERE AS SECURE AS TEK-DIV COULD MAKE THEM, BUT NOT INVULNERABLE. THIS IS WHERE THE LISTENERS CAME IN. HI-TECH EAVESDROPPERS, LISTENING IN ON JUDGE-ONLY RADIO CHANNELS...
ITEM — TONY MOWBRAY BLOCK SELECTED FOR RANDOM CRIME BLITZ OPERATION. THIS P.M. SECTOR CONTROL EXPECTS GOOD ARREST RATES —
ITEM — WALLY SQUAD REQUESTING ALL STREET UNITS TO AVOID TOLSTOY SQUARE TOMORROW. UNDERCOVER OP IN PROGRESS —
ITEM — PERSISTENT SURVEILLANCE BLIND SPOT AT VINN HEIGHTS. GOING TO BE A WHILE BEFORE PSU CAN PLUG THE GAP —
THE INFORMATION THEY GLEANED COULD BE SOLD FOR HIGH PRICES TO CRIMINAL GANGS...
GOT THOSE STREET-UNIT PATROL SCHEDULES YOU WANTED. ALSO GOT A HOT TIP ON A NEW SURVEILLANCE BLIND SPOT, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED...
...WHILE OTHERS, FOND OF THE SOUND OF THEIR OWN VOICES, JUST GAVE IT AWAY FOR FREE.
...AS A MATTER OF FACT, I HAVE IT ON GOOD AUTHORITY THAT DREDD PREFERS THE SLIGHTLY HEAVIER SOLID-CORE VERSION OF THE DAYSTICK.
I ALSO HEAR SECTOR HOUSE 207 HAS MANPOWER PROBLEMS FOLLOWING AN OUTBREAK OF CURSED EARTH FLU...

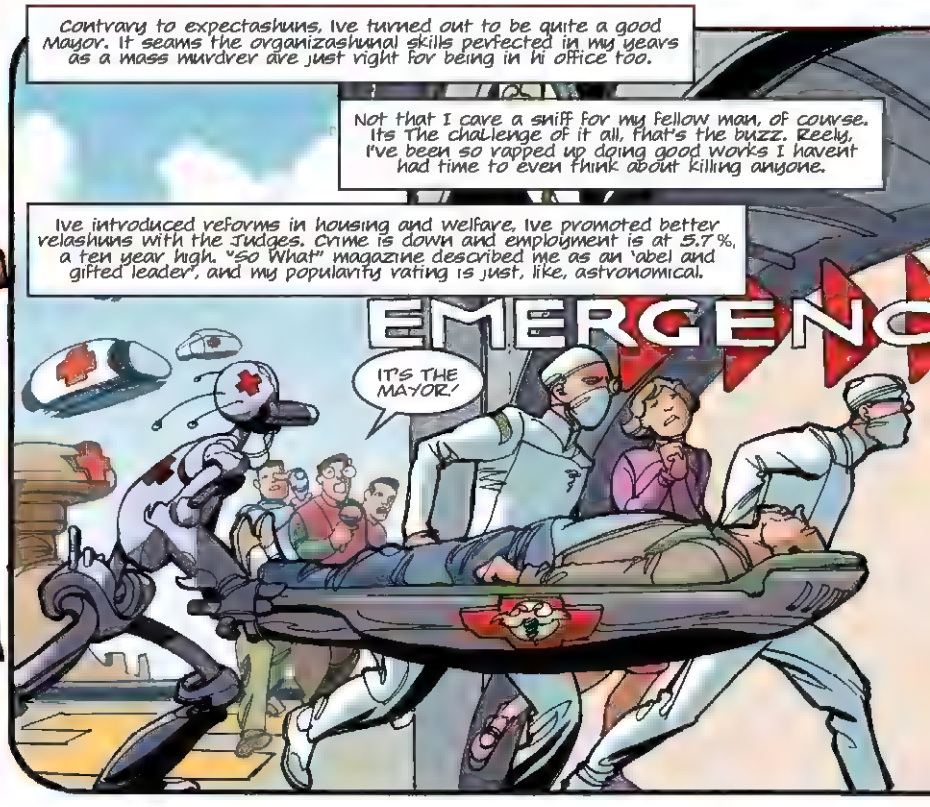

MEANWHILE—
HEY, I DONE MY CUBE-TIME.' I AIN'T IN THE LISTENING BUSINESS ANYMORE.'
NOT WHAT I HEAR. YOU'RE A BROKER NOW, BUYING LISTENER INFO AND SELLING IT ON TO ANYONE WHO'LL PAY THE GOING PRICE.
THE TANNHAUS WAY OP TWO DAYS AGO — WHO'D YOU SELL THE INFO TO, AND, MORE IMPORTANTLY, WHO SOLD IT TO YOU?
...T-TWO GUYS. THEY AIN'T LISTENERS, BUT THEY GOT A LINE ON A REALLY GOOD SOURCE. LOTSA STUFF ON YOU...ALWAYS EASY TO FIND CUSTOMERS FOR INSIDE DREDD INFO...
— DOOB SHIGGLE AND MANSON HOOT. SOLID PERP SHEETS ON BOTH OF THEM. PSU SAYS THEIR MOVEMENT PATTERNS SHOW THEY'VE BEEN SPENDING A LOT OF TIME TOGETHER AT A BAR CALLED PLANET GARY.
VISITS COINCIDE WITH THE TWICE-WEEKLY MEETING THERE OF THE LOCAL JUDGE-SPOTTER CLUB. DON'T FIGURE EITHER OF THEM FOR JUDGE FANS.
I KNOW THE PLACE — EN ROUTE THERE NOW. CHECK THE FILES ON THE JUDGE-SPOTTER CLUB MEMBERS — I'M GUESSING ONE OF THEM IS OUR LISTENER.
SHELB FUDDLARD. RESIDENT, IDI AMIN BLOCK. STUDYING ADVANCED SHELF-STACKING AT AMSTOR U. CREDIT RECORDS SHOW RECENT PURCHASES OF COMMUNICATIONS-RELATED EQUIPMENT. SOUNDS LIKE OUR GUY.
...AND FURTHERMORE, I'VE YET TO HEAR ANYTHING FROM THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ON MY PETITION THAT —
LOOK, SHELB.' IT'S DREDD.' MAYBE HE'S HERE TO ASK YOU FOR MORE ANTI-CRIME ADVICE.'
W-WELL, I'M NOT SURE... I MEAN...
IS THAT THE TIME? I'D QUITE FORGOTTEN I HAVE AN IMPORTANT LECTURE ON MIDDLE-SHELF ITEM PLACEMENT. PERHAPS WE COULD —

HE'S HERE FOR US, DUMBO. BUT YOU'RE GONNA TO BE OUR TICKET OUTTA HERE.
JUDGE DREDD! GOOD TO SEE YA AGAIN, BUDDY!
NOT NOW, CITIZEN.
WRONG CHOICE OF HOSTAGE, PUNKS. HE'S IN AS MUCH TROUBLE AS YOU TWO.
BACK OFF, DREDD. BEEN LISTENING TO THIS GUY FOR WEEKS — TRUST ME, SHOOTING HIM AIN'T GONNA BE A PROBLEM.
RICOCHET.
GLAD TO HEAR IT.
YOU STILL GOT THAT PLASTEEL PLATE IN YOUR SKULL, CITIZEN?
SURE HAVE! GENUINE SOUVENIR OF THE BIG A.W..!
TONK TONK
SPRING!

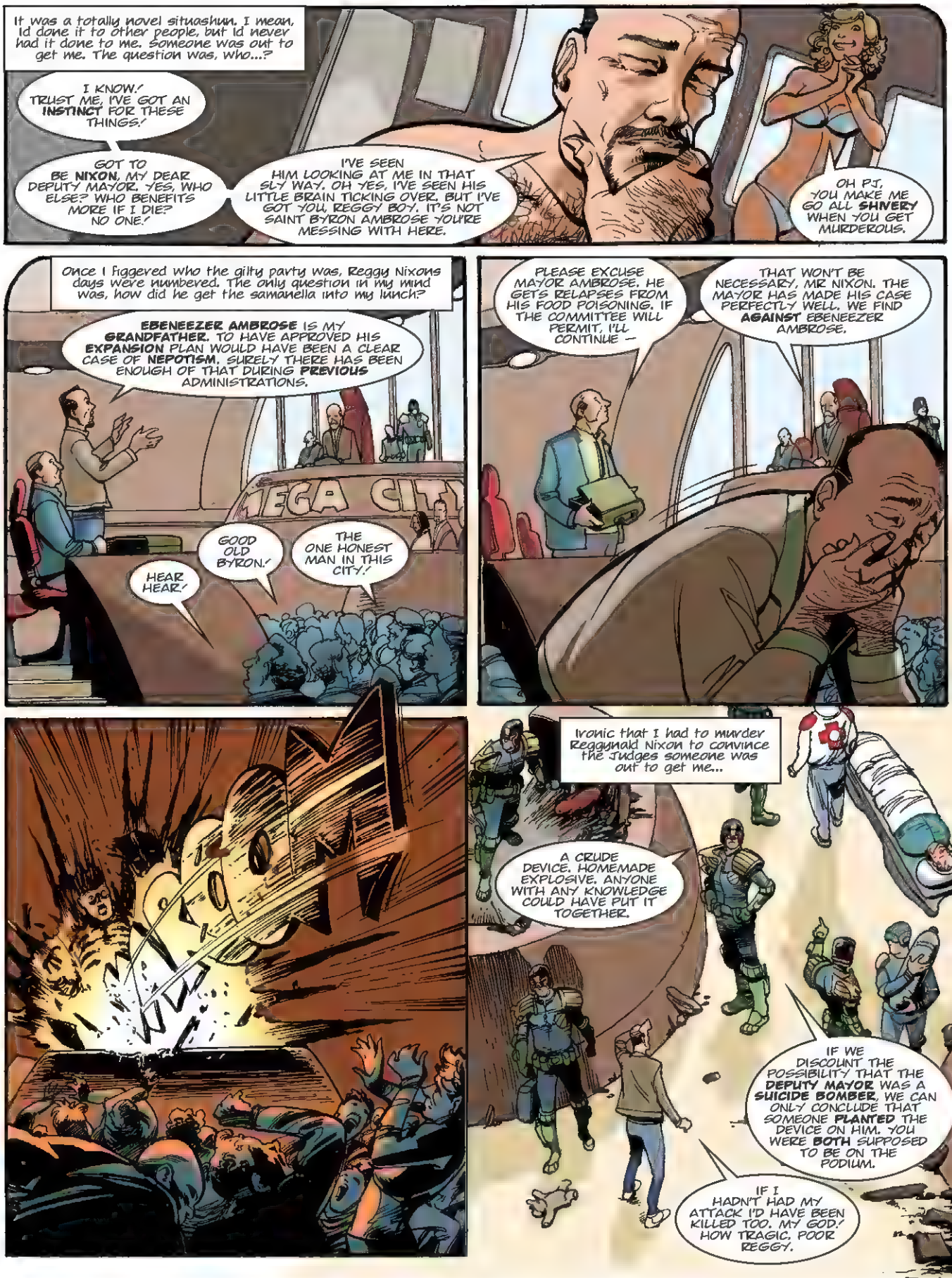
STANDARD EXECUTION.
BDAM!
WOW. CLASSIC OLD-SCHOOL ACTION.
LIES. ALL LIES. IF IT DIDN'T COME FROM A LAWGIVER MARK ONE THEN THE SHOT NEVER HAPPENED.
THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, CITIZEN.
YOU KNOW ME, JUDGE — ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP.
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, FUDDLARD — BREACH OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SECURITY AND REVEALING CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION LEADING TO THE MURDER OF A JUDGE.
TRUST ME, THAT'S JUST THE START OF YOUR TROUBLES. YOU KNOW TOO MUCH DEPARTMENT INSIDE INFO. ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T TALK...
MIND-WIPE — SURGICAL OR PSI-JUDGE. YOUR CHOICE. YOU CAN MAKE YOUR MIND UP ON THE WAY TO THE CUBES.
NO. YEARS OF PRECIOUS ACCUMULATED KNOWLEDGE. THE WORLD NEEDS ME AND MY EXPERT OPINIONS.
JUDGE-SPOTTERS. MOSTLY HARMLESS AND A USEFUL INFORMATION RESOURCE.
BUT STILL MOSTLY JUST IRRITATING.
DID HE SAY 'DROKK'? I HOPE SO.
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I DEFINITELY GOT A 'PUNK'. YOU DON'T HEAR THAT ONE SO MUCH THESE DAYS.
LIES. MORE LIES. IF HE DOESN'T SAY 'STOMM' THEN NONE OF IT'S REAL.
THE END

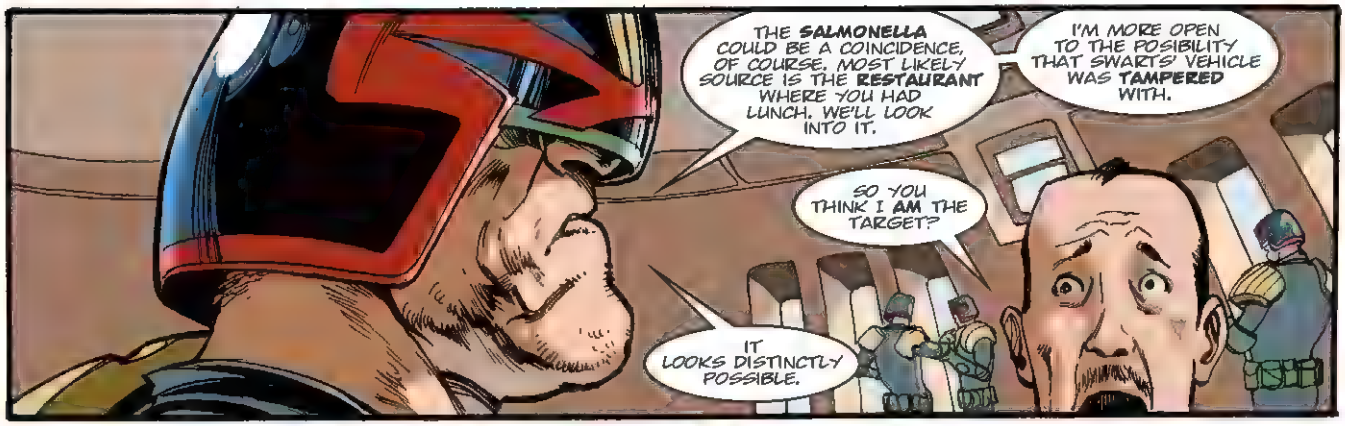
JUDGE DREDD

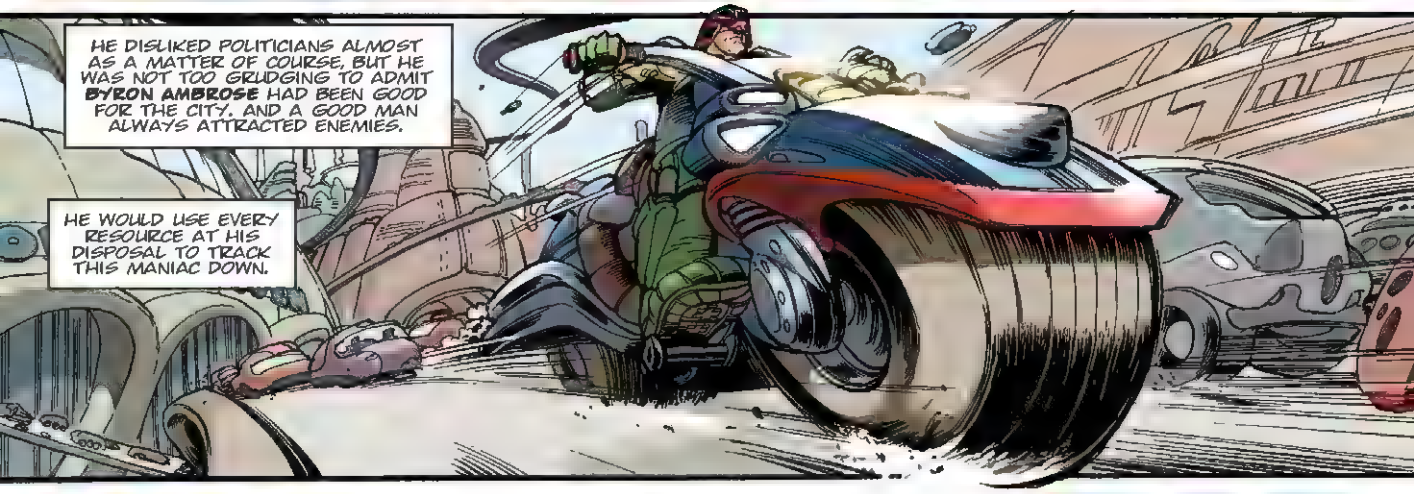
What i Did For CrIrssMas

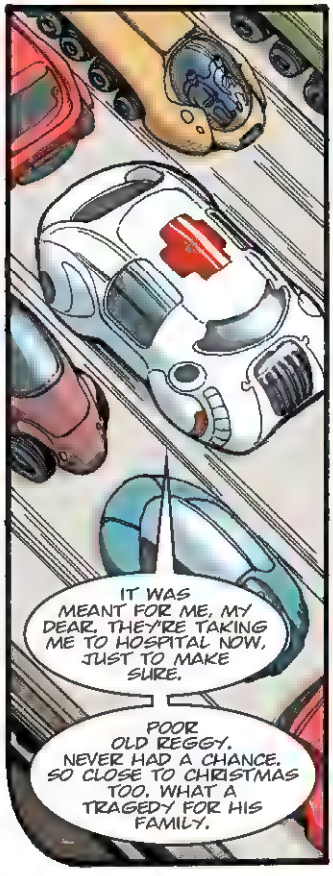


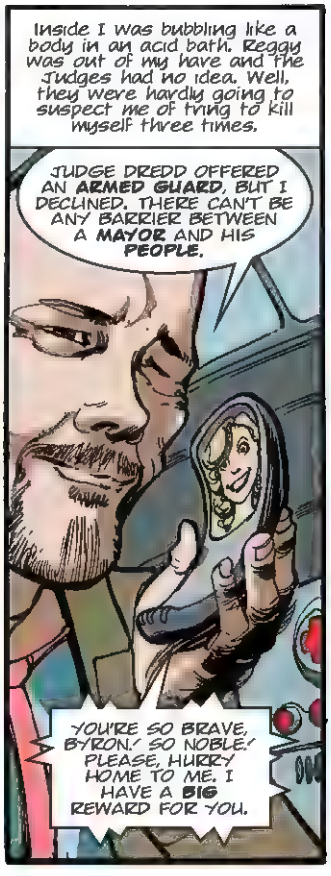
Kind of funny when you consider murder is my major talent, and im reely notorius killer PJ Maybe, having insinerated the reel Byron Ambrose in my funreal pire.
SALMONELLA VT IS A PARTICULARLY VIRULENT STRAIN, MAYOR AMBROSE. THEY WERE LUCKY TO PULL YOU THROUGH.
SO WHAT ARE THE JUDGES DOING ABOUT IT?
HARDLY A MATTER FOR THE JUDGES. PUBLIC HEALTH, MAYOR, THAT'S OUR JOB. WE GET A BUG, WE TRACK IT DOWN.
AND THIS IS A BAD ONE. CAN YOU TELL US WHAT AND WHERE YOU ATE YESTERDAY?
YOU FOOLS! ANYONE IN THEIR RIGHT MIND CAN SEE THIS WAS NO ACCIDENT. IT WAS ATTEMPTED MURDER!
I was suspishus from the start. I have a nose for these sort of things, being in the bizness, as it were, but the council droids wouldnt heve of it.
Even when the second attempt happened, no one would lissen...
CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR RECOVERY, MAYOR AMBROSE! THE WHOLE CITY'S BEEN PRAYING FOR YOU.
I AM TRULY TOUCHED.
LOOK OUT!
MCN
THEY SAY LIGHTNING NEVER STRIKES TWICE, BUT ANOTHER LUCKY ESCAPE FOR POPULAR MAYOR BYRON AMBROSE AS HE LEFT HOSPITAL TODAY.
THE HOVERCAR, DRIVEN BY HYPERMART TROLLEY STACKER GRIMLY SWARTS, WAS OUT OF CONTROL. A FAULTY AUTO CON IS SUSPECTED. MAYOR AMBROSE WAS FORTUNATELY UNHURT.
SWARTS, 27, OF FAIR DEAL SINGLES APARTMENTS IN SECTOR 19, DIED INSTANTLY IN THE ACCIDENT.
Alone at home I let Inga wear her pretty face. Shes a pricelss sweedish love droid and if the judges suspected they might tie her back to PJ Maybe. So I have to be careful.
HOW CAN YOU BE SURE, PJ?
IT WAS DELIBERATE, INGA! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO KILL ME!
ACCIDENT MY FOOT!

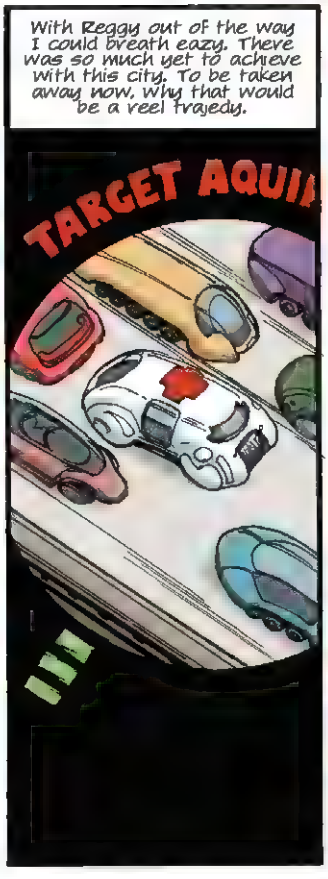

It was a totally novel situashun. I mean, Id done it to other people, but Id never had it done to me. Someone was out to get me. The question was, who...?
I KNOW.' TRUST ME, I'VE GOT AN INSTINCT FOR THESE THINGS.'
GOT TO BE NIXON, MY DEAR DEPUTY MAYOR. YES, WHO ELSE? WHO BENEFITS MORE IF I DIE? NO ONE.'
I'VE SEEN HIM LOOKING AT ME IN THAT SLY WAY. OH YES, I'VE SEEN HIS LITTLE BRAIN TICKING OVER. BUT I'VE GOT YOU, REGGY BOY. IT'S NOT SAINT BYRON AMBROSE YOU'RE MESSING WITH HERE.
OH PJ, YOU MAKE ME GO ALL SHIVERY WHEN YOU GET MURDEROUS.
Once I figgered who the gilty party was, Reggy Nixons days were numbered. The only question in my mind was, how did he get the samanella into my lunch?
EBENEEZER AMBROSE IS MY GRANDFATHER. TO HAVE APPROVED HIS EXPANSION PLAN WOULD HAVE BEEN A CLEAR CASE OF NEPOTISM. SURELY THERE HAS BEEN ENOUGH OF THAT DURING PREVIOUS ADMINISTRATIONS.
HEAR HEAR.'
GOOD OLD BYRON.'
THE ONE HONEST MAN IN THIS CITY.'
PLEASE EXCUSE MAYOR AMBROSE. HE GETS RELAPSES FROM HIS FOOD POISONING. IF THE COMMITTEE WILL PERMIT, I'LL CONTINUE —
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, MR NIXON. THE MAYOR HAS MADE HIS CASE PERFECTLY WELL. WE FIND AGAINST EBENEEZER AMBROSE.
KA-BOOM
Ironic that I had to murder Reggynald Nixon to convince the judges someone was out to get me...
A CRUDE DEVICE. HOMEMADE EXPLOSIVE. ANYONE WITH ANY KNOWLEDGE COULD HAVE PUT IT TOGETHER.
IF WE DISCOUNT THE POSSIBILITY THAT THE DEPUTY MAYOR WAS A SUICIDE BOMBER, WE CAN ONLY CONCLUDE THAT SOMEONE PLANTED THE DEVICE ON HIM. YOU WERE BOTH SUPPOSED TO BE ON THE PODIUM.
IF I HADN'T HAD MY ATTACK I'D HAVE BEEN KILLED TOO. MY GOD.' HOW TRAGIC. POOR REGGY.


THE SALMONELLA COULD BE A COINCIDENCE, OF COURSE. MOST LIKELY SOURCE IS THE RESTAURANT WHERE YOU HAD LUNCH. WE'LL LOOK INTO IT.
I'M MORE OPEN TO THE POSIBILITY THAT SWARTS' VEHICLE WAS TAMPERED WITH.
SO YOU THINK I AM THE TARGET?
IT LOOKS DISTINCTLY POSSIBLE.


HE DISLIKED POLITICIANS ALMOST AS A MATTER OF COURSE, BUT HE WAS NOT TOO GRUDGING TO ADMIT BYRON AMBROSE HAD BEEN GOOD FOR THE CITY. AND A GOOD MAN ALWAYS ATTRACTED ENEMIES.
HE WOULD USE EVERY RESOURCE AT HIS DISPOSAL TO TRACK THIS MANIAC DOWN.

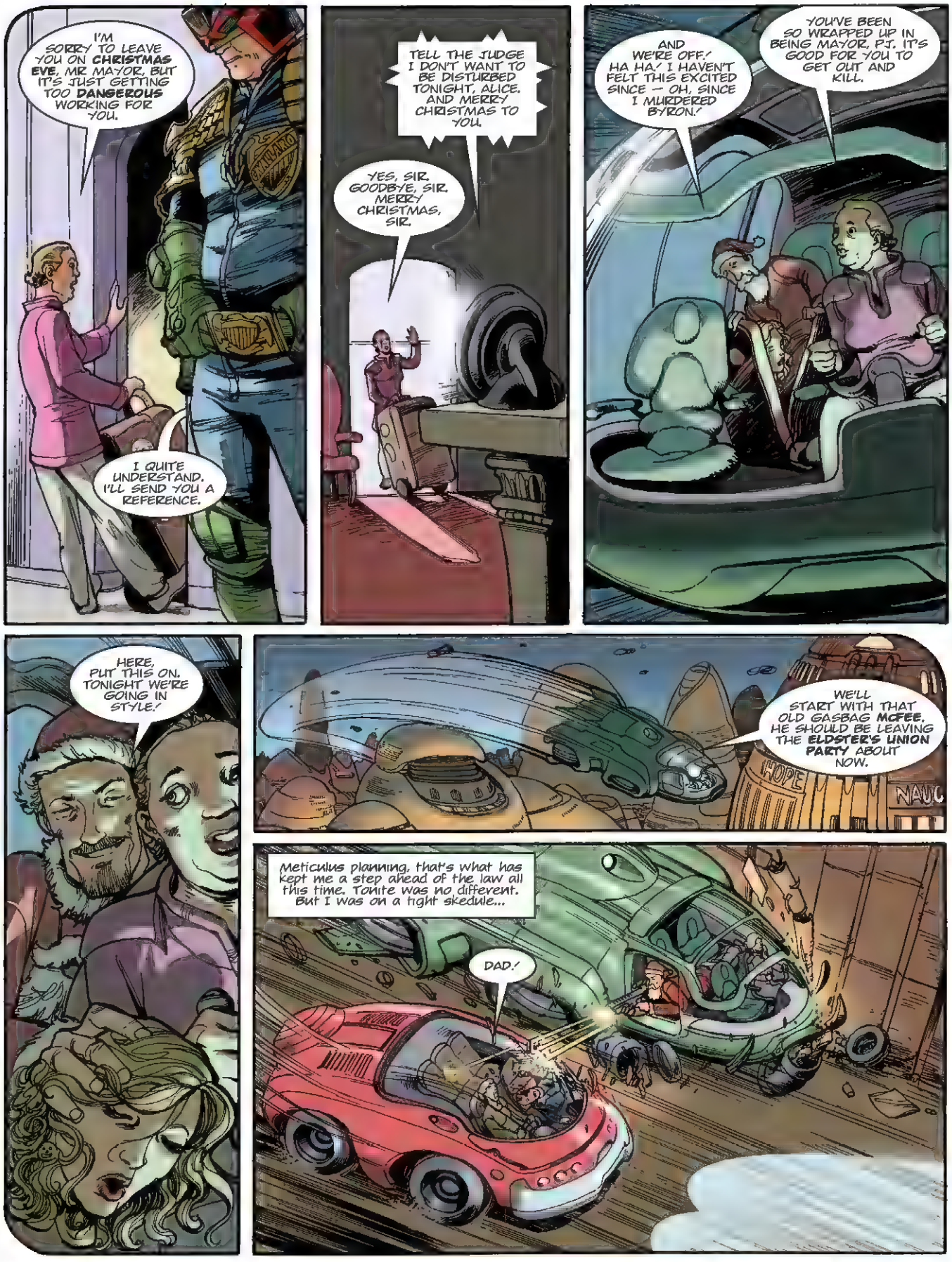

IT WAS MEANT FOR ME, MY DEAR. THEY'RE TAKING ME TO HOSPITAL NOW, JUST TO MAKE SURE.
POOR OLD REGGY. NEVER HAD A CHANCE. SO CLOSE TO CHRISTMAS TOO. WHAT A TRAGEDY FOR HIS FAMILY.


Inside I was bubbling like a body in an acid bath. Reggy was out of my have and the Judges had no idea. Well, they were hardly going to suspect me of trying to kill myself three times.
JUDGE DREDD OFFERED AN ARMED GUARD, BUT I DECLINED. THERE CAN'T BE ANY BARRIER BETWEEN A MAYOR AND HIS PEOPLE.
YOU'RE SO BRAVE, BYRON.! SO NOBLE.! PLEASE, HURRY HOME TO ME. I HAVE A BIG REWARD FOR YOU.


With Reggy out of the way I could breath eazy. There was so much yet to achieve with this city. To be taken away now. Why that would be a reel trajedy.
TARGET AQUI

UHHH.!

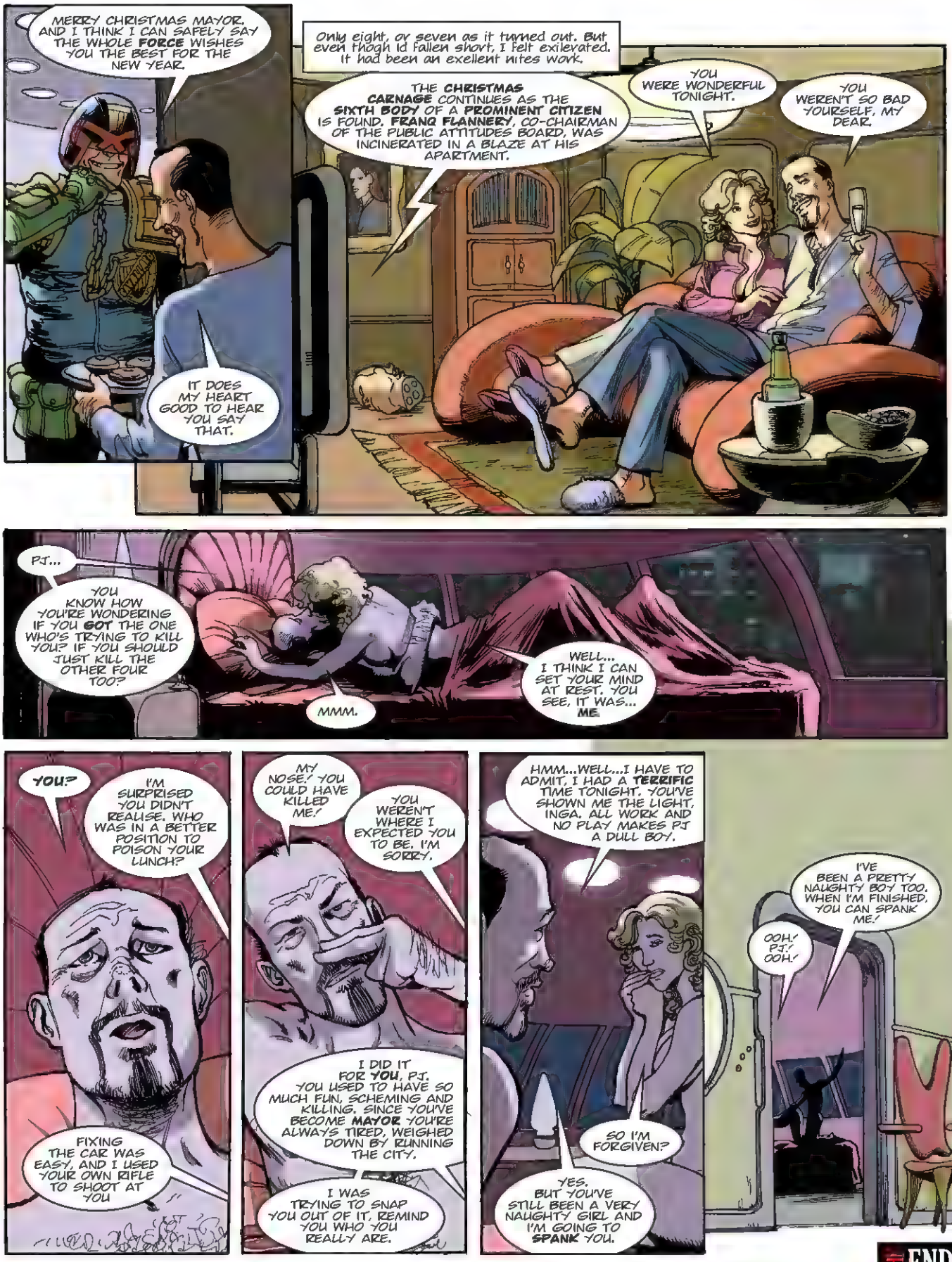
THE WEAPON WAS A **SNIPER SPECIAL.** FOUND IT ON THE ROOF OF THE KNOPFLER BUILDING. THAT'S WHERE THE SHOT CAME FROM.
THE **SS 12** IS **SELF-AIMING** — ACCURATE TO WITHIN A **MILLIMETRE.** SETTINGS ON IT WERE PERFECT. EITHER YOU HAD A VERY LUCKY ESCAPE OR...
OR?
MAYBE THEY'RE NOT TRYING TO KILL YOU. MAYBE THEY'RE JUST TRYING TO **FRIGHTEN** YOU.
NO, THAT DOESN'T WORK. WHOEVER PLANTED THE BOMB ON REGINALD NIXON INTENDED TO KILL.
I TRUST, IN THE LIGHT OF EVENTS, YOU WILL NOW ACCEPT MY OFFER OF A SECURITY DETACHMENT. NOT MY PLACE TO SAY THIS, AMBROSE, BUT YOU'D BE A LOSS.
I'M...I'M TOTALLY TOUCHED AND FLATTERED, JUDGE DREDD.
What could I do but accept his offer? Anyway, the way things were going I needed a gavd. Some twisted sicko trying to kill me — ME!
MAYOR AMBROSE
OH BOY, SOMEONE'S GOING TO **PAY** FOR THIS INGA!
I did a list, everyone with enuf motive to want me dead...
THERE'S **ROOTA VEGA.** WE CLASHED AT THAT WELFARE COMMITTEE MEETING, REMEMBER?
OH WAIT — **CHESTER DAMNED RUTTOCK!** DIDN'T HE THREATEN TO **PAY ME BACK** FOR FILMSBY CHEMICALS? WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT, EH?
AND **GRANDFATHER!** DEAR GRANDFATHER, **EBENEEZER AMBROSE** HATES MY GUTS!
NO, HOLD ON. STILL HAVEN'T WANGLED MY WAY BACK INTO THE OLD SKINFLINT'S **WILL.** BETTER LEAVE HIM OFF FOR NOW.
In the end I had eleven names. Eleven people with most reason to want me out of the way.
I would give this city — my city — a Crissmas Night of carnage they would rite legends about!

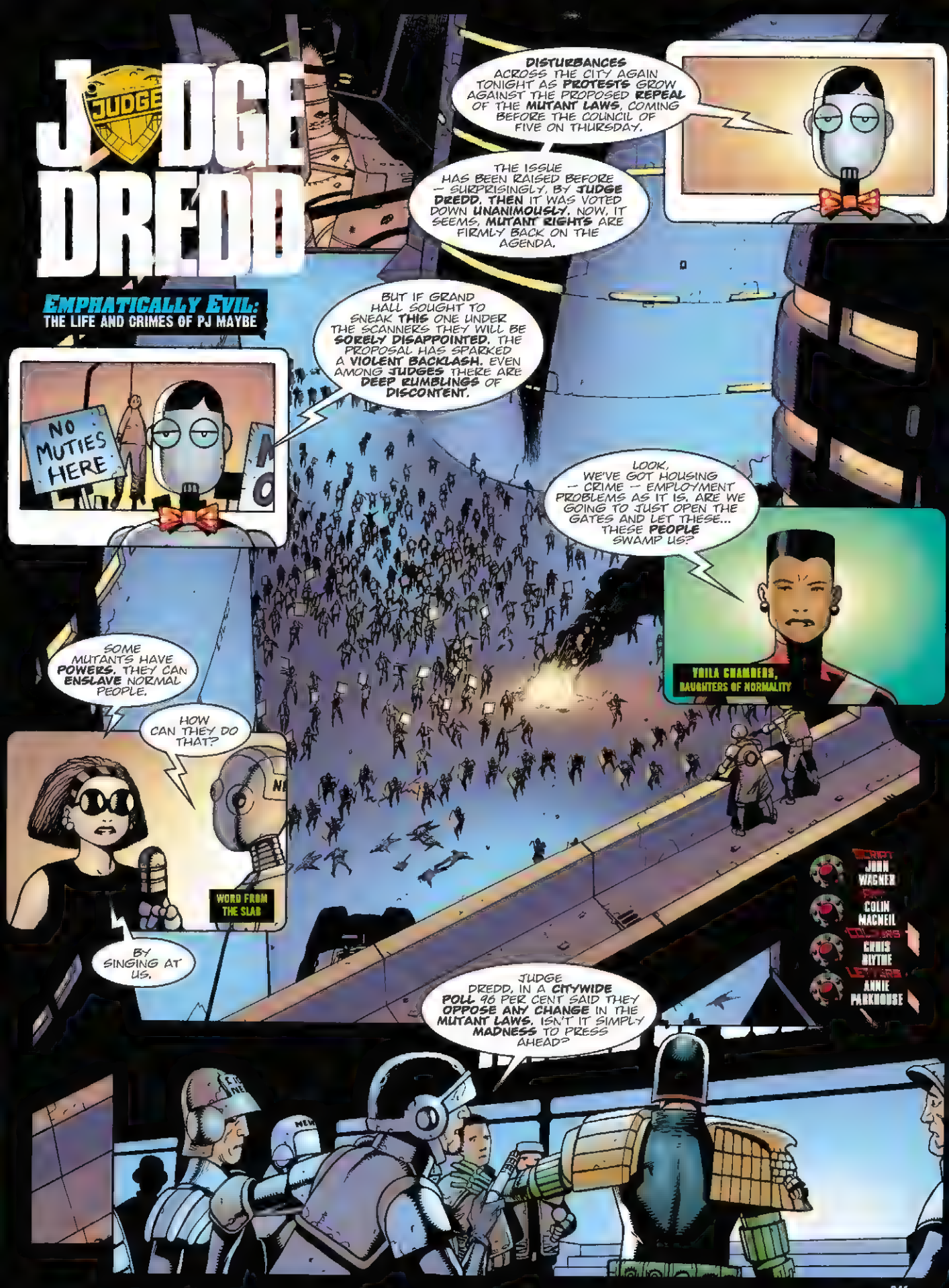

I'M SORRY TO LEAVE YOU ON **CHRISTMAS EVE**, MR MAYOR, BUT IT'S JUST GETTING TOO **DANGEROUS** WORKING FOR YOU.
I QUITE UNDERSTAND. I'LL SEND YOU A REFERENCE.
TELL THE JUDGE I DON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED TONIGHT, ALICE. AND MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU.
YES, SIR. GOODBYE, SIR. MERRY CHRISTMAS, SIR.
AND WE'RE OFF.' HA HA.' I HAVEN'T FELT THIS EXCITED SINCE — OH, SINCE I MURDERED BYRON.'
YOU'VE BEEN SO WRAPPED UP IN BEING MAYOR, PJ. IT'S GOOD FOR YOU TO GET OUT AND KILL.
HERE, PUT THIS ON. TONIGHT WE'RE GOING IN STYLE.'
WE'LL START WITH THAT OLD GASBAG **MCFEE**. HE SHOULD BE LEAVING THE **ELDSTER'S UNION PARTY** ABOUT NOW.
HOPE
Meticulous planning, that's what has kept me a step ahead of the law all this time. Tonite was no different. But I was on a tight skedule...
DAD.'

OH GRUD, DADDDDD!
WHITMAN BLOCK. PARK BY THE SOUTH ENTRANCE, WAIT FOR ME THERE.
SO TELL ME — HOW DID YOU GET THE SALMONELLA INTO MY LUNCH?
I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, AMBROSE! PLEASE, DON'T DO THIS!
THREE DOWN.
WORKING LATE, ROOTA? DEFENDING THE POOR, SUPPORTING THE WEAK. HOW ABSOLUTELY COMMENDABLE.
AMBROSE! WHAT DO YOU WANT?
JUST SPREADING A LITTLE CHRISTMAS CHEER. NOW, WHAT HAS SANTA GOT FOR BAD GIRLS LIKE YOU? WHY, IT'S A NICE GARROTTE!
HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING? PUT THAT DOWN, YOU FOOL!
YOU SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO OPPOSING ME IN COMMITTEE, ROOTA!
SLABRATS FOUNDATION
YOUNG JUVIES INSTITUTE, WEST 51. STEP ON IT, WE'RE RUNNING LATE.

COUNCILLOR HOLY JIM JIGGINS, GIVING OUT **PRESENTS** TO THE **POOR JUVES** WHILE HE TAKES A FAT SLICE OUT OF THEIR MOTHERS' **WELFARE** CHEQUES. GUY'S A CROOK AND I TOLD HIM SO. HE DIDN'T LIKE THAT.
YOUNG JUVIES INSTITUTE
HE'S BIG AND STRONG, PJ. BE CAREFUL.
I'LL HANDLE HIM, BABE, DON'T YOU WORRY.
SANTA!
SANTA! YAY!
I NEVER ORDERED ANY DAMN SANTA! A WORD IN YOUR EAR!
The big ape musseled me down to the restroom...
GOOD GRIEF! IT'S **AMBROSE**!
JUST A CHRISTMAS COURTESY VISIT. AND LOOK, I'VE GOT A LITTLE PRESENT FOR **YOU**, JIMMY BOY.
YOU'VE BEEN A **BAD BOY**, JIMMY! AND **THIS** IS WHAT BAD BOYS GET!
DON'T BE ALARMED, DEAR CHILD. MR JIGGINS IS TRYING OUT THE NEW **SNORKEL SET** I GAVE HIM! MERRY CHRISTMAS!
GEE.

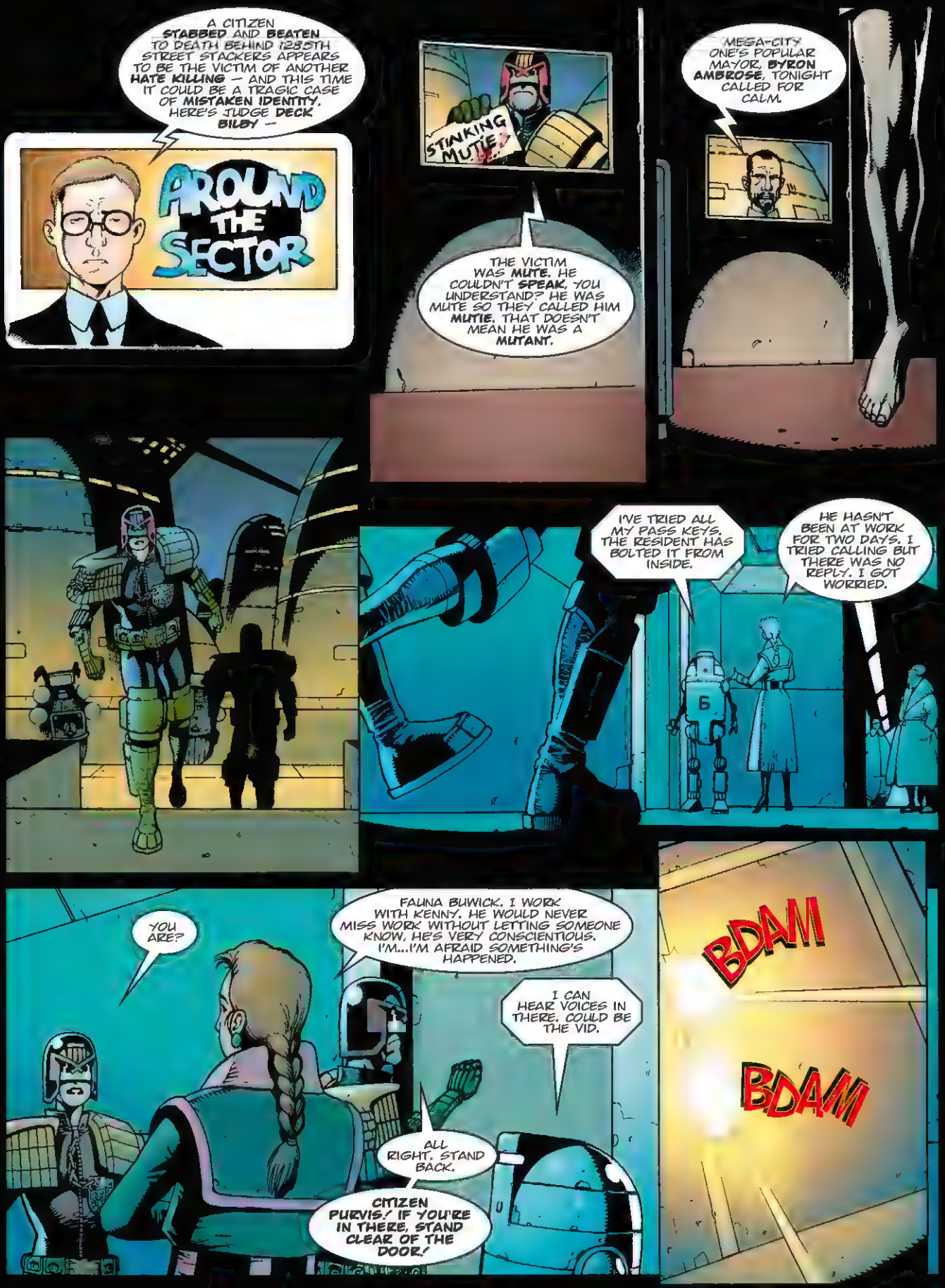
I think of myself as a killer's killer. I put a lot of imaginashun into my crimes. But this was an emergencey, and I had to take some shortcuts.
CHESTER!
When my one o'clock deadline came, I had to be firm with myself. Id only reached 8 [though it turned out to be 7, cos Mrs smartass Rwanda Potter at the restaurnt was only singed].
I-I COULDN'T LEAVE THE MAYOR ALONE AT CHRISTMAS! I'VE COME BACK!
NICE WEAPON, THIS SNIPER SPECIAL. JOKER WHO TOOK THAT SHOT AT ME USED THE SAME MODEL.
QUITE RIGHT TOO. COULDN'T MEET A NICER GUY.
DREDD WAS ON CROWD CONTROL AT THE JOVIS NIGHT MASS WHEN REPORTS OF THE MURDERS BEGAN TO TRICKLE IN. THE CITY FATHERS WERE DROPPING LIKE FLIES —
COULD BE A CONNECTION. CONTROL, CHECK WITH SECURITY AT THE MAYOR'S APARTMENT.
JUSTICE DEPT
DREDD
LITTLE TROUBLE OUT THERE, IT SEEMS. SOMEONE POPPING OFF BIGWIGS. COULD BE THE SAME NUT WHO'S AFTER YOU.
OH MY!
I'VE TOLD THEM EVERYTHING'S A-OKAY HERE. THERE'S NO ONE GETTING NEAR YOU, DON'T YOU WORRY.

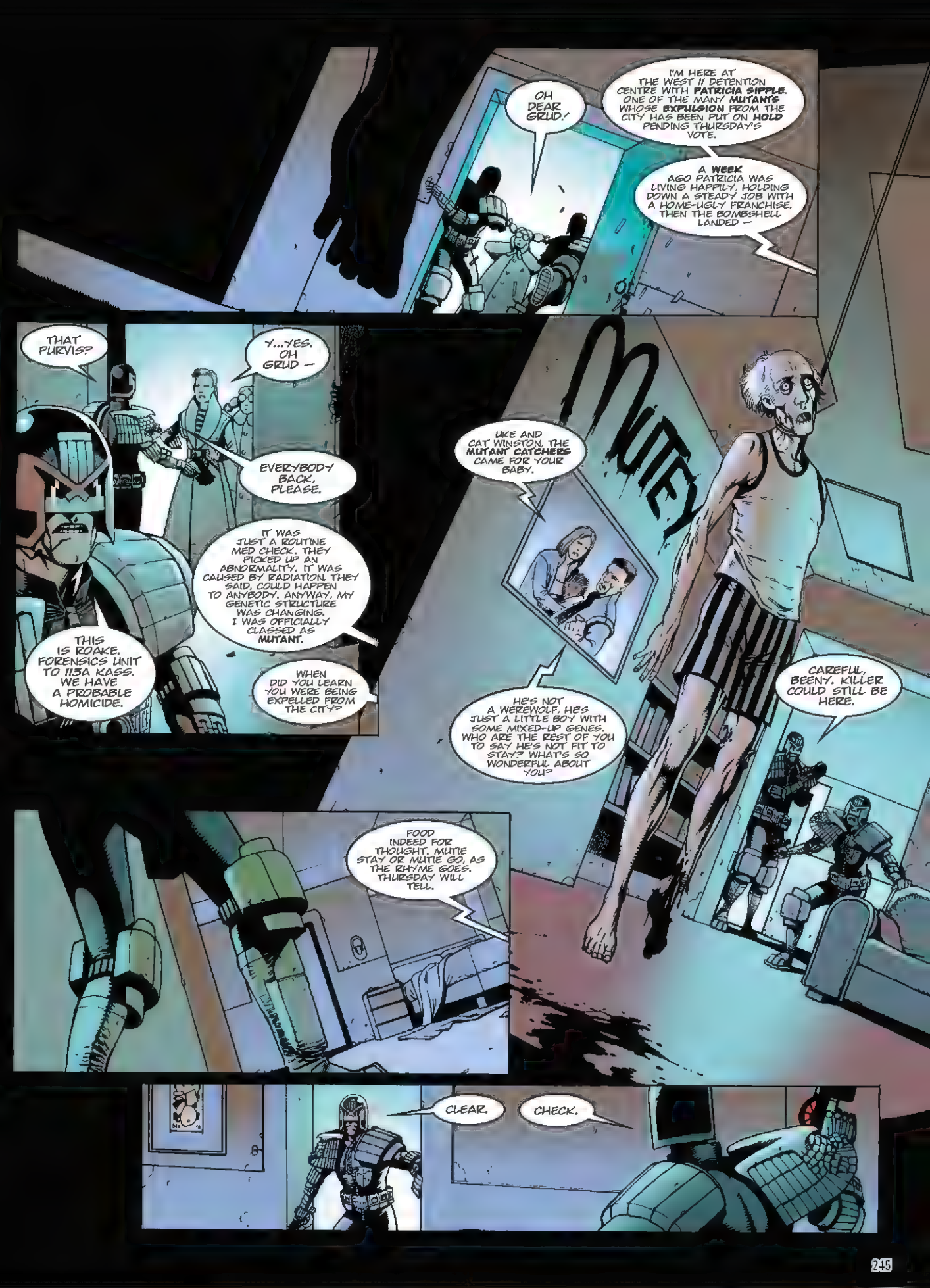

MERRY CHRISTMAS MAYOR. AND I THINK I CAN SAFELY SAY THE WHOLE FORCE WISHES YOU THE BEST FOR THE NEW YEAR.
IT DOES MY HEART GOOD TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT.
Only eight, or seven as it turned out. But even though Id fallen short, I felt exilerated. It had been an exellent nites work.
THE CHRISTMAS CARNAGE CONTINUES AS THE SIXTH BODY OF A PROMINENT CITIZEN IS FOUND, FRANQ FLANNERY, CO-CHAIRMAN OF THE PUBLIC ATTITUDES BOARD, WAS INCINERATED IN A BLAZE AT HIS APARTMENT.
YOU WERE WONDERFUL TONIGHT.
YOU WEREN'T SO BAD YOURSELF, MY DEAR.
PJ...
YOU KNOW HOW YOU'RE WONDERING IF YOU GOT THE ONE WHO'S TRYING TO KILL YOU? IF YOU SHOULD JUST KILL THE OTHER FOUR TOO?
MMM.
WELL... I THINK I CAN SET YOUR MIND AT REST. YOU SEE, IT WAS... ME.
YOU?
I'M SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T REALISE. WHO WAS IN A BETTER POSITION TO POISON YOUR LUNCH?
FIXING THE CAR WAS EASY, AND I USED YOUR OWN RIFLE TO SHOOT AT YOU
MY NOSE! YOU COULD HAVE KILLED ME!
YOU WEREN'T WHERE I EXPECTED YOU TO BE. I'M SORRY.
I DID IT FOR YOU, PJ. YOU USED TO HAVE SO MUCH FUN, SCHEMING AND KILLING. SINCE YOU'VE BECOME MAYOR YOU'RE ALWAYS TIRED, WEIGHED DOWN BY RUNNING THE CITY.
I WAS TRYING TO SNAP YOU OUT OF IT, REMIND YOU WHO YOU REALLY ARE.
HMM...WELL...I HAVE TO ADMIT, I HAD A TERRIFIC TIME TONIGHT. YOU'VE SHOWN ME THE LIGHT, INGA. ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES PJ A DULL BOY.
SO I'M FORGIVEN?
YES, BUT YOU'VE STILL BEEN A VERY NAUGHTY GIRL AND I'M GOING TO SPANK YOU.
I'VE BEEN A PRETTY NAUGHTY BOY TOO. WHEN I'M FINISHED, YOU CAN SPANK ME!
OOH! PJ! OOH!
END


JUDGE DREDD
EMPHATICALLY EVIL:
THE LIFE AND CRIMES OF PJ MAYBE
DISTURBANCES ACROSS THE CITY AGAIN TONIGHT AS PROTESTS GROW AGAINST THE PROPOSED REPEAL OF THE MUTANT LAWS, COMING BEFORE THE COUNCIL OF FIVE ON THURSDAY.
THE ISSUE HAS BEEN RAISED BEFORE — SURPRISINGLY, BY JUDGE DREDD, THEN IT WAS VOTED DOWN UNANIMOUSLY. NOW, IT SEEMS, MUTANT RIGHTS ARE FIRMLY BACK ON THE AGENDA.
BUT IF GRAND HALL SOUGHT TO SNEAK THIS ONE UNDER THE SCANNERS THEY WILL BE SORELY DISAPPOINTED. THE PROPOSAL HAS SPARKED A VIOLENT BACKLASH. EVEN AMONG JUDGES THERE ARE DEEP RUMBLINGS OF DISCONTENT.
NO MUTIES HERE
LOOK, WE'VE GOT HOUSING — CRIME — EMPLOYMENT PROBLEMS AS IT IS. ARE WE GOING TO JUST OPEN THE GATES AND LET THESE... THESE PEOPLE SWAMP US?
YOILA CHAMBERS, DAUGHTERS OF NORMALITY
SOME MUTANTS HAVE POWERS. THEY CAN ENSLAVE NORMAL PEOPLE.
HOW CAN THEY DO THAT?
WORD FROM THE SLAB
BY SINGING AT US.
JUDGE DREDD, IN A CITYWIDE POLL 96 PER CENT SAID THEY OPPOSE ANY CHANGE IN THE MUTANT LAWS. ISN'T IT SIMPLY MADNESS TO PRESS AHEAD?
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART COLIN MACNEIL
COLOURS CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS ANNIE PARKHOUSE

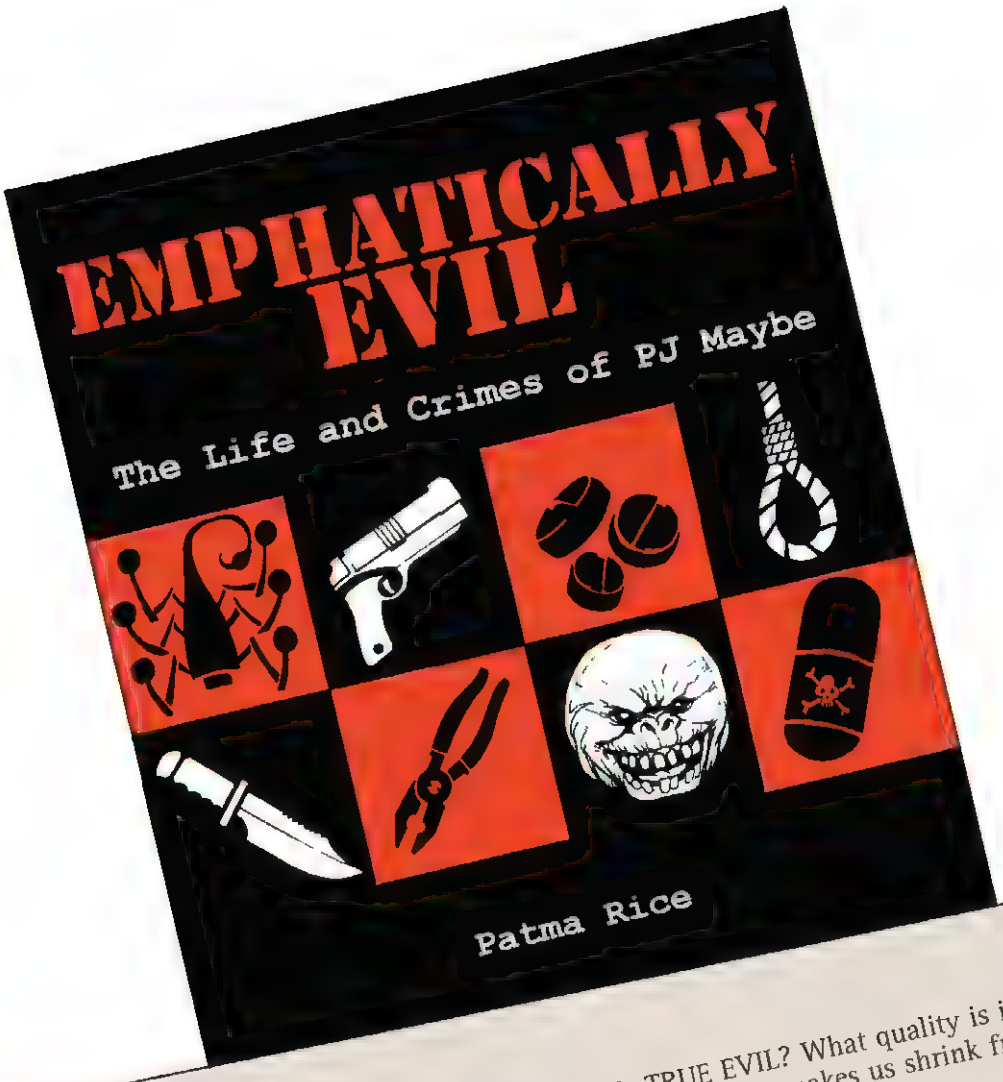
WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THESE MUTANTS? SOME OF THEM ARE MURDERERS – CANNIBALS. THEY EAT THEIR BABIES. WE KNOW IT GOES ON.
TRUE TRUTH
MY ROBOTS ARE WORRIED THEY'LL BE PUT OUT OF A JOB. MUTIES WILL WORK FOR NOTHING.
YEAH.
RIGHT.
NO MUTES
NO FREAKS
WHAT ABOUT DISEASE? GRUD KNOWS, ENOUGH DRIFTS IN FROM THE CURSED EARTH AS IT IS – DO WE WANT TO INVITE IT IN?
LADIES, GENTLEMEN, YOU'RE MISSING THE POINT. AS I UNDERSTAND IT THERE WILL BE VERY LIMITED IMMIGRATION UNDER STRICT GUIDELINES.
TALK IT 2 DEATH
ONE'S TOO DAMNED MANY!
DOWN WITH DREDD'S LAW
NEWS
I'M HERE OUTSIDE WEST GATE FOUR, WHERE MUTANTS HAVE BEEN MASSING ALL WEEK. MANY OF THEM ARE BEARING ARMS. WHEN THE ANNOUNCEMENT COMES, IF IT ISN'T TO THEIR LIKING, WE WILL HAVE BIG TROUBLE HERE.

IT'S STIRRED UP A HORNET'S NEST.
NO SURPRISE THERE.
YOU DON'T WONDER IF WE'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING?
I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT IT.
WE **ARE** DOING THE RIGHT THING. JUST SOMETIMES THE RIGHT THING'S THE **HARD** THING.
I SPOKE TO **RAMOS**. HE'LL VOTE IN FAVOUR BUT RESERVES THE RIGHT TO CHANGE HIS MIND.
AS DO WE ALL.
I HATE THIS DAMNED POLITICKING.
SPARE A THOUGHT FOR ME. IT'S LIKE THIS ALL THE TIME.
MCTIGHE DIDN'T TAKE MUCH PERSUADING. **BUELL** AND **HOLLISTER**, I'M AFRAID, WON'T BUDGE.
NILES?
SWAYING. HE'LL BUY THE CITIZENSHIP PACKAGE BUT HE'S UNHAPPY ABOUT LETTING THEM BACK IN, EVEN GIVEN **BIRTHRIGHT**.
IF ONE'S WRONG, SO IS THE OTHER.
TELL THAT TO NILES.
I WILL. WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO GO THROUGH THIS AGAIN.


A CITIZEN STABBED AND BEATEN TO DEATH BEHIND 1285TH STREET STACKERS APPEARS TO BE THE VICTIM OF ANOTHER HATE KILLING — AND THIS TIME IT COULD BE A TRAGIC CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY. HERE'S JUDGE DECK BILBY —
AROUND THE SECTOR
STINKING MUTIE!
THE VICTIM WAS MUTE. HE COULDN'T SPEAK. YOU UNDERSTAND? HE WAS MUTE SO THEY CALLED HIM MUTIE. THAT DOESN'T MEAN HE WAS A MUTANT.
MEGA-CITY ONE'S POPULAR MAYOR, BYRON AMBROSE, TONIGHT CALLED FOR CALM.
I'VE TRIED ALL MY PASS KEYS. THE RESIDENT HAS BOLTED IT FROM INSIDE.
HE HASN'T BEEN AT WORK FOR TWO DAYS. I TRIED CALLING BUT THERE WAS NO REPLY. I GOT WORRIED.
YOU ARE?
FAUNA BUWICK. I WORK WITH KENNY. HE WOULD NEVER MISS WORK WITHOUT LETTING SOMEONE KNOW. HE'S VERY CONSCIENTIOUS. I'M...I'M AFRAID SOMETHING'S HAPPENED.
I CAN HEAR VOICES IN THERE. COULD BE THE VID.
ALL RIGHT. STAND BACK.
CITIZEN PURVIS! IF YOU'RE IN THERE, STAND CLEAR OF THE DOOR!
BDAM
BDAM


OH DEAR GRUD!
I'M HERE AT THE WEST II DETENTION CENTRE WITH **PATRICIA SIPPLE**, ONE OF THE MANY **MUTANTS** WHOSE **EXPULSION** FROM THE CITY HAS BEEN PUT ON **HOLD** PENDING THURSDAY'S VOTE.
A **WEEK** AGO PATRICIA WAS LIVING HAPPILY, HOLDING DOWN A STEADY JOB WITH A HOME-UGLY FRANCHISE. THEN THE BOMBSHELL LANDED —
THAT PURVIS?
Y...YES. OH GRUD —
EVERYBODY BACK, PLEASE.
IT WAS JUST A ROUTINE MED CHECK. THEY PICKED UP AN ABNORMALITY. IT WAS CAUSED BY RADIATION. THEY SAID, COULD HAPPEN TO ANYBODY. ANYWAY, MY GENETIC STRUCTURE WAS CHANGING. I WAS OFFICIALLY CLASSED AS **MUTANT**.
THIS IS ROAKE. FORENSICS UNIT TO 113A KASS. WE HAVE A PROBABLE HOMICIDE.
WHEN DID YOU LEARN YOU WERE BEING EXPELLED FROM THE CITY?
MUTIE
UKE AND CAT WINSTON. THE **MUTANT CATCHERS** CAME FOR YOUR BABY.
HE'S NOT A WEREWOLF, HE'S JUST A LITTLE BOY WITH SOME MIXED-UP GENES. WHO ARE THE REST OF YOU TO SAY HE'S NOT FIT TO STAY? WHAT'S SO WONDERFUL ABOUT YOU?
CAREFUL, BEENY. KILLER COULD STILL BE HERE.
FOOD INDEED FOR THOUGHT. MUTIE STAY OR MUTIE GO, AS THE RHYME GOES. THURSDAY WILL TELL.
CLEAR.
CHECK.

WINDOWS IN THIS BLOCK ARE SEALED. DOOR WAS BOLTED FROM INSIDE. SO HOW DID THE KILLER GET OUT?
COULD BE SUICIDE. VIC COULD HAVE HAULED HIMSELF UP, SLIPPED HIS NECK THROUGH .
THAT'S ENOUGH DEATH AND DESTRUCTION FOR THE MOMENT. ON A LIGHTER NOTE, RELEASED THIS WEEK IS A NEW BOOK ABOUT ONE OF THE CENTURY'S MOST NOTORIOUS SERIAL MURDERERS, 'EMPHATICALLY EVIL — THE LIFE AND CRIMES OF PJ MAYBE'.
HE DIDN'T DO THAT TO HIMSELF. PRACTICALLY TOOK HIS FOOT OFF. ANOTHER WOUND ON HIS LEG THERE. I'D SAY YOUR STANDARD GHETTO BLASTER, MAYBE HOMEMADE.
PAINT.
WAIT A MINUTE. LET'S CHECK THAT BEDROOM AGAIN —
AUTHOR PATMA RICE, YOU CARRIED OUT MANY INTERVIEWS WITH PJ MAYBE'S CHILDHOOD FRIENDS.
FRIENDS IS PUTTING IT TOO STRONGLY. PHILIP JANET MAYBE HAD NO FRIENDS. OTHER CHILDREN FOUND HIM CREEPY. MANY OF HIS CLASSMATES, OF COURSE, EVENTUALLY BECAME HIS VICTIMS.
WHAT WE GOT, BEENY?
TRAP DOOR, I THINK.
SAW THE EDGE, DIDN'T CONNECT TILL I COULDN'T FIGURE HOW THE KILLER GOT OUT.
SMART. I CAN SEE WHY THEY MOVED YOU UP EARLY.
I THOUGHT IT WAS MY NATURAL CHARM.
BLOCK POD PARK.
ANYONE COMING IN THIS WAY WOULDN'T BE PICKED UP BY BLOCK CAMS.
YES. BUT HE ALSO HAD TO KNOW ABOUT IT. THAT SUGGESTS THE KILLER PROBABLY KNEW THE VICTIM..



PJ MAYBE ON H.S ARREST FOR MULTIPLE MURDER, AGE 14.

WHAT IS EVIL, TRUE EVIL? What quality is it in another human being that makes us shrink from them in terror?

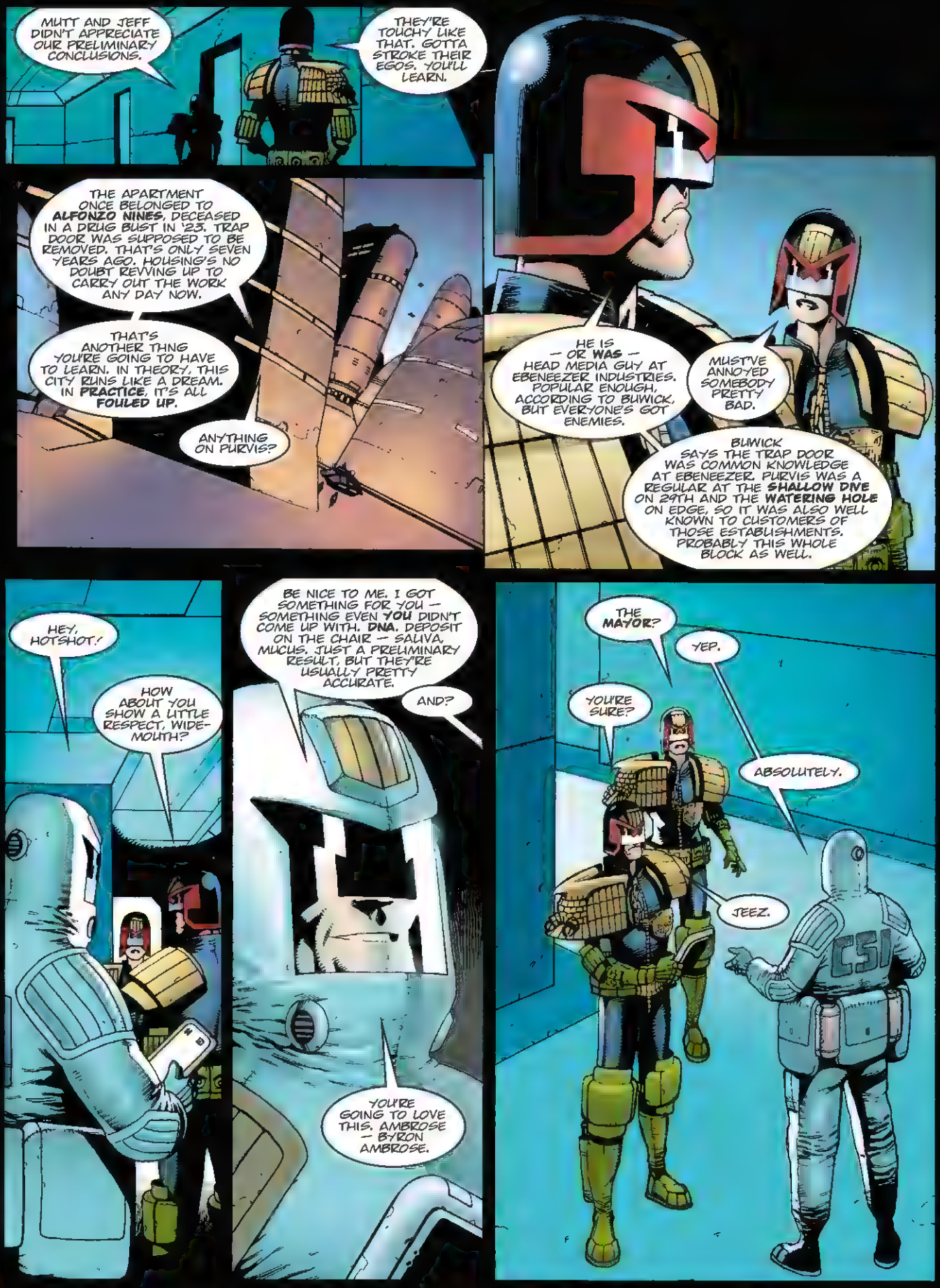
Not, surely, simply the capacity for violence. A killer's murderous blow, the angry stamp of a boot, a madman's rage - vicious, perhaps, but truly evil? Most of us would say no. These are acts motivated by passion, and passion is something we understand, something we are all capable of.

No, what chills us to the marrow - a thing so alien that it seems a perversion of all that is human - is violence *without* passion. The killer who destroys his prey with emotionless efficiency. Cold and calculating, with him there is no reasoning, and between us there can be no meeting point.

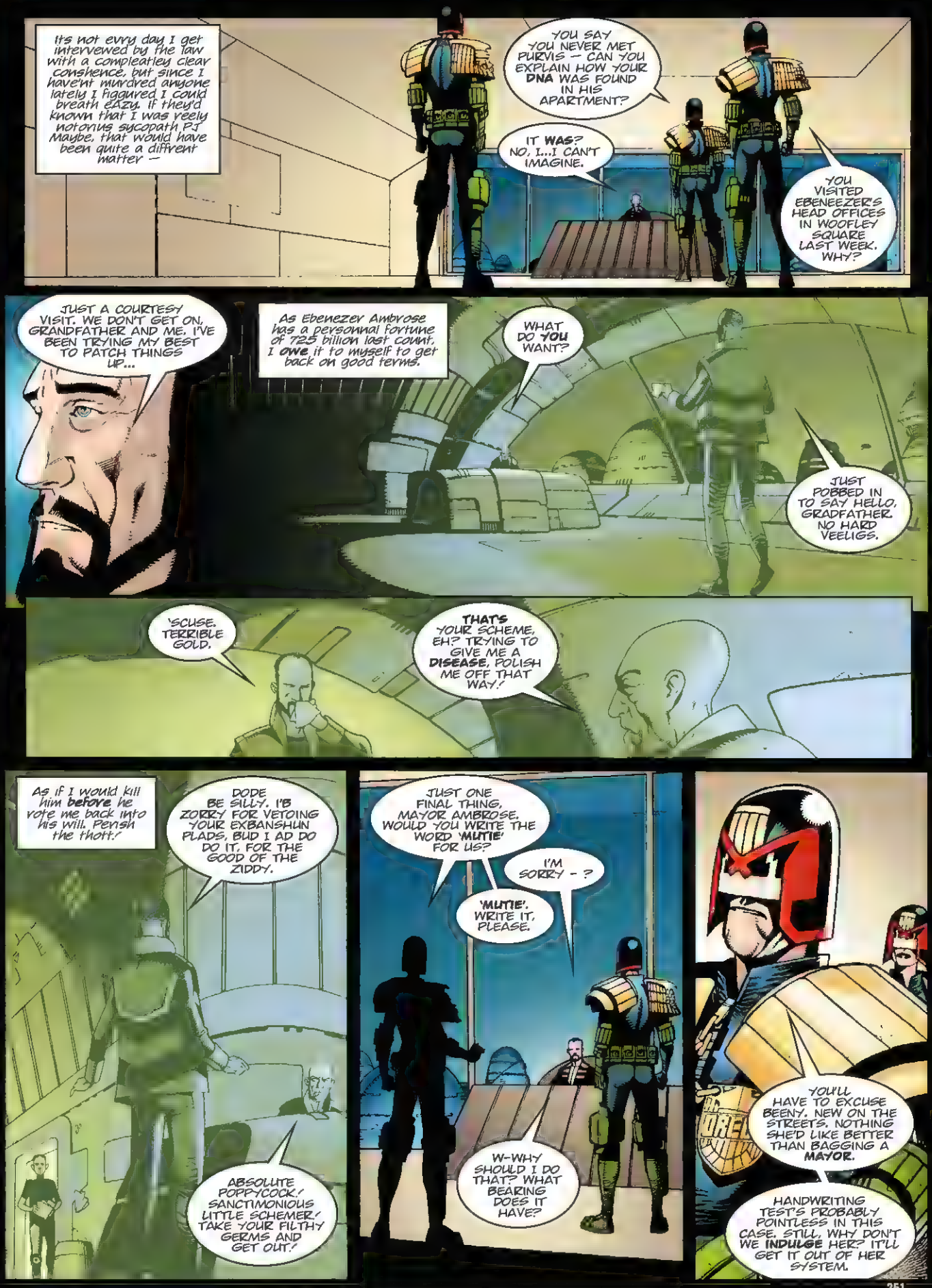
We know he exists. We call him Monster, and we pray that his merciless gaze never falls on us.

One such man was Philip Janet Maybe.

HOW MANY PEOPLE KNEW ABOUT THE TRAP DOOR?
OH, LOTS. EVERYBODY AT EBENEEZER. KENNY... KENNY DIDN'T MAKE ANY SECRET OF IT.
CSI
A LOT OF BLOOD HERE. WE FIGURE THIS IS WHERE PURVIS WAS SHOT IN THE FOOT — SEE THE DRAG MARKS.
THE KILLER FORCED HIM TO STAND ON THAT CHAIR OVER THERE. THERE'S A LOT OF BLOOD AND TRACES ON IT.
THIS IS KENNET PURVIS, THE DEAD MAN?
THE... THE APARTMENT USED TO BELONG TO SOME DRUG DEALER, I CAN'T RECALL THE NAME. KENNY WAS KIND OF PROUD OF IT, HIS SECRET EXIT TO THE POD PARK.
IT MAY WELL HAVE KILLED HIM.
MUTEY
YOU DIDN'T TOUCH IT?
NATURALLY NOT.
WE'VE GOT CLEAR BLOOD SPATTER THAT DIRECTION — THE LEG WOUND. SOME SORT OF INDUCEMENT. MAYBE. THE ROPE WAS THEN LOOPED ROUND PURVIS'S NECK AND THE CHAIR WAS PULLED AWAY.
PURVIS WOULD HAVE STRUGGLED FOR A WHILE, BUT HE WASN'T A STRONG MAN.
VICTIM WAS A MUTANT?
NEGATIVE. HE WALKED STRANGELY. ACCORDING TO HIS WORK COLLEAGUE FAUNA BUWICK THERE WAS OCCASIONAL NAME CALLING BEHIND HIS BACK. BUT PURVIS WAS NORM.
NOTICE THE FRACTURED SPELLING. THE PJ MAYBE BOOK'S ALL THE RAGE — THAT WAS ONE OF HIS HALLMARKS. I'M WONDERING IF WE HAVE A COPYCAT.
GOT IT ALL WORKED OUT, DON'T YOU, KID?
YOU WONDER WE EVEN BOTHERED TO TURN UP. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF US AMATEURS HAVE A PROD AROUND ANYWAY, NOW WE'RE HERE.
KINDA YOUNG FOR A FULL EAGLE, AREN'T YOU, HOTSHOT?
I'M SURE I'LL GROW UP FAST WITH FINE EXAMPLES LIKE YOU TWO AROUND. AND THE NAME'S BEENY — JUDGE BEENY.


MUTT AND JEFF DIDN'T APPRECIATE OUR PRELIMINARY CONCLUSIONS.
THEY'RE TOUCHY LIKE THAT. GOTTA STROKE THEIR EGOS. YOU'LL LEARN.
THE APARTMENT ONCE BELONGED TO **ALFONZO NINES**, DECEASED IN A DRUG BUST IN '23. TRAP DOOR WAS SUPPOSED TO BE REMOVED. THAT'S ONLY SEVEN YEARS AGO. HOUSING'S NO DOUBT REVVING UP TO CARRY OUT THE WORK ANY DAY NOW.
THAT'S ANOTHER THNG YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LEARN. IN THEORY, THIS CITY RUNS LIKE A DREAM. IN **PRACTICE**, IT'S ALL **FOULED UP**.
ANYTHING ON PURVIS?
HE IS — OR **WAS** — HEAD MEDIA GUY AT EBENEEZER INDUSTRIES. POPULAR ENOUGH, ACCORDING TO BUWICK, BUT EVERYONE'S GOT ENEMIES.
MUST'VE ANNOYED SOMEBODY PRETTY BAD.
BUWICK SAYS THE TRAP DOOR WAS COMMON KNOWLEDGE AT EBENEEZER. PURVIS WAS A REGULAR AT THE **SHALLOW DIVE** ON 29TH AND THE **WATERING HOLE** ON EDGE, SO IT WAS ALSO WELL KNOWN TO CUSTOMERS OF THOSE ESTABLISHMENTS. PROBABLY THIS WHOLE BLOCK AS WELL.
HEY, HOTSHOT!
HOW ABOUT YOU SHOW A LITTLE RESPECT, WIDE-MOUTH?
BE NICE TO ME. I GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU — SOMETHING EVEN **YOU** DIDN'T COME UP WITH. **DNA**. DEPOSIT ON THE CHAIR — SALIVA, MUCUS. JUST A PRELIMINARY RESULT, BUT THEY'RE USUALLY PRETTY ACCURATE.
AND?
YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE THIS. AMBROSE — BYRON AMBROSE.
THE **MAYOR**?
YEP.
YOU'RE SURE?
ABSOLUTELY.
JEEZ.
CSI

On a quiet night in April 2097, in a hushed sideroom at Berger Block clinic, Philip Janet Maybe eased himself into the world. It was a trouble-free delivery. 'Less trouble than a bowel movement,' mother Margaret was later to remark to neighbour Senga McMac.
A strange choice of words for a woman like Margaret Maybe, but perhaps it reflected even then a certain ambivalence to her son. Always her adored little boy, and yet... and yet... there was something not quite right about PJ...
JUDGE DREDD TO SEE YOU, MR MAYOR.
JUDGE DREDD! THIS IS A PLEASURE!
I REGRET THIS IS OFFICIAL, MAYOR AMBROSE.
ROAKE AND BEENY. THEY'RE WORKING THE CASE.
THE CASE. DEAR ME. THAT DOES SOUND SERIOUS.
I'LL COME STRAIGHT TO THE POINT — WHERE WERE YOU BETWEEN 2100 FRIDAY AND 0500 SATURDAY?
WHY? WH-WHAT'S HAPPENED?
JUST ANSWER THE QUESTION, PLEASE.
I, UM, UH... FRIDAY. I ATTENDED THE WEIRDFELLOWS DINNER AND DANCE UNTIL ELEVEN AND — OH, I WAS RATHER TIRED SO I DROVE HOME AND WENT STRAIGHT TO BED.
AND YOU STAYED THERE ALL NIGHT?
YES.
WITNESSES?
ONLY MY ROBOT, AND I DON'T SUPPOSE THAT COUNTS.
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW KENNET PURVIS?
PURVIS...I DON'T BELIEVE I EVER MET HIM. I KNOW WHO HE IS, OF COURSE — THE PR MAN AT EBENEEZER INDUSTRIES.
IN FACT, HE'S BEEN PUTTING OUT A LOT OF SCURRILOUS ALLEGATIONS ABOUT ME. NO DOUBT MY GRANDFATHER PUT HIM UP TO IT.
WAIT... YOU DON'T MEAN —
STRAIGHT ANSWER, MAYOR — DID YOU KILL KENNET PURVIS OR IN ANY WAY CAUSE KENNET PURVIS TO BE KILLED?
I? GOOD GRACIOUS, NO! ME! THE VERY THOUGHT!
LIE DETECTOR CHECKED, SURE, BUT WE ALL KNOW THEY'RE NOT A HUNDRED PER CENT.
COME ON, YOU SAW HIS FACE. THAT WAS GENUINE SURPRISE.


Its not evvy day I get interviewed by the law with a compleatley clear conshence, but since I have'nt murdred anyone lately I figgured I could breath eAzy. If they'd known that I was reely notorius sycopath PJ Maybe, that would have been quite a diffrent matter —
YOU SAY YOU NEVER MET PURVIS — CAN YOU EXPLAIN HOW YOUR DNA WAS FOUND IN HIS APARTMENT?
IT WAS? NO, I...I CAN'T IMAGINE.
YOU VISITED EBENEEZERS HEAD OFFICES IN WOOFLEY SQUARE LAST WEEK. WHY?
JUST A COURTESY VISIT. WE DON'T GET ON, GRANDFATHER AND ME. I'VE BEEN TRYING MY BEST TO PATCH THINGS UP...
As Ebenezer Ambrose has a pevsonnal fortune of 725 billion last count, I OWE it to myself to get back on good terms.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
JUST POBBED IN TO SAY HELLO, GRADFATHER. NO HARD VEELIGS.
'SCUSE. TERRIBLE GOLD.
THAT'S YOUR SCHEME, EH? TRYING TO GIVE ME A DISEASE, POLISH ME OFF THAT WAY!
As if I would kill him before he vote me back into his will. Perish the thott!
DODE BE SILLY. I'B ZORRY FOR VETOING YOUR EXBANSHUN PLADS, BUD I AD DO DO IT, FOR THE GOOD OF THE ZIDDY.
ABSOLUTE POPPYCOCK! SANCTIMONIOUS LITTLE SCHEMER! TAKE YOUR FILTHY GERMS AND GET OUT!
JUST ONE FINAL THING, MAYOR AMBROSE. WOULD YOU WRITE THE WORD 'MUTIE' FOR US?
I'M SORRY - ?
'MUTIE'. WRITE IT, PLEASE.
W-WHY SHOULD I DO THAT? WHAT BEARING DOES IT HAVE?
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE BEENY. NEW ON THE STREETS. NOTHING SHE'D LIKE BETTER THAN BAGGING A MAYOR.
HANDWRITING TEST'S PROBABLY POINTLESS IN THIS CASE. STILL, WHY DON'T WE INDULGE HER? IT'LL GET IT OUT OF HER SYSTEM.

I HEARD HE COULDN'T SPELL.
IN KEEPING WITH HALF THE CITY.
THERE'S A RIGHT WRONG AND A WRONG WRONG, AND THAT'S A WRONG WRONG — RIGHT? THEY'RE CLEARLY NOT THE SAME.
HE HAD MOTIVE — PURVIS WAS TRYING TO DRAG HIS NAME THROUGH THE MUD. AND HOW DID HIS DNA GET IN PURVIS'S APARTMENT?
Muttie
MUTEX
THAT'S AN INTERESTING CONUNDRUM. I'M SURE YOU'LL COME UP WITH AN ANSWER.
I'D EXPECT NOTHING ELSE.
SORRY WE HAD TO CALL YOU IN, SIR. I KNOW YOU'VE GOT YOUR HANDS FULL WITH THE MUTANT VOTE.
BUT WE WON'T EXCLUDE THE MAYOR FROM THE LIST.
YOU DID THE RIGHT THING. BETTER YOU TWO DIDN'T GO STAMPING IN THERE HEAVY HANDED.
KEEP ME INFORMED.
SO HE'S YOUR MENTOR?
HE RECOMMENDED ME FOR EARLY GRADUATION. IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.
YOU ROOKIE UNDER HIM TOO?
NO, JEFFRIES.
JEEZ, THE HANGING JUDGE. I'M IMPRESSED.
I THINK HE LIKES ME. DON'T ASK ME WHY. WE'VE GOT HISTORY. MAYBE HE FEELS... OH, I DON'T KNOW.
I GUESS HE THOUGHT I WAS READY. BUT I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING FOR SURE, I FOUL UP AND HE'LL BE THE ONE TO TELL ME ABOUT IT.
SO LET'S GO GET OUR BAD GUY!

BETWEEN 2100 FRIDAY AND 0500 SATURDAY — THE TIME OF DEATH — BLOCK CAMS SHOW NO ONE SUSPICIOUS ENTERING THE APARTMENT. SO WE HAVE TO ASSUME KENNET PURVIS KNEW HIS KILLER WELL ENOUGH TO LET HIM IN VIA THE SECRET ENTRANCE.
WHY THAT WAY? WHY NOT THE FRONT DOOR?
MAYBE HE HAD REASON TO KEEP THE VISIT QUIET. SAY HE'S BUYING SOMETHING ILLICIT — DRUGS, VI MAGS.
MUTEY
NOTHING LIKE THAT WAS FOUND.
ANYWAY, NONE OF THAT EXPLAINS HOW THE MAYORS DNA GOT IN HERE.
MAYBE IT'S NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. PURE COINCIDENCE. PURVIS PICKED IT UP SOMEWHERE, ON HIS CLOTHES — IT GOT TRANSFERRED.
IT'S POSSIBLE.
THEY QUESTIONED FOURTEEN OTHERS WHOSE DNA HAD BEEN FOUND IN THE MURDER APARTMENT. THEY SPOKE TO FRIENDS, RELATIVES, NEIGHBOURS, COLLEAGUES...
ONE MAN'S DEATH, ANOTHER WOMAN'S PROMOTION. IS THAT HOW IT WORKS, BUWICK?
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
YOU WERE FIRST ON THE SCENE. YOU CALLED US IN. YOUR DNA WAS ALL OVER THE APARTMENT. KENNET PURVIS WAS YOUR SUPERIOR AT EBENEEZER. PURVIS GOES, YOU MOVE UP.
KENNY WAS MY FRIEND! IF YOU'RE SAYING I — OH! HOW COULD YOU?
I'M SORRY IT'S UPSETTING, BUT WE NEED TO GET AT THE TRUTH.
MOM!
THIS IS MY SON, JP.
YOU LEAVE MY MOM ALONE. SHE DIDN'T DO NOTHING.
I THINK WE KNOW THAT, SON.
WE'RE JUST ABOUT FINISHED HERE. GIVE US ANOTHER MINUTE WITH YOUR MOM.
HE'S A GOOD BOY, BUT SUCH A TRIAL. DISRUPTIVE IN CLASS. VERY INTELLIGENT, YOU SEE. HE GETS FRUSTRATED BECAUSE THE OTHERS HOLD HIM BACK.
I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT.
JUST ONE FINAL THING. DID PURVIS EVER SHOW YOU HIS GUN?

NO. HE DID MENTION ONCE THAT HE HAD ONE.
A HOWLEY 30-30 HAND BLASTER. POCKET WEAPON. HE WAS GRANTED A PERMIT FOR FOREIGN TRIPS.
I CAN'T THINK OF ANYONE LESS LIKELY TO USE ONE.
THE GUN WAS NOT IN THE APARTMENT. WE ASSUME THE KILLER TOOK IT — MAY WELL HAVE USED IT ON PURVIS.
CONTROL TO ROAKE AND BEENY — GO TO PF IN CONCRETE PARK, SECTOR SOUTH. WE HAVE A HOMICIDE. POSSIBLE LINK WITH THE PURVIS CASE.
12
78

CONTROL SAID YOU'D HANDLE THIS ONE. BOBERT 'BOB' IGNATZ, EXECUTIVE VP AT EBENEEZER INDUSTRIES. HE WAS KENNET PURVIS'S IMMEDIATE SUPERIOR.
THEY'RE DROPPING LIKE FLIES AT EBENEEZER.
IGNATZ RAN EVERY MORNING IN CONCRETE PARK. THIS MORNING WE ASSUME HE STOPPED TO USE THE PF.
SOMEONE WAS WATCHING. IT MAY HAVE BEEN AN OPPORTUNIST BUT I'M THINKING, IF THIS IS CONNECTED, MORE LIKELY HE WAS FOLLOWED.
WHOEVER IT WAS CORNERED HIM IN THE CUBICLE...
HUH?

JP? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
HI, MR IGNATZ.
WANNA SEE MY GUN?
SINGLE SHOT TO THE HEAD, PROBABLY A POCKET BLASTER.
WALLET WITH I.D. WAS STILL ON HIM, MONEY AND PAYCARDS STILL THERE. SO WE CAN RULE OUT STRAIGHTFORWARD ROBBERY.
WHEN WAS THE BODY DISCOVERED?
AN HOUR AGO. CITIZEN NOTICED BLOOD RUNNING FROM THE CUBICLE. THEY'RE PUTTING TIME OF DEATH AT ABOUT 0700 THIS MORNING.
TERRIFIC. FOURTEEN HOURS THEN SOMEBODY NOTICES.
OH, NEARLY FORGOT. THE KILLER SIGNED THIS ONE.
CSI
MAKE OF THAT WHAT YOU WILL.
PJ MABEY

In school, PJ soon got a reputation as a child who took sick delight in others' pain. So much so that when malicious tampering with equipment resulted in the injury of several cast members of the school play, suspicion immediately fell on the young Maybe, and rightly so.

Many years later PJ was to murder each of his accusers in bizarre fashion, but for the moment this episode taught the budding psychopath one important lesson: don't get caught.

WE KNOW YOU WERE BREAKFASTING WITH THE ANTARCTICAN DELEGATION AT THE TIME OF DEATH. IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR HERE.
ONE THING THAT MAY INTEREST YOU — THIS TIME THE KILLER SIGNED HIS WORK. HE SIGNED IT PJ MAYBE.
MAYOR AMBROSE — YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHAT? UH... NO, YES!
IT-IT'S THE THOUGHT THAT...THAT MONSTER MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE.
THE SAME THOUGHT PLAGUES ME FROM TIME TO TIME. BUT WE CAN BE PRETTY SURE THIS ISN'T HIM.

This was getting to close for comfort.
FIRST MY DNA — THEN MY NAME. WHO IS IT? WHAT DO THEY KNOW? HOW DO THEY KNOW?
MAYBE IT'S JUST A HUGE COINCIDENCE, PJ.
HAPPENING AT MY GRANDFATHER'S COMPANY? COINCIDENCES DON'T COME THAT BIG.

NO, SOMEONE KNOWS SOMETHING. THEY'RE SENDING ME A MESSAGE — A SIGNAL. THEY'RE CHALLENGING ME. THE IMPERTINENCE — ME.
THIS IS WAR, INGA. WHOEVER THEY ARE, I'LL FIND THEM AND SNUFF THEM OUT.
They could fool the Judges all they liked, but they'd rue the day they took on PJ Maybe.
Me Sawing up the Imposter with a chane saw.

TWO EMPLOYEES OF EBENEEZER INDUSTRIES HAVE BEEN MURDERED. CLUES DIRECT JUDGES TOWARD NOTORIOUS MASS MURDERER **PJ MAYBE** —
COME ON, EVEN **PJ MAYBE** COULDN'T SPELL HIS OWN NAME WRONG.
COULD BE A DOUBLE BLUFF. HE'S CUNNING LIKE THAT.
HE'S ALSO **DEAD.**
DOUBLE BLUFFS DON'T COME MUCH MORE CUNNING THAN THAT.
HE HAD MISGIVINGS. PJ MAYBE HAD SLIPPED FROM HIS GRASP SO OFTEN, WITH SUCH SLEIGHT OF HAND, IT WAS HARD TO ESCAPE THE SUSPICION THAT HIS **DEATH** WAS YET ANOTHER CONJURING TRICK.
BUT DREDD HAD SEEN HIM PERISH IN THE **PYRE** — HAD BEEN THERE WHEN THEY DUG HIS **REMAINS** FROM THE ASHES. THE **TESTS** HAD BEEN **CONCLUSIVE.**
SO WHAT'S YOUR ASSESSMENT, BEENY?
LET'S FORGET MAYBE. THERE'S A STANDING ORDER TO **INFORM** YOU OR WE WOULDN'T HAVE WASTED YOUR TIME.
AT FIRST I THOUGHT COPYCAT, BUT THE FACTS SUGGEST SOMETHING MORE CALCULATED. BOTH KILLINGS WERE OF PROMINENT **EBENEEZER** EMPLOYEES. COULD BE AN OUTSIDER WITH A GRUDGE, BUT MY MONEY'S ON SOMEONE **INSIDE** THE COMPANY. **KENNET PURVIS** OBVIOUSLY **KNEW** HIS KILLER.

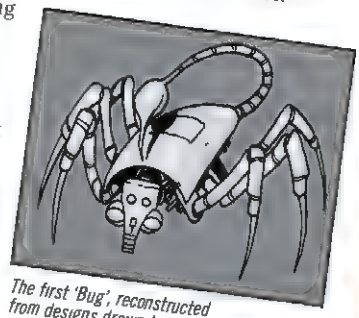
FOR GAIN — PERSONAL ENMITY — JUST A KOOK — THAT'S WHAT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT.
THE MAYOR'S DNA FOUND AT BOTH CRIME SCENES?
SAME AS THE MAYBE LEAD — THROWN IN TO CONFUSE US, GET US FOLLOWING FALSE LEADS.
ALL RIGHT, YOU SEEM TO HAVE IT IN HAND. NO NEED TO CALL ME IN AGAIN.
MUTANT VOTE THURSDAY — WE GOING TO WIN?
THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN.
HE COULD HAVE TAKEN OVER THE CASE. IT WAS INTRIGUING ENOUGH. HE'D BEEN TEMPTED.
STILL, IT WAS BEENY'S FIRST BIG INVESTIGATION. LET HER RUN WITH IT. SINK OR SWIM. THAT'S THE WAY IT WORKED.
ROAKE HAD BEEN A GOOD CHOICE. STEADY. KNEW HIS LIMITATIONS. HE WOULDN'T CRAMP HER.
SO... WHAT?
I'M THINKING.
WITH TWO DAYS TO GO TILL THE MUTANT VOTE, MORE TROUBLE ERUPTS IN THE CITY.
OUTSIDE THE CITY WALLS VIOLENCE FLARES AS MUTANTS GATHER.
A SECTOR 21 MOM SAYS WHO WILL PAY FOR MY BABY'S NEW BRAIN?"
ALL THIS AND MORE RIGHT AFTER THE BREAK!
ITEM: MUTATION, HOW TO RECOGNISE IT — INSTRUCTION MANUAL NOW DOWNLOADING TO ALL BIKE COMPUTERS.
INSURGENTS SCALING WEST WALL AT VECTOR 217. SHOOT-TO-KILL POLICY IS IN FORCE.
ANY UNITS VICINITY COLUMBUS, ASSIST AT ANTI-MUTANT RALLY. FIREARMS ARE BEING USED.

HE TRIED TO LOSE HIMSELF ON THE STREETS, BUT FOR ONCE THERE WAS NO REFUGE THERE.
THAT'S HIM, DREDD!
NO MUTIES
NO MUTANTS HERE
DREDD'S LAW
IT WAS ALL AROUND HIM. THE SEETHING, RED-FACED CAULDRON OF HATE HE'D STIRRED UP.
STEALING THE BREAD FROM OUR JUVIES' MOUTHS!
WHAT ABOUT THE GENE POOL?
WHAT ABOUT THE NORMS?
STINKIN' MUTIE LOVER!
YOU'RE THE CREEP, DREDD!
GET HIM — UNGGG!
STATE HIS CASE AND GET BACK ON THE JOB, LEAVE THE TALKING TO THE OTHERS. THAT'S THE WAY HE LIKED IT. BUT HE COULDN'T ESCAPE THE POLITICS EITHER.
HE STILL DIDN'T KNOW WHICH WAY NILES WOULD VOTE.
BEING AT PSU HAD GOT TO NILES. EDGAR'S DISEASE — NEVER SURE YOU WERE GETTING A STRAIGHT ANSWER.
WHAT I'M JUST NOT CONVINCED ABOUT IS RE-ADMITTING THEM.
IT'S COMING, NILES. I'D SOONER WE DIDN'T HAVE TO DO IT, BUT IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN.
YOU SEE, YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN IT YOURSELF.
I BELIEVE IN JUSTICE, AND AN INJUSTICE HAS TO BE RIGHTED, NO MATTER HOW INCONVENIENT. AS FOR THE REST...
LET'S NOT GO THROUGH THIS AGAIN. SWALLOW THE PILL AND GET IT OVER WITH.
I'LL... THINK ABOUT IT, DREDD.
NOT THAT IT WOULD BE OVER. THE LEGACY OF THURSDAY'S VOTE COULD HAUNT THEM FOR A LONG TIME TO COME, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.

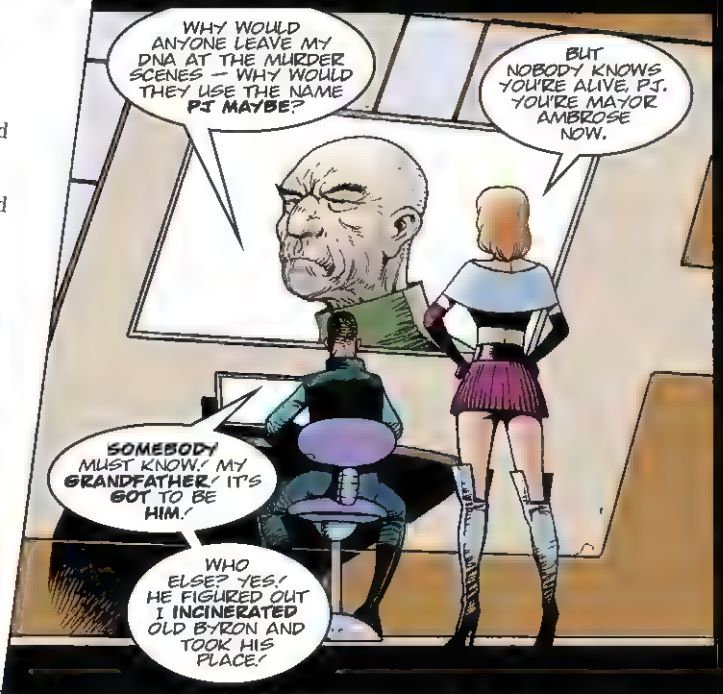
Gender confusion, some suggest, may have been at the root of PJ's developing psychopathy - mother Margaret, heart set on a girl, having named him Philip Janet Maybe.

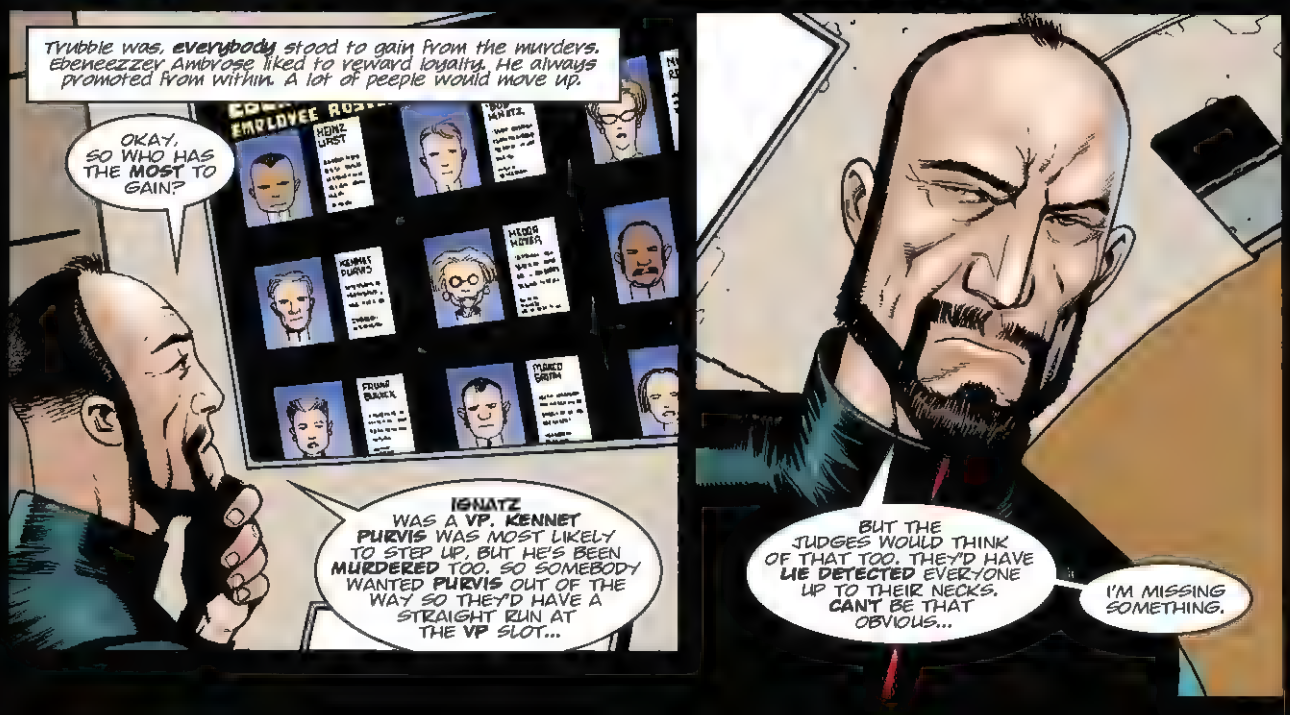
But there is, in fact, little indication that PJ allowed the matter to trouble him. His young mind was fixed on loftier goals. By age twelve he was already planning his first murder, fellow block residents Frank and Roda Swindley. Here he employed for the first time 'bug' [pictured], his hand-built assassin device.

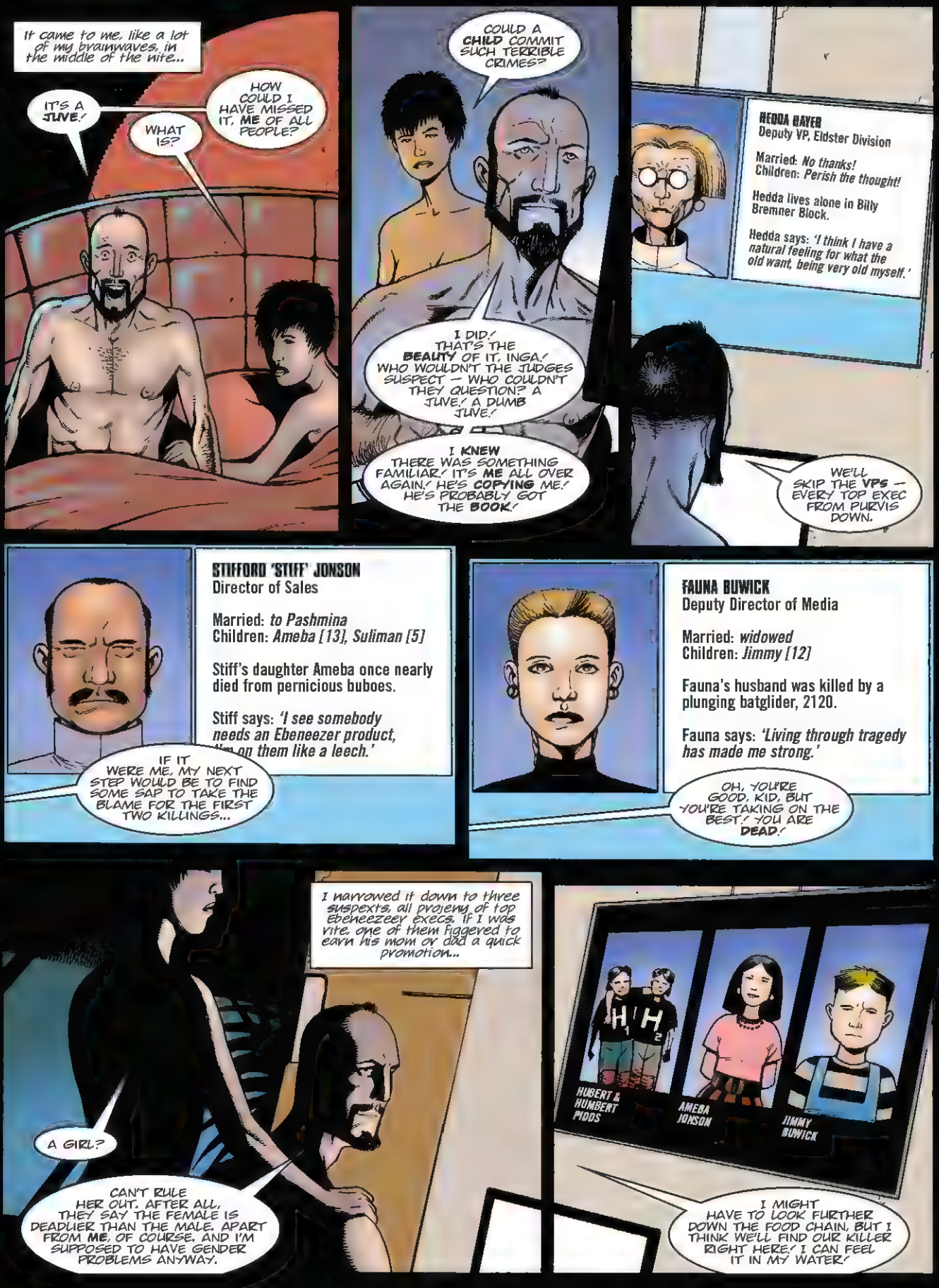
The double killing was a watershed. Gone were the malicious pranks of his youth. PJ had taken the first steps towards becoming one of the most notorious mass murderers of our time.

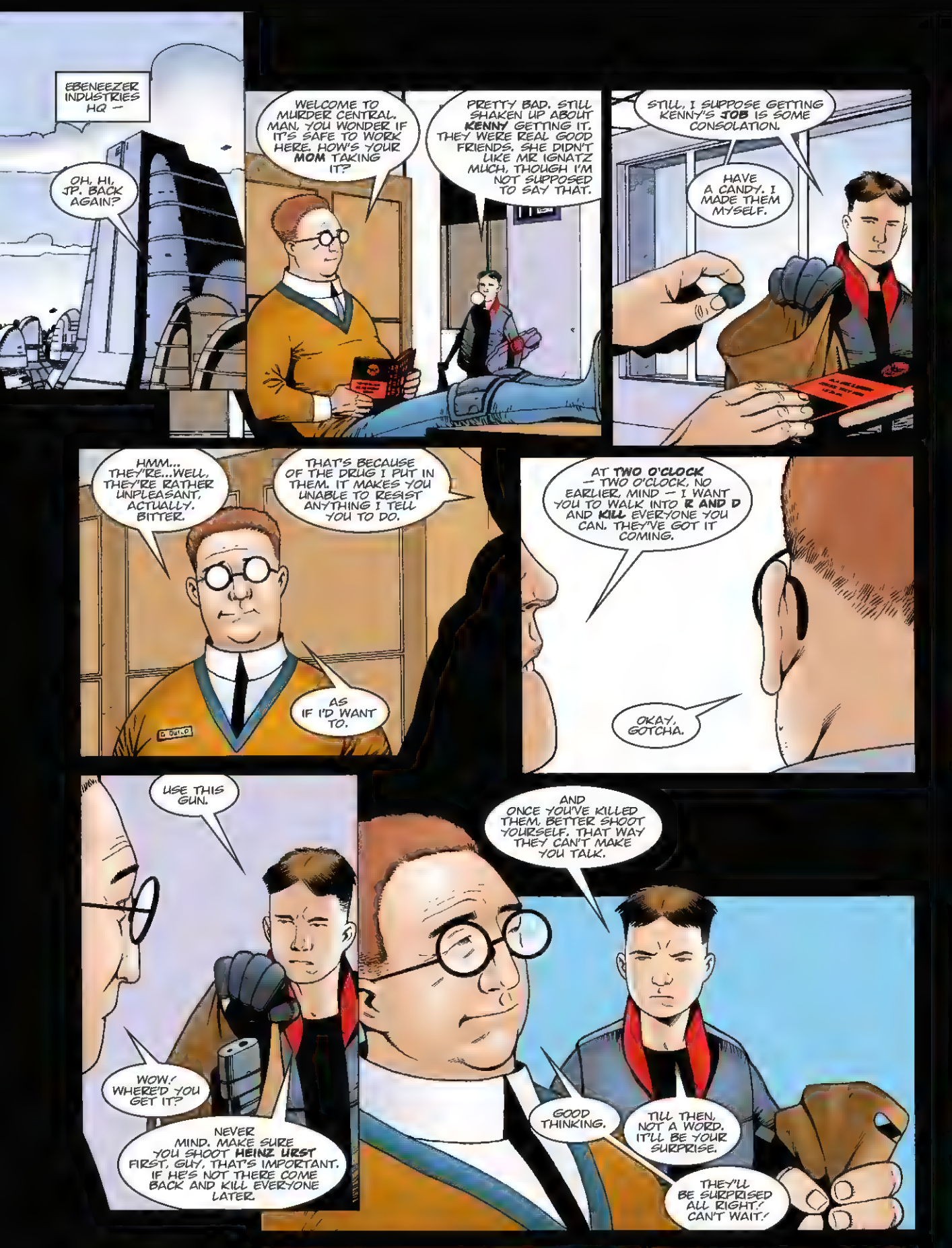


The first 'Bug', reconstructed from designs drawn by PJ while in psychiatric custody.






It came to me, like a lot of my brainwaves, in the middle of the nite...
IT'S A JUVE.'
WHAT IS?
HOW COULD I HAVE MISSED IT, ME OF ALL PEOPLE?
COULD A CHILD COMMIT SUCH TERRIBLE CRIMES?
I DID.' THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF IT, INGA.' WHO WOULDN'T THE JUDGES SUSPECT — WHO COULDN'T THEY QUESTION? A JUVE.' A DUMB JUVE.'
I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING FAMILIAR.' IT'S ME ALL OVER AGAIN.' HE'S COPYING ME.' HE'S PROBABLY GOT THE BOOK.'
HEDDA BAYER
Deputy VP, Eldster Division
Married: No thanks!
Children: Perish the thought!
Hedda lives alone in Billy Bremner Block.
Hedda says: 'I think I have a natural feeling for what the old want, being very old myself.'
WE'LL SKIP THE VPS — EVERY TOP EXEC FROM PURVIS DOWN.
STIFFORD 'STIFF' JONSON
Director of Sales
Married: to Pashmina
Children: Ameba [13], Suliman [5]
Stiff's daughter Ameba once nearly died from pernicious buboes.
Stiff says: 'I see somebody needs an Ebeneezer product, [illegible] on them like a leech.'
IF IT WERE ME, MY NEXT STEP WOULD BE TO FIND SOME SAP TO TAKE THE BLAME FOR THE FIRST TWO KILLINGS...
FAUNA BUWICK
Deputy Director of Media
Married: widowed
Children: Jimmy [12]
Fauna's husband was killed by a plunging batglider, 2120.
Fauna says: 'Living through tragedy has made me strong.'
OH, YOU'RE GOOD, KID, BUT YOU'RE TAKING ON THE BEST.' YOU ARE DEAD.'
I narrowed it down to three suspexts, all projeny of top Ebeneezeer execs. If I was vite, one of them figgered to earn his mom or dad a quick promotion...
A GIRL?
CAN'T RULE HER OUT. AFTER ALL, THEY SAY THE FEMALE IS DEADLIER THAN THE MALE. APART FROM ME, OF COURSE. AND I'M SUPPOSED TO HAVE GENDER PROBLEMS ANYWAY.
H1 H2
HUBERT & HUMBERT PODS
AMEBA JONSON
JIMMY BUWICK
I MIGHT HAVE TO LOOK FURTHER DOWN THE FOOD CHAIN, BUT I THINK WE'LL FIND OUR KILLER RIGHT HERE.' I CAN FEEL IT IN MY WATER.'


EBENEEZER INDUSTRIES HQ —
OH, HI, JP. BACK AGAIN?
WELCOME TO MURDER CENTRAL, MAN. YOU WONDER IF IT'S SAFE TO WORK HERE. HOW'S YOUR MOM TAKING IT?
PRETTY BAD. STILL SHAKEN UP ABOUT KENNY GETTING IT. THEY WERE REAL GOOD FRIENDS. SHE DIDN'T LIKE MR IGNATZ MUCH, THOUGH I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO SAY THAT.
STILL, I SUPPOSE GETTING KENNY'S JOB IS SOME CONSOLATION.
HAVE A CANDY. I MADE THEM MYSELF.
HMM... THEY'RE...WELL, THEY'RE RATHER UNPLEASANT, ACTUALLY. BITTER.
THAT'S BECAUSE OF THE DRUG I PUT IN THEM. IT MAKES YOU UNABLE TO RESIST ANYTHING I TELL YOU TO DO.
AS IF I'D WANT TO.
AT TWO O'CLOCK — TWO O'CLOCK, NO EARLIER, MIND — I WANT YOU TO WALK INTO R AND D AND KILL EVERYONE YOU CAN. THEY'VE GOT IT COMING.
OKAY, GOTCHA.
USE THIS GUN.
WOW! WHERE'D YOU GET IT?
NEVER MIND. MAKE SURE YOU SHOOT HEINZ URST FIRST, GUY, THAT'S IMPORTANT. IF HE'S NOT THERE COME BACK AND KILL EVERYONE LATER.
AND ONCE YOU'VE KILLED THEM, BETTER SHOOT YOURSELF. THAT WAY THEY CAN'T MAKE YOU TALK.
GOOD THINKING.
TILL THEN, NOT A WORD. IT'LL BE YOUR SURPRISE.
THEY'LL BE SURPRISED ALL RIGHT! CAN'T WAIT!

The double killing, though a milestone, was merely a trial run for young Maybe. His true goal was the murder of his Uncle Fustas and cousins Watt and Wilbur, and the passing of the Emphatically Yess trouser fortune to his own parents. PJ Maybe, even then, was thinking big...
INFLAGRANTY
ALL-NITE SNOOP SHOP
OPEN
DID YOU GET IT?
THE WONDERS OF MODERN SURVEILLANCE! JUST THE THING!
FLY ON THE WALL
AS SEEN ON YOUR TV
CATCH 'EM WITH THEIR PANTS DOWN!
Nobody ever suspexts the juve. Thats been my experiense anyway. Petty crime sure, but when its a groosome murder its like your invisibal. Its the perfect disgise.
Being a serial killer from a very young age, tho, I was youneekly speshally qualified to spot the sines. That's why the Mayoral limo was hovving high up among the blocks at five in the morning.
FLY AWAY, FLY!
BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

TO ALL LEVELS
WHAT WAS THE JUVE'S APARTMENT AGAIN?
3880.
I had feling about this one. I did'nt reely figgure Ameba Jonson for a sycopathic killer. And according to ther scool repo'rts the Pidds twins were hi acheevers.
A reel smart killer would be smart enuff never to let anybody reelize how smart he Was.
THE MOTHER. SHE'S NO GOOD.
YOU DON'T THINK SHE COULD BE INVOLVED?
NAH. JUDGES WOULD HAVE GOT IT OUT OF HER. KID'S DOING IT ON HIS OWN. HE THINKS HE'S PJ MAYBE, REMEMBER.
Jimmy Buwick, on the other hand, was a trubbelmaker with low expectashuns — just like me before I wised up and got sneeky
Even his nickname — JP — well, if there was ever a givaway.'
The Life and Crimes of P
HE'S GOT THE BOOK ANYWAY.'

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
CAREFULL!! Booby-trapped!!
MAD PROFESSOR
JUNIOR CHEMISTRY SET
KEEP OUT
NOW THIS IS INTERESTING!
PJ — WE HAVE COMPANY.
UH-OH.

GOOD MORNING, OFFICER.
MAYOR AMBROSE. I THOUGHT IT WAS YOUR HOVERLIMO. ANYTHING WRONG HERE?
OH NO. I LIKE TO TOUR IN THE EARLY HOURS, WHEN IT'S QUIET, YOU SEE. I GAZE DOWN ON MY CITY AND THINK ABOUT WHAT MUST BE DONE. A MAYOR NEVER RESTS, YOU KNOW.
WELL, I WON'T BREAK YOUR CONCENTRATION. CARRY ON, MAYOR, AND KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.
THANK YOU. I'LL DO MY BEST.
THAT WAS CLOSE! JUST AS WELL I'M THE MAYOR!
WHAT IS IT, PJ? WHAT DID YOU SEE?
IT'S THE FORMULA FOR SLD 88 — THE HYPNO DRUG. WE'VE GOT OUR MAN, INGA — OR SHOULD I SAY OUR JUVE?
SO WHAT DOES HE KNOW ABOUT ME? HOW COULD HE HAVE DISCOVERED WHO I AM? MAYBE IT'S JUST A CRAZY COINCIDENCE...
EITHER WAY, I THINK IT'S TIME JP'S CAREER WAS BROUGHT TO A RATHER UNPLEASANT END.

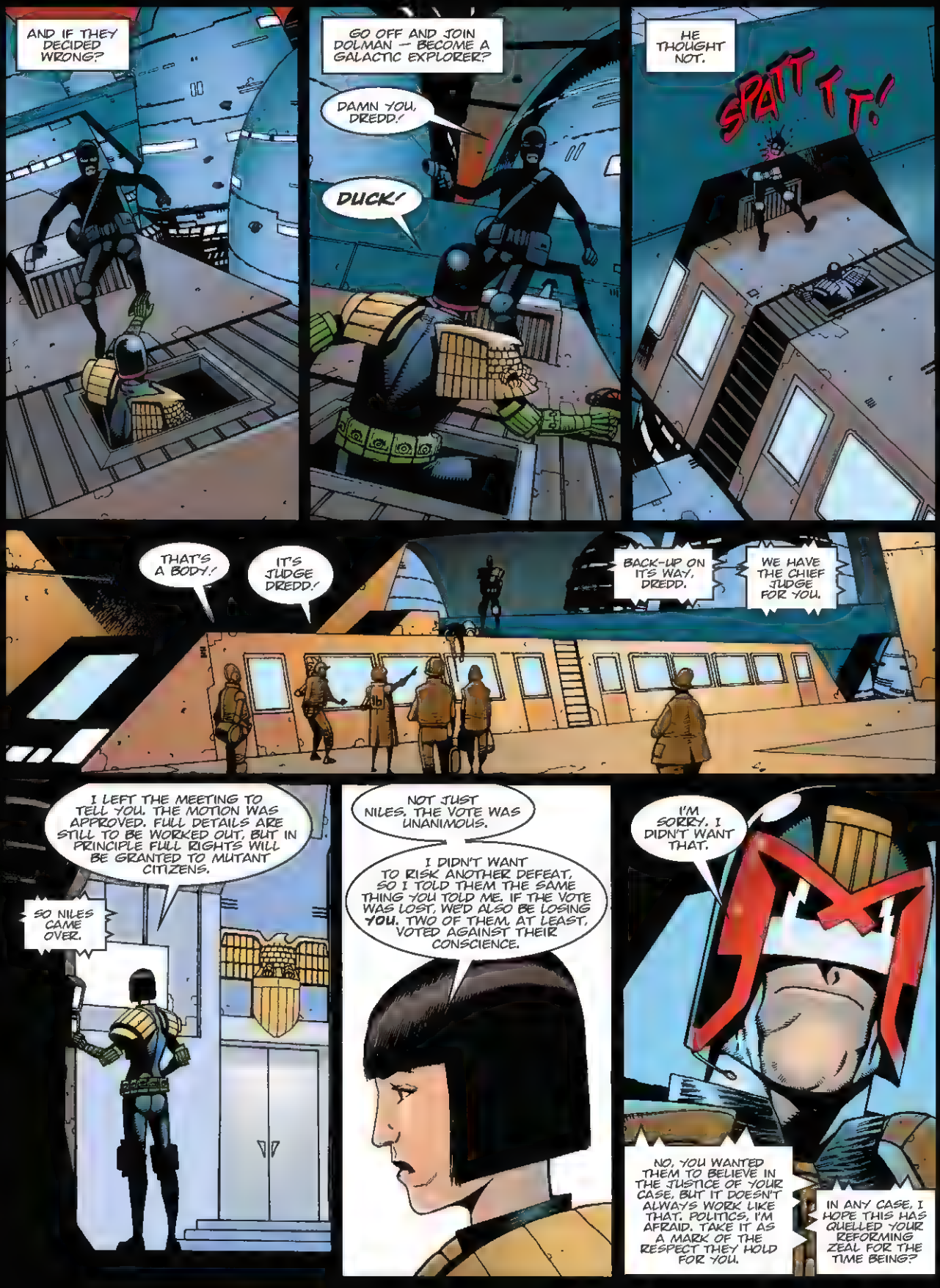
THE NEWS AT TWO, AND THE CITY REMAINS DIVIDED OVER TODAY'S VOTE ON THE REPEAL OF THE MUTANT LAWS. FURTHER CLASHES BETWEEN PROTESTORS AND JUDGES LAST NIGHT RESULTED IN OVER ONE THOUSAND ARRESTS.
JOBS ARE IN THE NEWS AGAIN AS THE HOTTIE HUT CHAIN ANNOUNCES THREE NEW POSITIONS FOR HUMAN STAFF.
WAYNE TUFF IS TO PLAY PJ MAYBE IN THE FORTHCOMING TRI-D FLICK OF EMPHATICALLY EVIL. IT WAS ANNOUNCED TODAY. WE HAVE AUTHOR PATMA RICE IN THE STUDIO.
AND SCROTES — DO WE NEED THEM? BO DALEY REPORTS.
TWO O'CLOCK! WOW!
BETTER GET DOWN TO R AND D.
ONE LAST QUESTION, MR EBENEEZER. WHEN YOUR GRANDSON VISITED YOU, HE HAD A STREAMING COLD. YOU SAY HE LEFT NOTHING BEHIND.
WE'RE TALKING ABOUT SOILED TISSUES — ANYTHING THAT MIGHT HAVE CARRIED HIS DNA.
HEY, GUY.
IN HIS OFFICE.
HEY, JOEY BOY. OLD HEINZ ABOUT?
DID NO ONE TEACH YOU TO KNOCK, QUILP?
SORRY, MR URST. I JUST CAME TO SHOOT YOU.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HAVE YOU TAKEN LEAVE OF YOUR SENSES?
NO, I DON'T THINK SO. WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?
BZANGG BZANGG BZANGG

OH MY GRUD - !
YEAH, MADE A BIT OF A MESS, I'M AFRAID.
BZAIGG
UNHH!
COMING FROM DOWN BELOW!
NO — URNNHH!
BZAIGG BZAIGG
WHERE YOU GOING, JOEY?
GUY — C'MON, WE'RE FRIENDS, MAN!
EMPATH EVIL
FRIENDS DON'T RUN OUT ON EACH OTHER, JOEY.
DROKK!
SKASSHKHH

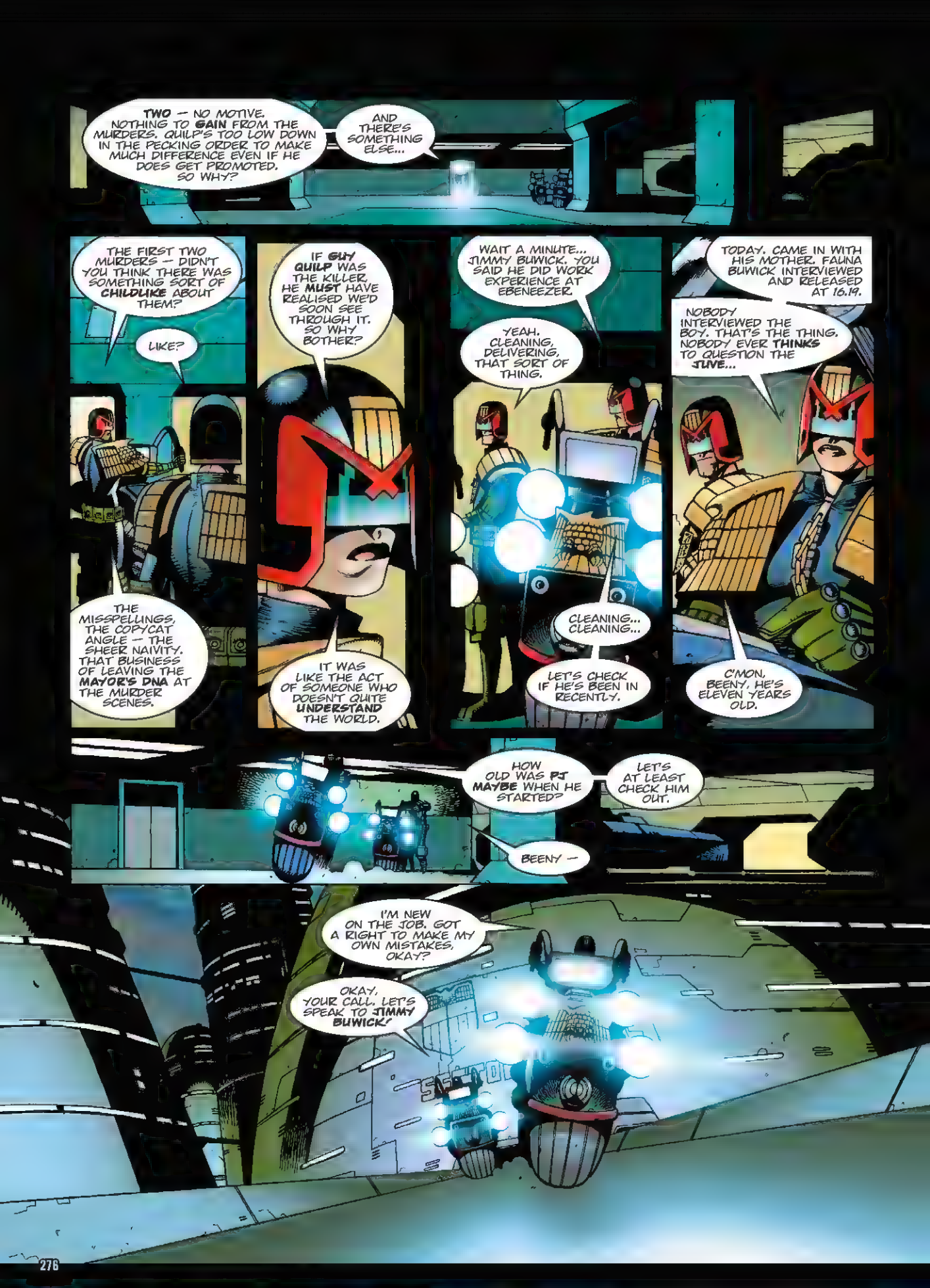
DROP IT!
BZANNG
BRAM
UHH!
CONTROL, WE HAVE A MASS SHOOTING, EBENEEZER TOWER! SEVERAL DEAD! MED ASSIST REQUIRED!
UHHHH...
YOU'RE FINISHED!
I'M HURT! YOU SHOT ME!
ROAKE, GET THAT WOMAN OUT OF HERE. CALL SECURITY — NO ONE TO LEAVE THE BUILDING UNTIL WE'VE SPOKEN TO THEM.
CONTROL, WE NEED BACK-UP UNITS, PRIORITY ONE!
OH GRUD! OH GRUD!
EMPHATICALLY EVIL
The Life and Crimes of PJ Maybe
BEDTIME READING, CREEP?

THE SERIAL NUMBER MATCHES. IT'S KENNET PURVIS'S GUN.
WE'VE GOT OUR MAN.
FUNNY HOW OFTEN THE NUMBER PUNCHERS GO APESHIT. GUY QUILP, R AND D ACCOUNTANT. BULLET GLANCED OFF THE RIB CAGE, SHATTERING THE TIP OF THE HUMERUS AND EXITING AT THE SHOULDER.
LUCKY BREAK. HE OUGHT TO BE MEAT.
WE CAN STILL MAKE THAT HAPPEN.
SOME OF THE STAFF LEFT BEFORE THEY COULD BE STOPPED. THERE'LL BE HOME VISITS.
INTERVIEW EVERYBODY ELSE BEFORE RELEASING THEM. I WANT TO KNOW WHERE THEY WERE, WHO WAS WITH THEM, WHAT THEY KNOW ABOUT THE SHOOTING.
WHAT'S THE POINT? YOU'VE GOT YOUR PERP.
THE POINT IS LET'S BE THOROUGH.
YOU GIVING THE ORDERS THEN, KID?
NO, THIS IS. GET ON WITH IT.
WE FOUND TRACES OF DRUGS IN GUY QUILP'S BODY. RECREATIONAL ZZIZ, MAYBE TWO DAYS OLD. NOT ENOUGH TO AFFECT HIM.
WE'VE ISOLATED DNA FROM TWENTY-THREE PEOPLE FROM PRELIMINARY TESTS ON QUILP'S PERSON AND HIS DESK. THEY'RE ALL LISTED.
LOT OF THESE NAMES I DON'T RECOGNISE. JP BUWICK, THAT'S —
FAUNA BUWICK'S KID. HE DOES WORK EXPERIENCE HERE SOMETIMES, HELPS OUT AROUND THE OFFICE. TO PREPARE HIM FOR A LIFE OF UNEMPLOYMENT, NO DOUBT.
THE NAMES ARE HARDLY RELEVANT.
YOU NEVER KNOW.

THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE —
THIS MEETING WILL FIRST DEAL WITH DREDD'S PROPOSAL. I THINK WE'D ALL LIKE IT OUT OF THE WAY.
WHERE IS HE? SHOULDN'T HE SPEAK?
I BELIEVE HE'S SAID ALL HE CARES TO ON THE MATTER. IT'S UP TO US NOW.
SOME OF YOU, I KNOW, HAVE ALREADY RECONSIDERED YOUR POSITION. TO THE OTHERS I SAY ONLY THIS — IT'S NOT MERELY THE MATTER OF MUTANT RIGHTS WE'RE DECIDING HERE.
HE WAS NOT A MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF FIVE. HIS PRESENCE WOULD HAVE ADDED NOTHING.
CONTROL! 2104 CROSSTOWN ZOOM. OPEN REAR OFFSIDE DOOR, SECOND CARRIAGE!
HE'D DONE ENOUGH ARM-TWISTING. HE WAS, FRANKLY, SICK OF THE WHOLE BUSINESS.
LET THEM DECIDE AS THEY WOULD.
BRM BRM BRM


AND IF THEY DECIDED WRONG?
GO OFF AND JOIN DOLMAN — BECOME A GALACTIC EXPLORER?
DAMN YOU, DREDD!
DUCK!
HE THOUGHT NOT.
SPATT T T!
THAT'S A BODY!
IT'S JUDGE DREDD!
BACK-UP ON IT'S WAY, DREDD.
WE HAVE THE CHIEF JUDGE FOR YOU.
I LEFT THE MEETING TO TELL YOU. THE MOTION WAS APPROVED. FULL DETAILS ARE STILL TO BE WORKED OUT, BUT IN PRINCIPLE FULL RIGHTS WILL BE GRANTED TO MUTANT CITIZENS.
SO NILES CAME OVER.
NOT JUST NILES. THE VOTE WAS UNANIMOUS.
I DIDN'T WANT TO RISK ANOTHER DEFEAT, SO I TOLD THEM THE SAME THING YOU TOLD ME. IF THE VOTE WAS LOST, WE'D ALSO BE LOSING **YOU**. TWO OF THEM, AT LEAST, VOTED AGAINST THEIR CONSCIENCE.
I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T WANT THAT.
NO, YOU WANTED THEM TO BELIEVE IN THE JUSTICE OF YOUR CASE, BUT IT DOESN'T ALWAYS WORK LIKE THAT. POLITICS, I'M AFRAID. TAKE IT AS A MARK OF THE RESPECT THEY HOLD FOR YOU.
IN ANY CASE, I HOPE THIS HAS QUELLED YOUR REFORMING ZEAL FOR THE TIME BEING?

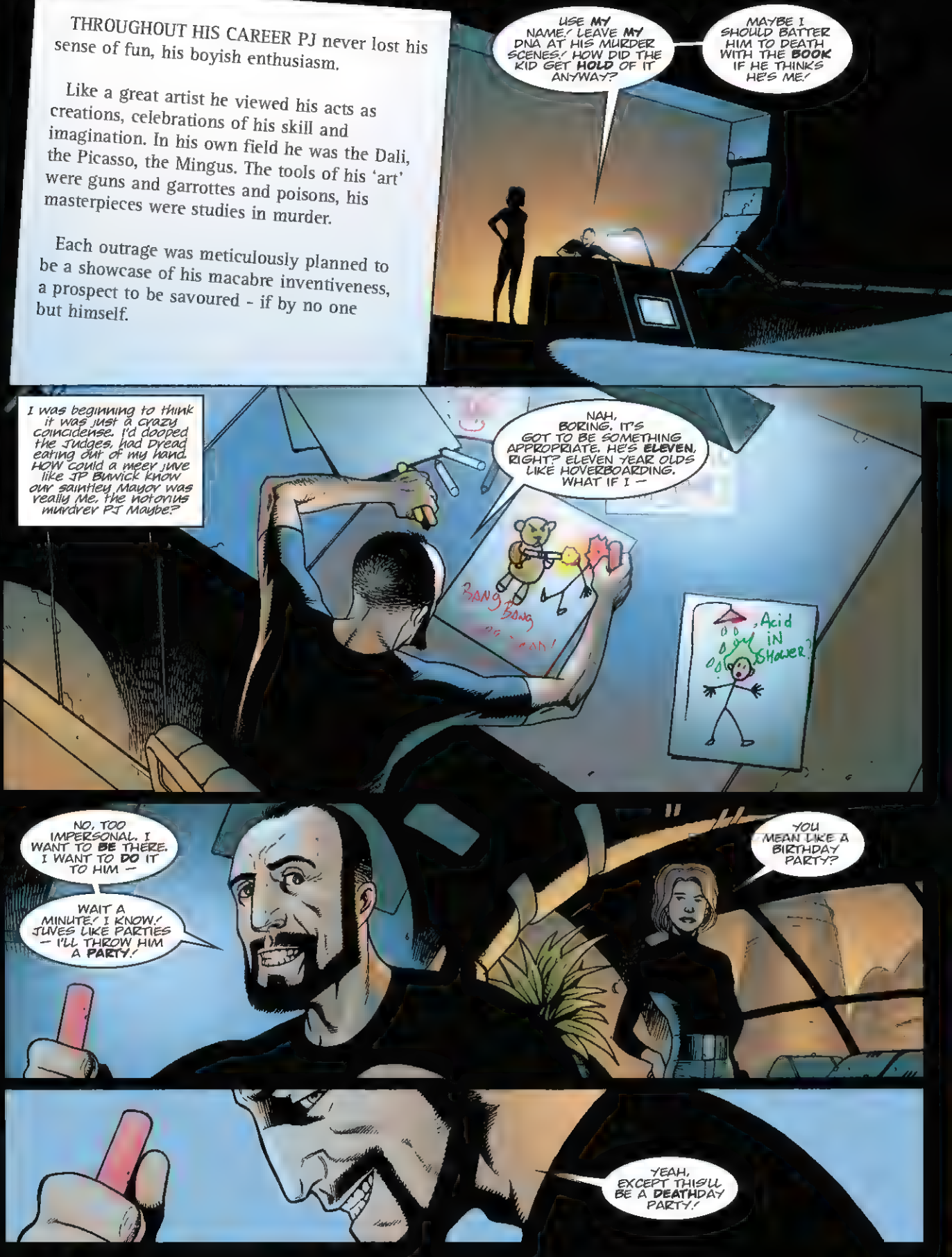
GUY QUILP WAS TREATED AT THE SECTOR HOUSE MED FACILITY —
WHY DID YOU DO IT, QUILP?
I...I DON'T KNOW. IT SEEMED LIKE...LIKE A GOOD IDEA.
WAS IT A GOOD IDEA TO KILL KENNET PURVIS TOO?
I **DIDN'T** KILL HIM!
SO WHERE DID YOU GET PURVIS'S **GUN**?
I...I DON'T KNOW. I...DON'T REMEMBER.
THE SAME GUN YOU USED TO KILL **BOBERT IGNATZ**.
IGNATZ — **NO**! I DIDN'T! I C-COULDN'T — !
FUNNY HOW YOU'VE GOT NO **WITNESSES** TO VERIFY YOUR WHEREABOUTS AT THE TIME OF EITHER MURDER.
YOUR **DNA** WAS FOUND IN PURVIS'S APARTMENT.
I VISITED HIM ONCE! I-I **TOLD** YOU THAT!
I-I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT — I'D REMEMBER, SURELY I'D...
OH, GRUD, I WISH I'D KILLED MYSELF! WHAT HAVE I DONE? I'M SO CONFUSED!
CASE CLOSED.
YOU THINK SO?
HE WAS **LIE DETECTED** AT THE START ALONG WITH EVERY OTHER POSSIBLE. NEGATIVE.
C'MON, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO THROW THAT ONE AT ME. CREEP JUST GUNNED DOWN A WHOLE **OFFICE**. HE'S GOT **PURVIS'S GUN** AND A COPY OF THE **PJ MAYBE BOOK**. WHAT **MORE** DO YOU WANT?
SOMETHING STINKS.
REASONS?
OKAY, **ONE** — WRONG **TYPE**. GUY QUILP'S A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY KIND OF GUY. EVERYBODY LIKED HIM — NEVER A HINT OF ANIMOSITY BETWEEN HIM AND HIS FELLOW WORKERS.
I DON'T KNOW **WHAT** WENT WITH HIM TODAY, BUT I JUST CAN'T SEE HIM SPLATTERING **IGNATZ** ALL OVER THAT PF CUBICLE, OR COLD-BLOODEDLY **HANGING** PURVIS.

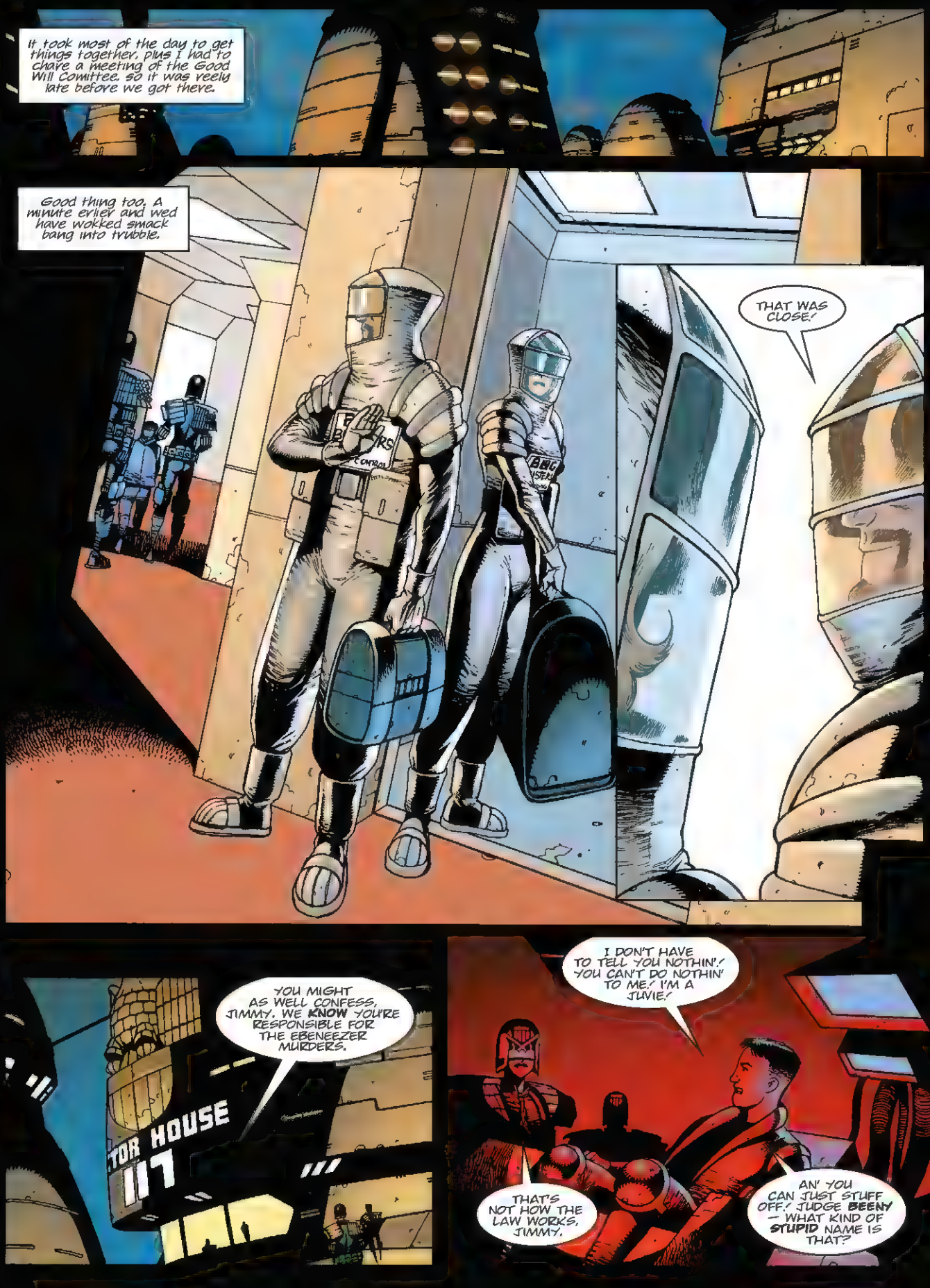

TWO — NO MOTIVE. NOTHING TO GAIN FROM THE MURDERS. QUILP'S TOO LOW DOWN IN THE PECKING ORDER TO MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE EVEN IF HE DOES GET PROMOTED. SO WHY?
AND THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE...
THE FIRST TWO MURDERS — DIDN'T YOU THINK THERE WAS SOMETHING SORT OF CHILDLIKE ABOUT THEM?
LIKE?
THE MISSPELLINGS, THE COPYCAT ANGLE — THE SHEER NAIVITY. THAT BUSINESS OF LEAVING THE MAYOR'S DNA AT THE MURDER SCENES.
IF GUY QUILP WAS THE KILLER, HE MUST HAVE REALISED WE'D SOON SEE THROUGH IT. SO WHY BOTHER?
IT WAS LIKE THE ACT OF SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T QUITE UNDERSTAND THE WORLD.
WAIT A MINUTE... JIMMY BUWICK. YOU SAID HE DID WORK EXPERIENCE AT EBENEEZER.
YEAH. CLEANING, DELIVERING, THAT SORT OF THING.
CLEANING... CLEANING...
LET'S CHECK IF HE'S BEEN IN RECENTLY.
TODAY. CAME IN WITH HIS MOTHER. FAUNA BUWICK INTERVIEWED AND RELEASED AT 16.19.
NOBODY INTERVIEWED THE BOY. THAT'S THE THING. NOBODY EVER THINKS TO QUESTION THE JUVE...
C'MON, BEENY, HE'S ELEVEN YEARS OLD.
HOW OLD WAS PJ MAYBE WHEN HE STARTED?
LET'S AT LEAST CHECK HIM OUT.
BEENY —
I'M NEW ON THE JOB. GOT A RIGHT TO MAKE MY OWN MISTAKES, OKAY?
OKAY, YOUR CALL. LET'S SPEAK TO JIMMY BUWICK.

THROUGHOUT HIS CAREER PJ never lost his sense of fun, his boyish enthusiasm.

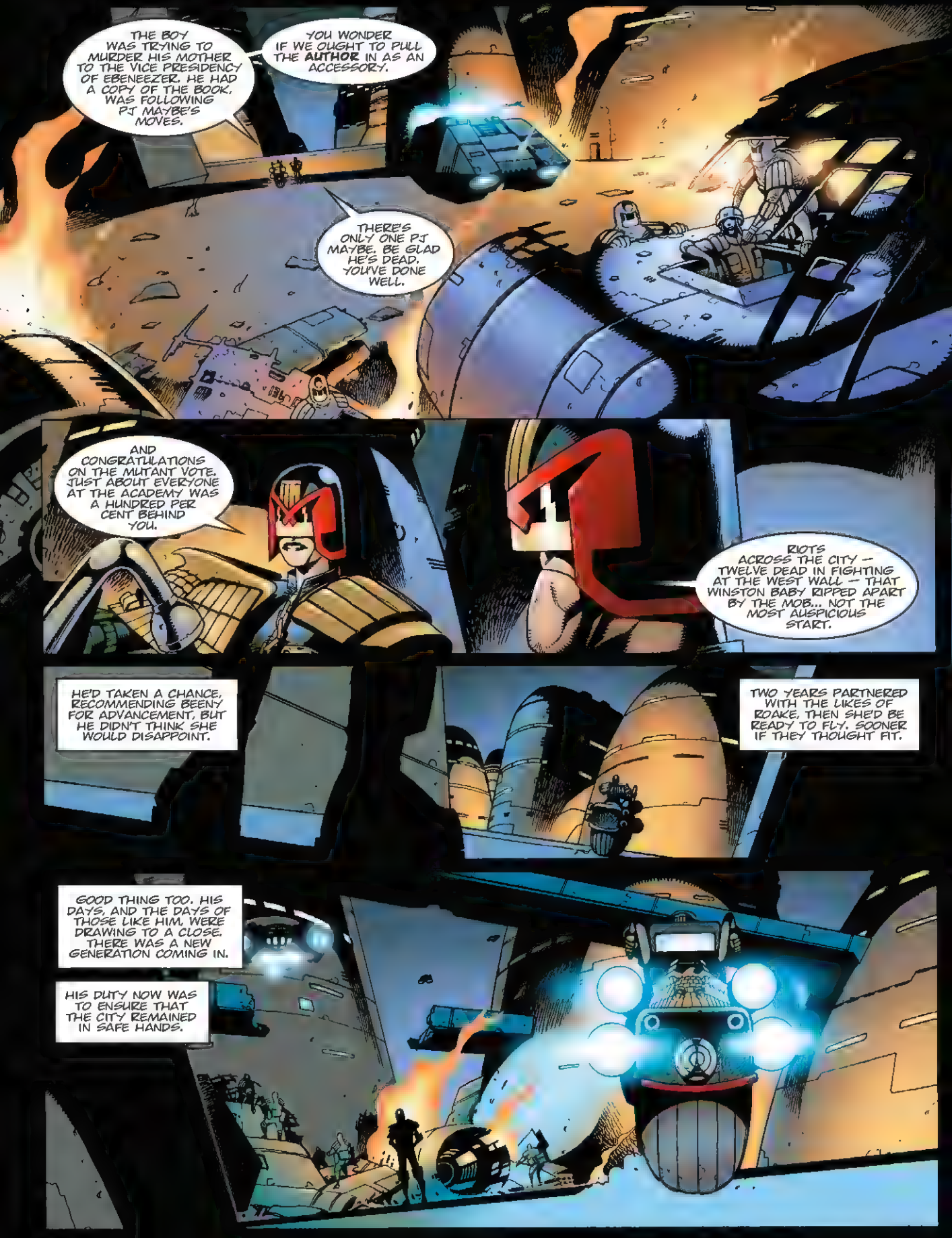
Like a great artist he viewed his acts as creations, celebrations of his skill and imagination. In his own field he was the Dali, the Picasso, the Mingus. The tools of his 'art' were guns and garrottes and poisons, his masterpieces were studies in murder.

Each outrage was meticulously planned to be a showcase of his macabre inventiveness, a prospect to be savoured - if by no one but himself.



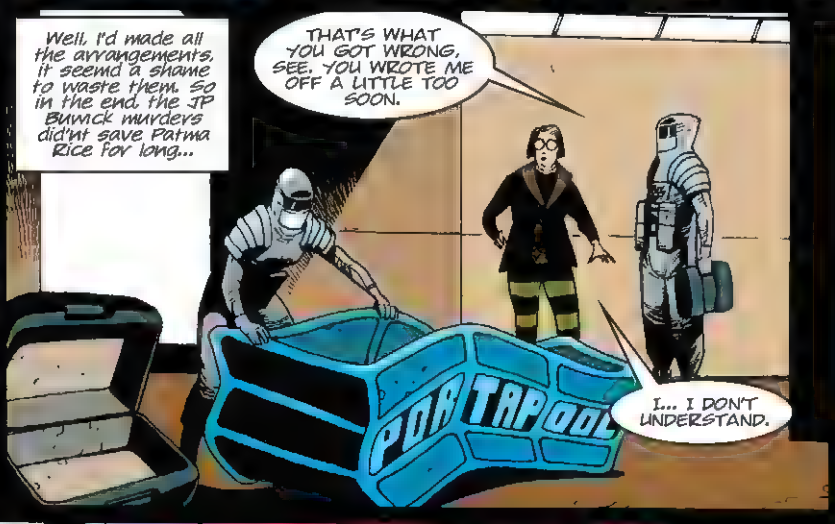

It took most of the day to get things together, plus I had to chare a meeting of the Good Will Comittee, so it was reely late before we got there.
Good thing too. A minute erlier and wed have wokked smack bang into trubble.
THAT WAS CLOSE!
YOU MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS, JIMMY. WE KNOW YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE EBENEEZER MURDERS.
TOR HOUSE
I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU NOTHIN'! YOU CAN'T DO NOTHIN' TO ME! I'M A JUVIE!
THAT'S NOT HOW THE LAW WORKS, JIMMY.
AN' YOU CAN JUST STUFF OFF! JUDGE BEENY — WHAT KIND OF STUPID NAME IS THAT?

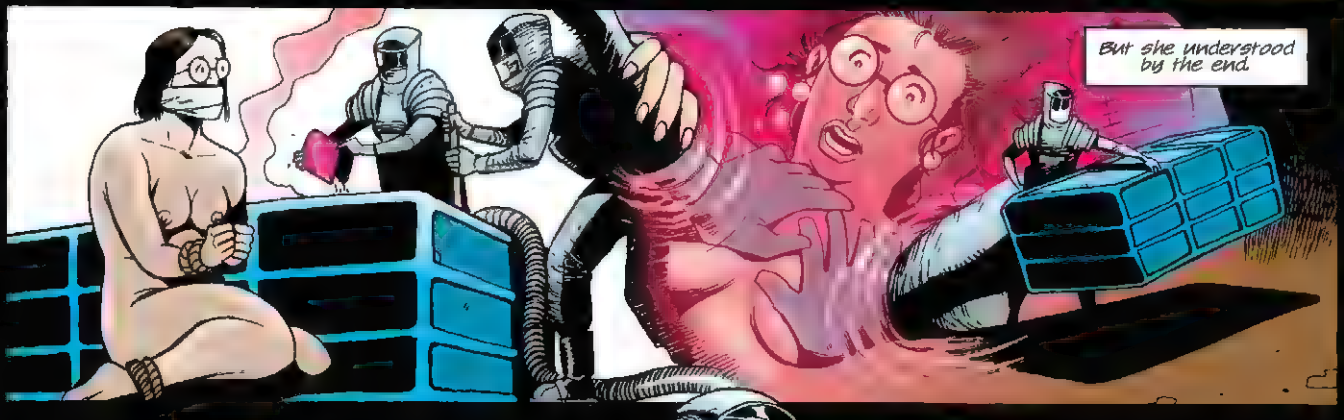
GETTING NOWHERE HERE. I'LL GO PICK UP THE MOTHER. SHE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR HIM. SHE CAN DO THE TIME.
FAILURE TO CONTROL A MINOR — IN THIS CASE A SERIOUS CHARGE. WHAT DO YOU THINK — TWENTY YEARS?
NO! YOU CAN'T! NOT MY MOM!
WE WANT THE TRUTH, JIMMY — THE WHOLE STORY! IT'S YOU OR YOUR MOM. TAKE YOUR CHOICE!
ALL RIGHT! OKAY! IF-IF THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GOT TO BE —
POOR OLD MOM. I... I SUPPOSE I'LL HAFTA GO INTO A HOME OR SOMETHING WHILE SHE'S IN THE CUBES...
WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS ONE EVIL PIECE OF WORK.
EMPHATICALLY.
THEY BROKE HIM. IT WASN'T HARD. HE WAS SICK, BUT HE WAS NO PJ MAYBE...
I WAS DELIVERIN' STUFF AN' I SAW THE MAYOR DROP HIS SNOTWIPE. I... I FIGGERED IT WOULD BE USEFUL.
I'M REAL SMART, YOU KNOW.
— SO I ASKED IF I COULD SEE KENNY'S GUN. HE LET ME HOLD IT. OH, MAN, YOU SHOULDA HEARD HIM YELP WHEN I SHOT HIM!
WE FOUND THE FORMULA FOR THE HYPNO DRUG IN YOUR ROOM, JIMMY. DID YOU USE IT ON GUY QUILP?
SURE. SURE, I USED IT. OL' GUY, WOULDN'T HURT A FLY. HA HA! HE SURE DID, THOUGH!
SO I'M OFF THE HOOK.
POOR FAUNA. THAT KID, WHO'D HAVE BELIEVED IT?

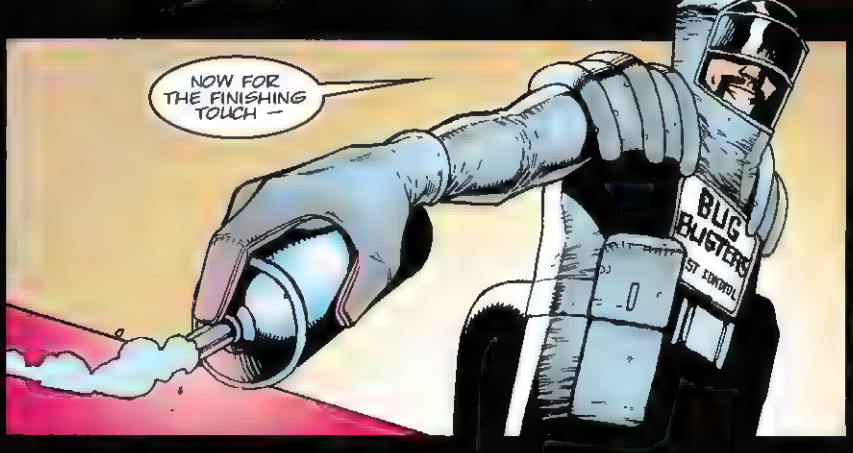

THE BOY WAS TRYING TO MURDER HIS MOTHER TO THE VICE PRESIDENCY OF EBENEEZER. HE HAD A COPY OF THE BOOK, WAS FOLLOWING PJ MAYBE'S MOVES.
YOU WONDER IF WE OUGHT TO PULL THE AUTHOR IN AS AN ACCESSORY.
THERE'S ONLY ONE PJ MAYBE. BE GLAD HE'S DEAD. YOU'VE DONE WELL.
AND CONGRATULATIONS ON THE MUTANT VOTE. JUST ABOUT EVERYONE AT THE ACADEMY WAS A HUNDRED PER CENT BEHIND YOU.
RIOTS ACROSS THE CITY — TWELVE DEAD IN FIGHTING AT THE WEST WALL — THAT WINSTON BABY RIPPED APART BY THE MOB... NOT THE MOST AUSPICIOUS START.
HE'D TAKEN A CHANCE, RECOMMENDING BEENY FOR ADVANCEMENT. BUT HE DIDN'T THINK SHE WOULD DISAPPOINT.
TWO YEARS PARTNERED WITH THE LIKES OF ROAKE. THEN SHE'D BE READY TO FLY. SOONER IF THEY THOUGHT FIT.
GOOD THING TOO. HIS DAYS, AND THE DAYS OF THOSE LIKE HIM, WERE DRAWING TO A CLOSE. THERE WAS A NEW GENERATION COMING IN.
HIS DUTY NOW WAS TO ENSURE THAT THE CITY REMAINED IN SAFE HANDS.

THE FUNERAL PYRE that consumed PJ Maybe could not extinguish the legend. Tonight mothers will still put their juves to bed with the warning: *'Sleep - or PJ Maybe will come for you.'*

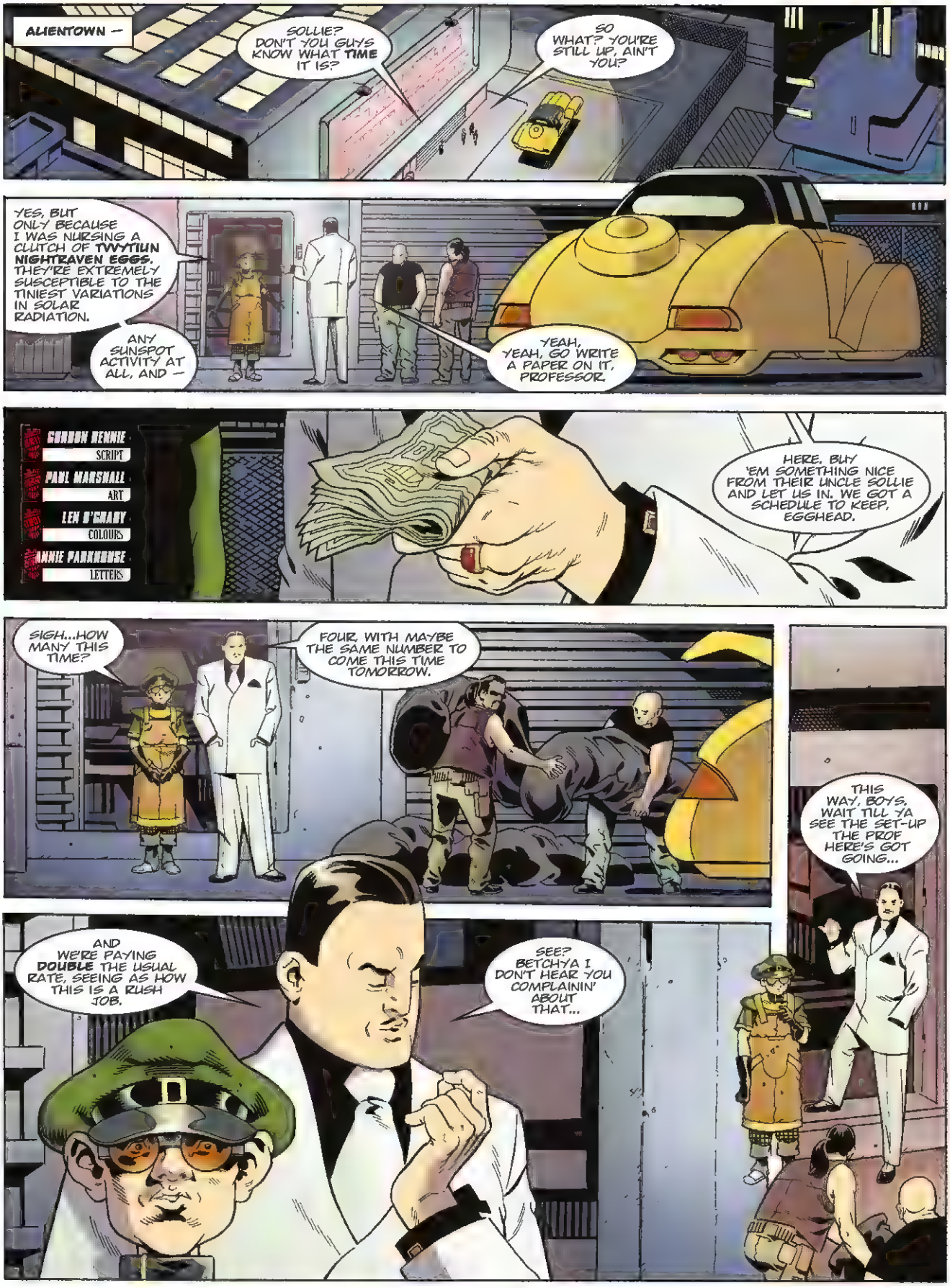
For most of us he still remains the bogeyman, the monster, the creature of dread. Let us all rest easier in our beds in the knowledge that his evil can never touch us again.

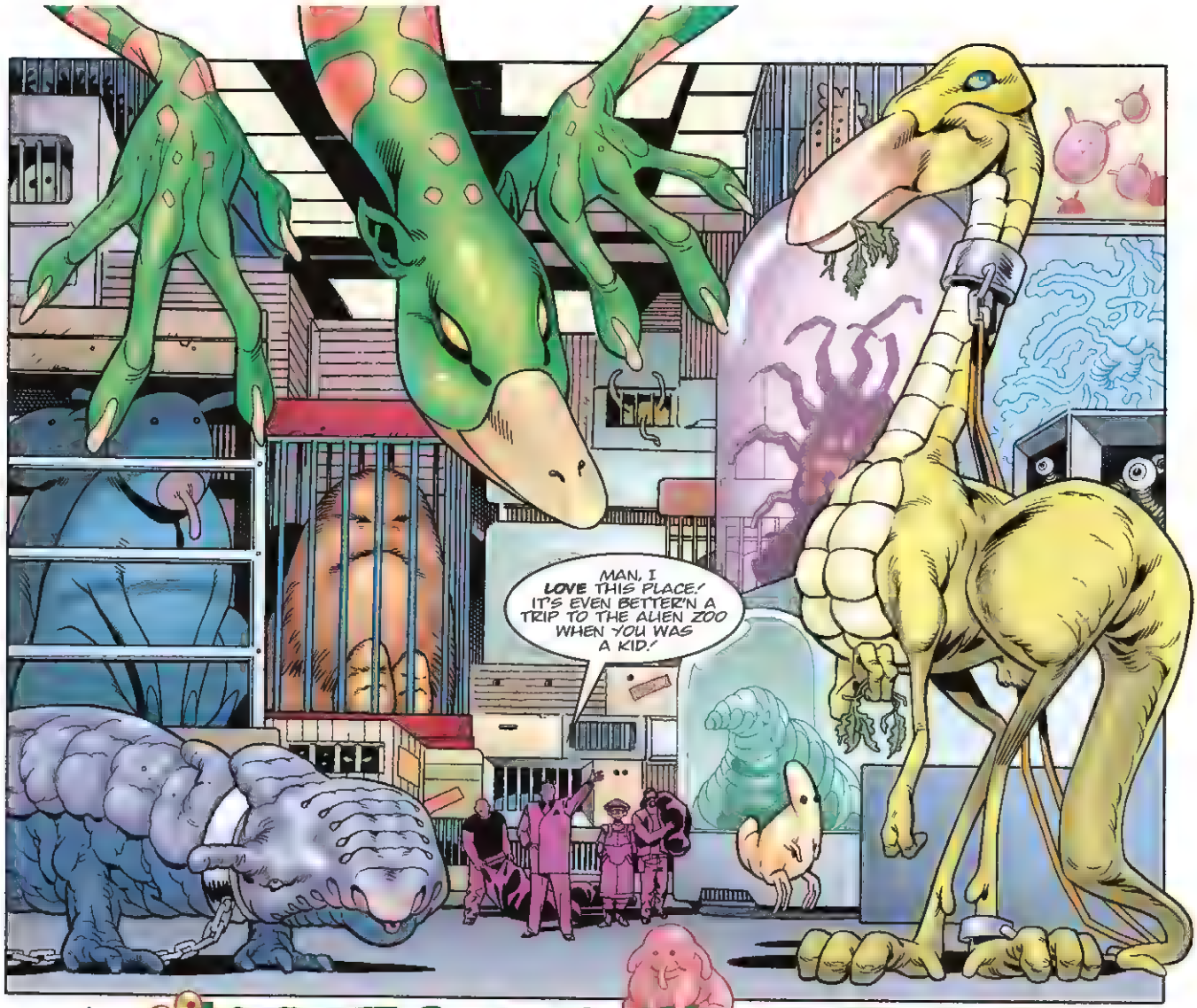




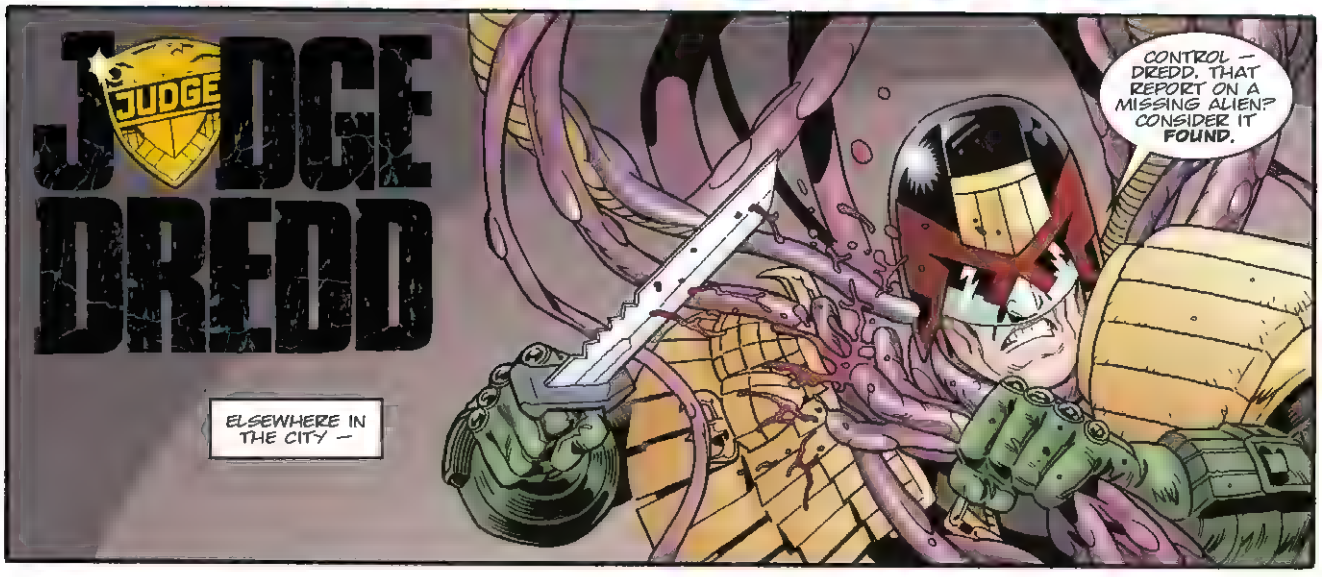


HAPPY DEATHDAY
JELLY?
THE WRITING'S DONE IN SPRAY CREAM...
The eNd


ALIENTOWN —
SOLLIE? DON'T YOU GUYS KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?
SO WHAT? YOU'RE STILL UP, AIN'T YOU?
YES, BUT ONLY BECAUSE I WAS NURSING A CLUTCH OF TVVYTIUN NIGHTRAVEN EGGS. THEY'RE EXTREMELY SUSCEPTIBLE TO THE TINIEST VARIATIONS IN SOLAR RADIATION.
ANY SUNSPOT ACTIVITY AT ALL, AND —
YEAH, YEAH, GO WRITE A PAPER ON IT, PROFESSOR.
GORDON RENNIE
SCRIPT
PAUL MARSHALL
ART
LEN O'GRADY
COLOURS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS
HERE. BUY 'EM SOMETHING NICE FROM THEIR UNCLE SOLLIE AND LET US IN. WE GOT A SCHEDULE TO KEEP, EGGHEAD.
SIGH...HOW MANY THIS TIME?
FOUR, WITH MAYBE THE SAME NUMBER TO COME THIS TIME TOMORROW.
THIS WAY, BOYS. WAIT TILL YA SEE THE SET-UP THE PROF HERE'S GOT GOING...
AND WE'RE PAYING DOUBLE THE USUAL RATE, SEEING AS HOW THIS IS A RUSH JOB.
SEE? BETCHYA I DON'T HEAR YOU COMPLAININ' ABOUT THAT...



The MENAGERIE



ASK ME AGAIN IN ABOUT THREE SECONDS.
THAT'S A ROJ, DREDD. IT STILL ALIVE?
BDAM
BDAM
BD
OWNER'S NOT GOING TO BE HAPPY, DREDD. THOSE THINGS ARE EXPENSIVE, APPARENTLY.
CREEP CAN BILL ME FOR IT SOON AS HE'S SERVED CUBE-TIME FOR ALLOWING IT TO ESCAPE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
HOLD ON, CONTROL...
...MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING MORE HERE THAN FAILURE TO KEEP A PET UNDER CONTROL.

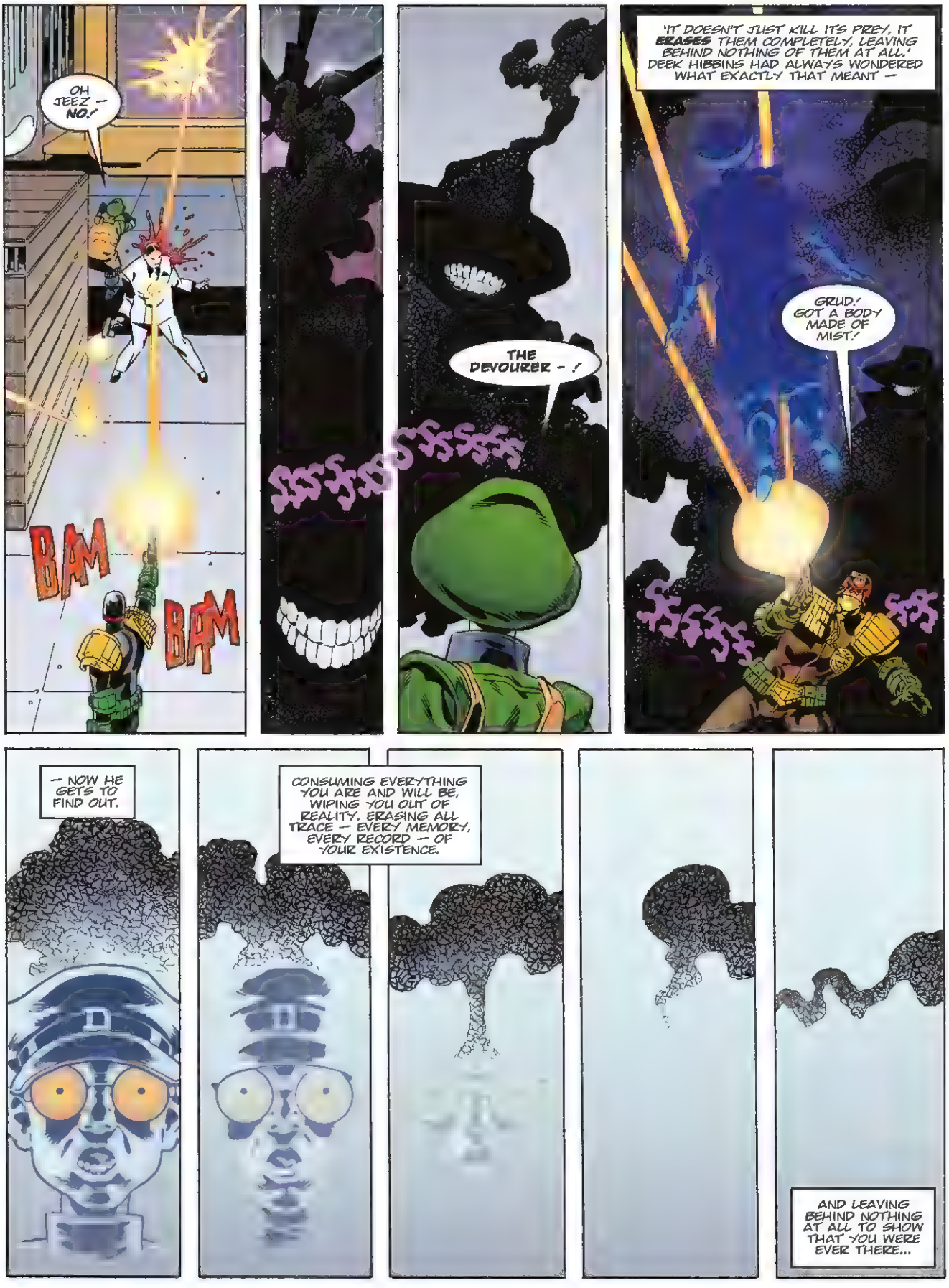
YEAH, SOME PLACE YOU GOT HERE, PROF. HEY, REMEMBER THEM CREEPY SPIDER-THINGS YOU HAD?
WHAT WERE THEY CALLED?
VILLRHIAN PSI-SPIDERS. THEY NEST IN A HOST'S SYNAPTIC GAPS AND FEED ON ANY SECRETS THEY FIND THERE.
YEAH, THAT'S IT — VIRILE SY-SPIDERS.
MAN, YOU GUYS SHOULDA BEEN HERE THE TIME WE HAD THE PROF PUT 'EM INTO THIS STOOLIE WE CAUGHT. BY THE TIME THEM THINGS HAD FINISHED CRAWLIN' ROUND HIS BRAIN, WE KNEW —
TAP TAP
HEY, WHAT'S IN HERE - ?
GET AWAY FROM THERE - !
RELAX, PROF, I'M JUST —
SMURK
JEEEEZ!

WHAT YOU KEEPIN' IN THERE — JUDGE DEATH?
THAT'S THE STYGIAN DEVOURER. THEY'RE INCREDIBLY RARE, AND TOTALLY UNIQUE. IT DOESN'T JUST KILL ITS PREY, IT ERASES THEM COMPLETELY, LEAVING BEHIND NOTHING AT ALL.
IT COMES FROM THE NECROS SYSTEM, WHERE THE LAWS OF REALITY SEEM TO BE DIFFERENT. THAT'S WHY THERE'S SO MUCH NEED TO STUDY CREATURES LIKE THIS.
YOU GOT PEOPLE THAT ACTUALLY PAY MONEY TO OWN CREEPY FREAK-STUFF LIKE THIS?
I HAVE A FEW PRIVATE COLLECTOR CLIENTS, YES, BUT MOSTLY I ACQUIRE OFF-WORLD BIOLOGICAL SPECIMENS FOR ZOOS AND RESEARCH INSTITUTIONS.
THIS IS A PROPERLY RUN, HIGHLY RESPECTABLE BUSINESS, YOU KNOW.
YEAH, BUT WHAT THE PROF HERE AIN'T TELLIN' YOU IS HOW HE ALSO GOT HIMSELF A LITTLE GAMBLIN' PROBLEM, AND THAT'S HOW US AND HIM KINDA GOT INTO THE DISPOSAL BUSINESS TOGETHER.
SPEAKIN' A' WHICH...
...WHAT YOU GOT FOR US THIS TIME THAT CAN MAKE OUR LITTLE PROBLEMS HERE DISAPPEAR?

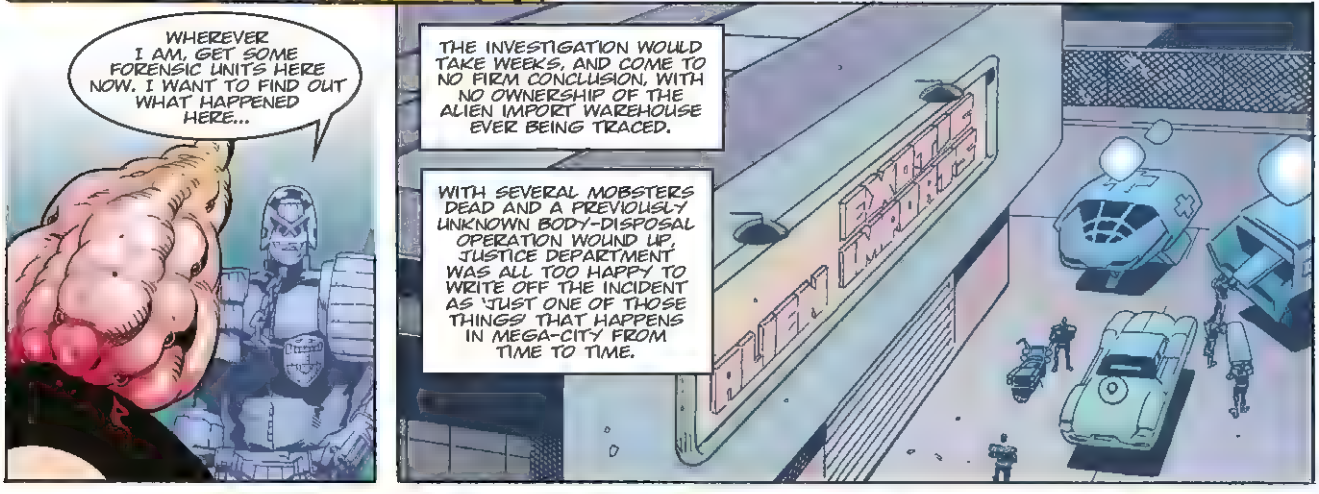
...TALKED TO THE THING'S OWNER, DREDD. HE BOUGHT IT THREE WEEKS AGO FROM A SPECIALIST IMPORTER.
CREATURE WAS A KONDIS FLAY-SQUID. APPARENTLY IT CAN TAKE UP TO SEVEN WEEKS TO DIGEST ITS PREY. THAT TALLIES WITH WHAT THE TEKS SAY — THOSE STIFFS WERE INSIDE IT FOR AT LEAST A MONTH BEFORE THE OWNER BOUGHT IT.
WE GOT A NAME AND ADDRESS ON THE IMPORTER?
SOON —
CONTROL, WANT YOU TO RUN A CHECK ON A LATE-MODEL DYSSON HOV-HAULER...
...REGISTERED TO SKULLY'S ALL-CARGO OVER IN SECTOR 12.
SKULLY'S IS A FRONT COMPANY USED BY THE GAMBRINUS CRIME FAMILY.
MATCHES WHAT ELSE IS JUST COMING IN...
...FORENSICS HAVE I.D. ON SOME OF THOSE STIFFS — SO FAR, THREE OUT OF FOUR OF 'EM HAD CONNECTIONS WITH THE GAMBRINUS FAMILY, AND ALL OF THEM WERE KILLED EXECUTION-STYLE BEFORE BEING FED TO THAT THING.
SOUNDS LIKE A PRETTY CONVENIENT WAY TO MAKE PEOPLE DISAPPEAR. YOU SMELLING WHAT I'M SMELLING HERE, DREDD?
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT OVERRIDE CODE RECOGNISED. ALARM SYSTEM DISABLED.
I'M IN ALIENTOWN, CONTROL. I DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT WHAT I'M SMELLING RIGHT NOW.

GRUD!
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
THE LAW —
AAR
RR
CHOLP
NO SHOOTING NOT IN HERE!
YEAH, GOOD LUCK WITH THAT, EGGHEAD.
KBAM
KBAM
KBAM
KBAM
KBAM

KBAM
KBAM
BZAP
PYANG
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
OOOOPPIIIOOPIIOOHO
BDAM
KYAN
PYEO
BZA
ANG
FRRRAK!
BDAM
BDAM
YAAAHHHH!
SHLUR
BBER
SH
URRP
CHOMP
TIME'S UP, LAWMAN!
TRUST ME — HEARD IT ALL BEFORE, AND FROM TOUGHER CREEPS THAN YOU.
DROKKER


OH JEEZ — NO!
BAM
BAM
THE DEVOURER - !
'IT DOESN'T JUST KILL ITS PREY. IT ERASES THEM COMPLETELY, LEAVING BEHIND NOTHING OF THEM AT ALL.' DEEK HIBBINS HAD ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT EXACTLY THAT MEANT —
GRUD.' GOT A BODY MADE OF MIST.'
— NOW HE GETS TO FIND OUT.
CONSUMING EVERYTHING YOU ARE AND WILL BE, WIPING YOU OUT OF REALITY. ERASING ALL TRACE — EVERY MEMORY, EVERY RECORD — OF YOUR EXISTENCE.
AND LEAVING BEHIND NOTHING AT ALL TO SHOW THAT YOU WERE EVER THERE...

...NOT EVEN AS THE GHOST OF A MEMORY IN THE MINDS OF OTHERS.
CONTROL, I —
GRUD, WHERE AM I?
BEATS ME, DREDD. LAST RECORDED CALL FROM YOU WAS THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES AGO, ABOUT THAT ESCAPED ALIEN PET. SINCE THEN, FILES SAY YOU'VE BEEN IN CONTINUOUS RADIO BLACKOUT.


WHEREVER I AM, GET SOME FORENSIC UNITS HERE NOW. I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED HERE...
THE INVESTIGATION WOULD TAKE WEEKS, AND COME TO NO FIRM CONCLUSION, WITH NO OWNERSHIP OF THE ALIEN IMPORT WAREHOUSE EVER BEING TRACED.
WITH SEVERAL MOBSTERS DEAD AND A PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN BODY-DISPOSAL OPERATION WOUND UP, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT WAS ALL TOO HAPPY TO WRITE OFF THE INCIDENT AS 'JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS' THAT HAPPENS IN MEGA-CITY FROM TIME TO TIME.

AFTER ALL, IT'S NOT LIKE ANYTHING BAD CAME OUT OF THE WHOLE AFFAIR..
The End

MONEY. MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND.
JUST NOT ALWAYS IN THE RIGHT WAY...
WALTER WHITTARD.
FIVE MINUTES AGO, THE WORM THAT TURNED. READY TO DISAPPEAR INTO THE SUNSET WITH A BAG OF HARD CASH, PAUSING ONLY TO GIVE THE FINGER TO EVERYONE TRYING TO SCREW HIM.
NOW, BACK IN WRIGGLING MODE. BIG TIME.
P-PLEASE, TAKE IT. HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND. JUST DON'T HURT ME...
MICKEY 'MAN BOOBS' MARRS AND DEKE ROCKWELL.
IN A LIFETIME OF PETTY CRIME, THEY'VE NEVER HAD MORE THAN 237 CREDS FALL INTO THEIR HANDS AT ANY ONE TIME...
...AND THAT DIDN'T LAST ANY LONGER THAN A FEW BEERS AND A QUICK BANG UP A BACK ALLEY WITH A SLABWALKER.
ROBBIE MORRISON
SCRIPT
SMUDGE
ART
LEN O'GRADY
COLOURS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
JUDGE DREDD
BLOOD MONEY

THE BOOZE CUBE
A HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOU IN HARD CASH! LEMME TOUCH IT AGAIN — I AIN'T BEEN NEAR NOTHIN' BUT E-MONEY IN MONTHS!
KEEP IT DOWN! WE GOTTA PLAY IT COOL, OKAY?
WE DON'T KNOW WHO THAT GUY WAS, WHERE HE GOT IT, NOTHING. THAT AMOUNT OF MONEY, HE COULD BE CONNECTED...
NOT ANY MORE HE'S NOT.
I GOTTA TAKE A LEAK. I'LL GET ANOTHER ROUND IN ON THE WAY BACK. YOU'RE GONNA BE HERE, RIGHT?
'COURSE I AM! WHAT DO YOU THINK? WE'RE PARTNERS, MAN! ALL THE WAY!
AND THEY WERE. SINCE CHILDHOOD. BUT 150 THOU...
A LOT OF BANGS FOR YOUR BUCKS.
HE COULD BE OUT THE DOOR AND GONE, GONE WHILE MICKEY WAS STILL SHAKING HIS TOOL...
JUDGE DREDD.
THE GREATEST LAWMAN IN MEGA-CITY ONE, ACCORDING TO HIS FELLOW JUDGES.
THE BIGGEST, BADDEST BASTARD AROUND, IF YOU ASK THE UNDERWORLD.
GUILTY CONSCIENCE, CITIZEN?
DREDD

NO! YOU JUST STARTLED ME, THAT'S ALL. WASN'T EXPECTING TO SEE NO JUDGE WALK INTO THE BAR...
NAME?
ROCKWELL. DEKE ROCKWELL.
MARRS IS STRUGGLING WITH HIS ZIPPER — OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD WHEN YOU'RE ONLY A COUPLE OF SIZES BELOW BEACHED WHALE — SO HE'S ALMOST BACK AT THE TABLE WHEN HE SEE THE JUDGE.
YOU AND THE CASE DON'T FIT, ROCKWELL. OPEN IT UP.
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
SSKKKASSSSHHH
BDAM
MAN YOUR SIZE SHOULDN'T BE SO TRIGGER-HAPPY, PUNK. YOU THINK SOMEBODY COULD MISS?
UHHHNN

CONTROL — DREDD.
FIREARMS ASSAULT, BOOZE CUBE, SECTOR 12. SHOOTER'S DOWN — DEAD. I.D. SAYS MARRS, MICHAEL, UNEMPLOYMENT NUMBER 219575801.
PUT AN ALL POINTS ON HIS ACCOMPLICE — ROCKWELL, DEKE, SIMILAR AGE.
SUSPECT ROCKWELL UNINTENTIONALLY WOUNDED BY HIS PARTNER'S SHOTS. NO IDEA HOW SERIOUS.
DUMB DROKKERS, I WAS ONLY HERE TO DELIVER A HYGIENE CITATION.
H-HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOU... FIFTY-FIFTY SPLIT... S-SEVENTY-FIVE EACH...
YOU P-PATCH ME UP, GET ME A NEW FACE, NEW I.D.
DOSELLE SHAMES.
EGO THE SIZE OF A SMALL COUNTRY. MAKES SURE EVERYONE KNOWS HE'S THE CRIMELORD OF SECTOR 12, BUT THAT ANYONE WHO WANTS TO PROVE IT ENDS UP DEAD.
SHAME ON YOU, DEKE, OFFERING ME SUCH A MEASLY SPLIT WHEN YOU'RE BLEEDING ALL OVER MY APARTMENT.

I JUST HAD THE PLACE REDESIGNED.
S-SIXTY-FORTY...PLEASE, MAN. I'M H-HURTING...
THEN YOU BETTER START NEGOTIATING MORE FAVOURABLE TERMS, 'CAUSE YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE FADING FAST...
KOFF KOFF KOFF!
LOOK AT THAT! NOW YOU DONE GIVE ME ANOTHER CLEANING BILL!
BALLPARK FIGURE — NINETY-TEN OR NOTHING. WHAT DO YOU SAY?
SHAME ON ME. EASIEST HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOU I EVER MADE.
DREDD — CONTROL.
NO LEADS ON ROCKWELL. BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE BRIEFCASE IS LINKED TO A HOMICIDE CALLED IN FROM MONTAGUE STREET. PATCHING YOU THROUGH TO JENSEN AT THE SCENE.
VICTIM'S WALTER WHITTARD, CHIEF NEUROSURGEON AT ST JUDES.
PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE CAUGHT HIM A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO, CARRYING A CASE LIKE THE ONE YOU DESCRIBED. PSU ALSO CAPTURED MARRS AND ROCKWELL IN THE VICINITY.
WE'VE ESTABLISHED THAT WHITTARD TORCHED HIS LUX-APT EARLIER TONIGHT, LEFT A NOTE TO HIS WIFE SAYING 'TRY GOLD-DIGGING WHEN ALL THAT'S LEFT IS ASHES'.
SHE WAS DIVORCING HIM. WHITTARD CASHED IN AS MANY ASSETS AS HE COULD — HUNDRED AND FIFTY GRAND AT LEAST — AND TOOK OFF.
MUST BE WHAT WAS IN THE CASE. NO WONDER ROCKWELL WAS SO NERVOUS.
HE AND MARRS MUSTVE THOUGHT THEIR STARSHIP HAD COME IN — UNTIL THEY RAN INTO YOU.

SMALL CHANGE TO YOU, BUT...
HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND. USED NOTES. TOTALLY UNTRACEABLE.
BRAD TAYLOR.
A GENIUS FOR TECHNOLOGY MADE HIM A PIONEER IN WEAPONS DESIGN AND MANUFACTURE.
AND A DISCREET TASTE FOR THE SORDID SIDE OF LIFE LEFT HIM WITH SHAMES' HOOKS BITING DEEP.
THIS ISN'T REALLY HOW WE DO BUSINESS, DOSELLE...
SHAMES DIDN'T WANT TO BE PAID OFF. HE WAS AFTER BUSINESS ADVICE, A FOOT ON THE CORPORATE LADDER.
NOT ABOUT BUSINESS, BRAD.
IT'S ABOUT **RESPECT.** MY WAY OF SAYING YOU CAN REST ASSURED THAT THOSE REPUTATION-BUSTING INDISCRETIONS OF YOURS'LL NEVER COME TO LIGHT.
I DON'T NEED TO RESORT TO THAT CRAP ANYMORE.
I'M GOING LEGIT. GOT A SEAT ON THE BOARD, GONNA START PROWLING THE CORPORATE JUNGLE...
SONUVABITCH.
RELAX. I'VE HAD HIM INSTALLED ON THE BOARD OF AN OMEGA SUBSIDIARY FOUNDED ON BRIBERY, BACK-HANDERS, INSIDER TRADING AND ARTIFICIALLY INFLATED SHARE PRICES.
THE EVIDENCE HAS BEEN DOCTORED TO MAKE IT SEEM LIKE SHAMES IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY ILLEGAL PRACTICES.
HE PUTS THE KNIFE IN ME AGAIN, I CAN STAB HIM RIGHT BACK...
OMEGA-TE

HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND. THIS IS GETTING EXPENSIVE.
ELMORE CRACE.
SO ARE THE STAKES.
TWENTY-EIGHT BITTER YEARS AS A JUDGE. PUSHED BEYOND CYNICISM INTO HATRED — OF THE LAW, THE CITY, AND EVERY SAD DROKKER IN IT.
THAT'S WHY I LIKE TO DEAL WITH YOU PERSONALLY, TAYLOR.
USE MIDDLEMEN AND YOU'VE GOT PLAUSIBLE DENIABILITY. I DON'T. AND THE JUDGES DON'T LIKE IT WHEN ONE OF THEIR OWN GOES BAD.
GRUDDAMN RIGHT WE DON'T.
DREDD!
YOU ALWAYS WERE A PUNK, CRACE. JUST SORRY IT TOOK SO LONG TO PROVE IT.
DREDD

SOMETIMES IN THE MEG, CRIMES ARE CONNECTED AND THE JUDGES AND PERPS INVOLVED DON'T EVEN KNOW IT.
CRACE HAD BEEN FACILITATING THE EXPORT OF OMEGA-TEK HARDWARE TO REGIMES DECLARED OFF-LIMITS BY MEGA-CITY ONE, DISGUISING THE WEAPONS AS HARMLESS MACHINERY.
WE'VE BEEN ON TO YOU SINCE BARRANQUILLA. FOUND THEIR SECURITY FORCES USING OMEGA WEAPONRY AND TRACED THE DOCUMENTATION RIGHT BACK TO YOU.
DROKK YOU, OLD MAN!
NO - !
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM BDAM
DIFFERENT STORY WHEN YOU'RE **TAKING** THEM INSTEAD OF MAKING THEM, HUH, PUNK?
UHH... C-CRACE... P-PLEASE, DON'T LEAVE ME...

CONTROL — DREDD! HIGH-SPEED PURSUIT!
PERP IS HEADING UP THE WRONG LANE OF THE CLARKSON SKEDWAY! CLOSE IT DOWN AT JUNCTION 66!
FIRST DAY AT THE OFFICE, MAN. THAT'S RIGHT.
THERE WAS THIS ONE LITTLE DROKKER, DIDN'T LISTEN TO MY IDEAS. I GOT HIM IN THE MEN'S ROOM AND STUCK HIS HEAD DOWN THE JOHN FOR A FEW MINUTES. MOTION PASSED, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT?
BIKE CANNON!
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
AAAAHHHHHH!

SSKKKLASSSSSHHH
VARROOOMM
DREDD, WE'VE GOT A MATCH FOR THE REGISTRATION YOU CALLED IN.
VEHICLE'S LEASED TO A DOSELLE SHAMES, BIG FIGURE IN THE SECTOR 12 UNDERWORLD. WE'VE BEEN AFTER HIM FOR AGES...
SHAME ON HIM INTERFERING WITH A LAWMAN IN THE COURSE OF HIS DUTIES.
MONEY. MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND.
JUST NOT ALWAYS IN THE RIGHT WAY...
THE END

Judge Dredd Megazine 265: Cover by **Bryan Talbot**

JOHN WAGNER has been scripting for **2000 AD** for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog, Ace Trucking, Al's Baby, Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of **2000 AD** his credits include **Star Wars, Lobo, The Punisher** and the critically acclaimed **A History of Violence**.

With over three hundred **2000 AD** stories to his name – not to mention over 250 **Daily Star** *Judge Dredd* strips – **ALAN GRANT**'s prolific creative record speaks for itself. Outside the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic', Grant is well-known to **Batman** fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title. More recently he adapted Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novels **Kidnapped** and **Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde** in graphic novel format with artist Cam Kennedy. He died in 2022 but his editorial and writing work on **2000 AD** shaped the title in immeasurable ways.

ROBBIE MORRISON is one of **2000 AD**'s most popular writers, having co-created *The Bendatti Vendetta, Shakara, Shimura* and *Vanguard*, as well as being one of the select few writers to have chronicled the adventures of *Judge Dredd* in **2000 AD** and the **Judge Dredd Megazine**. He is also co-creator of fan-favourite strip *Nikolai Dante*. In the US, he has written **Spider-Man's Tangled Web** for Marvel and **The Authority** for DC/WildStorm.

PAT MILLS is the creator and first editor of **2000 AD**. He developed *Judge Dredd* and is the writer-creator of many of **2000 AD**'s most popular stories such as *Sláine, Nemesis* and *A.B.C. Warriors*. Amongst his credits are **Marshal Law** (Epic Comics), co-created with Kevin O'Neill, the French graphic novel series **Requiem Vampire Knight** with artist Olivier Ledroit, and **Be Pure! Be Vigilant! Behave! The Secret History of 2000 AD and Judge Dredd**. His recent projects include *Joe Pineapples: Tin Man*, illustrated by Simon Bisley and Clint Langley, **Spacewarp**, and **Kiss My Axe! The Secret History of Sláine the Warped Warrior**.

GORDON RENNIE is one of **2000 AD**'s most prolific creators, with co-creative credits for *Caballistics, Inc., Missionary Man, Necronauts, Storming Heaven, Rain Dogs* and *Witchworld*. Rennie has also written for **Heavy Metal** and **Warhammer**, as well as **Species**, **Starship Troopers** and **White Trash**.

SIMON COLEBY started his career as an inker at Marvel UK. He made his debut at **2000 AD** in 1989, working on *Future Shocks, Universal Soldier* & *Rogue Trooper*. A favourite amongst **2000 AD** fans, he has gone on to illustrate *Judge Dredd, Low Life* and *Jaegir*. Simon has also produced work for Games Workshop, DC Comics and Vertigo, for whom he co-created **The Royals: Masters of War** with fellow **2000 AD** alumnus, Rob Williams.

CARL CRITCHLOW is a popular **2000 AD** artist, thanks primarily to his work on his co-created strip *Lobster Random*. He made his debut some years previously, however, working on *Nemesis* and *Deadlock*, then moving on to **Batman/Judge Dredd**, *Flesh, Flesh 3000 AD, Future Shocks, Judge Dredd, Mean Machine* and *Tales of Telguuth*. Outside of **2000 AD**, Critchlow is well known for his work on **Thrud the Barbarian**.

COLIN MacNEIL has worked on many strips since joining **2000 AD** in 1986, including *Chopper: Song of the Surfer* and the infamous death of Johnny Alpha in *Strontium Dog: The Final Solution*. He has also worked on *Shimura, Maelstrom* and *Fiends of the Eastern Front: Stalingrad* and, outside of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic', provided the atmospheric artwork on **Bloodquest** for Games Workshop.

DAVID ROACH joined the art Droids at **2000 AD** in late 1986, going on to draw *Nemesis the Warlock* and *Judge Anderson*. In the '90s he was one of many artists enticed over to America where he drew **Star Wars** and **Aliens** for Dark Horse, **Star Trek** for WildStorm, **Cadillacs and Dinosaurs** for Topps and numerous strips for DC including a lengthy association with **Batman**. The new millennium saw him return to **2000 AD** where he drew *Judge Dredd, Synnamon* and in 2016 returned to *Judge Anderson* in Prog 2000.

MIKE COLLINS is the illustrator and co-creator of *American Gothic*. He has also worked on *Judge Dredd, Rogue Trooper, Sinister Dexter, Sláine* and several *Future Shocks*.

CLIFF ROBINSON is one of **2000 AD**'s longest-serving artists, having made his debut with a *Future Shock* way back in Prog 362! Since then, he has co-created *Mother Earth*, and illustrated numerous *Judge Dredd, Future Shocks, Judge Anderson* and *Venus Bluegenes*.

One of **2000 AD**'s best-loved and most honoured artists, **IAN GIBSON** was responsible for the co-creation of *The Ballad of Halo Jones* (with Alan Moore), and – during a lengthy run on *Judge Dredd* - created Bella Bagley, an unfortunate character who fell head-over-heels in love with 'Old Stoney Face' himself! His work outside the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic' includes **Chronicles of Genghis Grimtoad**, **Star Wars: Boba Fett**, **X-Men Unlimited**, plus the designs for the TV series **Reboot**. He died in 2023, leaving a legacy of incredible work behind.

JOHN HICKLENTON was a British comics artist best known for his work on **2000 AD** and the **Judge Dredd Megazine**. His credits include *Heavy Metal Dredd, Nemesis the Warlock, Third World War* and *Tharg's Future Shocks*. Outside of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic' he partnered with Pat Mills on **ZombieWorld: Tree of Death** for Dark Horse. He completed his final work, the graphic novel **100 Months** (Cutting Edge Press), the day before he died.

HENRY FLINT is the co-creator of *Sancho Panzer, Shakara, Proteus Vex* and the fan-favourite strip, *Zombo*. His incredibly versatile pencils have also graced *A.B.C. Warriors, Judge Dredd/Aliens, Deadlock, Judge Dredd, Rogue Trooper, Nemesis the Warlock, The V.C.'s* and *Venus Bluegenes*.

TAN ENG HUAT is a Malaysian comics artist who self-published comics in his homeland before beginning a career in Western comics, starting with **Doom Patrol** (DC Comics). He's since worked on **The Authority, JLA, Legends of the Dark Knight** and **Batman: Journey into Knight** for DC Comics and **Silver Surfer, Ghost Rider, Deadpool** and **X-Force** for Marvel.

BOO COOK worked on a number of *Future Shocks* before co-creating *Asylum, Dead Men Walking, Harry Kipling (Deceased)* and *Void Runners*.

SIMON FRASER is best known to **2000 AD** fans as the co-creator of Russian rogue *Nikolai Dante*, whose adventures have been a staple of the comic since his debut in 1997. Fraser is also the co-creator of *Family* in the **Judge Dredd Megazine**, and has drawn *Judge Dredd* and *Shimura*.

PAUL MARSHALL co-created *The Corps* and *Firekind*, and has also pencilled *Judge Dredd, Mean Machine, Sinister Dexter, Tharg's Future Shocks, Tyranny Rex* and *Vector 13*. His other work can be seen in Harris Comics' **Avalon**.

SMUDGE co-created *Chiaroscuro* with Si Spurrier and has also provided art for Dan Abnett on *Sinister Dexter*.

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